



















No question about the reunion this year. The war over, and our dear "Johnnies" marching home by the dozen, bless their hearts, meant getting together as soon as we could. Acceptances came in thick and fast, and when the eventful night came, forty-nine Merryweathers were ready to sign the Log.

Here is a neat acceptance:  
Reunion            and, unless my boss <sup>or</sup> other unforeseen accident  
Surely            trips me up between the horn and the hop, I'll be  
Very            on hand, socks on, tie tied, teethe brushed, sleeves  
Pressing        down, finger-nails ready for inspection.

L.C.Z.

It was a wonderful gathering, especially on account of the boys back from the front. We talked, and ate, and smoked, and played games, but the best of it is always just to see the familiar faces, and hear the familiar voices, whether you get round to saying much or not. How can one get round to having a real talk with everyone?

We departed from our usual reading in one respect, and had "The Maltese Cat" <sup>a</sup> instead of "Andy Coggin." But we had "The Feet of the Young Men", which we did not feel quite like last year.

As for "Going to Jerusalem", we ran a train that was wonderful to see; and I am proud to say that I played it all through without repeating a tune.

We had much good singing, of songs old and new, and then, just before "Taps", Skipper asked for silence while he read the names of the nine who do not come back to reunions, but who are always with us as when we saw them last, "With morn  
60-25



on their white shields of expectation."

Augustus Aspinwall.

Emmons Blaine.

Victor Chapman.

Phineas Chrystie.

Archie Coats.

Hamilton Coolidge.

James Fenimore Cooper.

Alfred Montgomery Goodale.

Phillips Muirhead.

We shall have more to say about them by and by. Some we had not seen for years. Phil Muirhead was only a half-past eighter last time we met. But they were all ours, and we shall never forget.

Henry Richards

Laurie Richards

Julius C. Richards

Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

John Richards

Therese Richards

Henry Howe Richards

Alice W. Richards

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Francis W. Willett 1911

Amory Gardner 1902

Henry N. Fay Jr 1901

Thomas Jones 1912

E. Beville Bennett

Barbara Bennett 1903

Pranwood I. Bennett 1910

Samuel D. Stevens Jr 1903

Augustus Thordike Jr. 1910

Russell B. Chapin 1911

J. Arnold Lowell, Jr. 1912

Thomas D. Cabot 1908

Hallowell Davis. 1910

Stephen Wheatland 1910

Chas F. Allen Jr. 1911

Marion H. Comins 1912.

Margery Peabody 1918

Fred C. Lawrence 1912

Mary Eager 1917

Robert T. Paine Jr 1910

William S. Payson 1910

J. G. Bemis 1915

J. G. Coolidge 1915

R P Mallowell 2<sup>d</sup> 1910

C. Thordike, 1912

Alden S. Foss 1906

Granville S. Foss 1908

Philip S. Barker, Jr 1909

Frank R. Smith 1918

E. Francis Leland Jr. 1904

Long S. Surin 1909

Edmund Haring 1905

Eleazar W. G. Gallis haw 1910

Abbot Stevens 1902

Horace B. Davis 1913

Theodore G. Holcombe 1913

Clot Farley 1908

Edward Cabot 1918

Charles F. Batchelder, Jr. 1911.

Howe Faber 1911

George Cotton Moore 1903



GRADUATE AND OTHER NOBS.

IN SERVICE.

Augustus Aspinwall was killed last September. He was battalion scout officer, 1st. battalion, 110th. Infantry, at the time of his death, and had done splendid service. We cannot tell the story better than it has been told in a letter to his mother, by a friend who was with him up to the time when he started on his last "show".

"On <sup>for</sup> Sunday, August 24th, our battalion was in a reserve position behind the Vesle River. Gus was living in a tiny two-man dug-out with me and between us we were doing a great deal of work consisting of taking details of various sorts up to the front line every night. That evening Gus was told to take charge of a party of men to carry gas supplies to the line. I had been out the previous night and it was his turn. Suddenly, however, an order for our front line to attack came down and with it an order for our battalion to send 90 men and an officer to help the others. The choice lay between Gus and I and both because I had worked the night before and because he was known to be a fine officer, he was charged with leading this attack party and I was given his old gas detail.

"Gus had been in several shows before this having on one occasion done splendid work with a patrol which he led far behind the German lines as he must have written you, and neither he nor I were particularly worried over this coming battle. I was with him talking and joking about everything while he was getting ready to start off. He was not in the least bit nervous; in fact he was in splendid spirits as we had been having several very pleasant days together. Gus took command of his men and moved them out passing me in the dark as he did so. His last remark to me was made in a serious though jesting fashion and was to the effect that I was to let you know in case anything should go wrong. The rest of this has been told



me by many different men and Officers and is the correct story I am sure.

" On reporting his men to the front Gus found the orders for attack had been hastened and had very little time in which to prepare his men. However, by work which called for congratulation from his superiors he had everything ready in time.

" The attack was launched in three waves from a little village called Villette, just to the east of Fismes and had for its objective the taking of the Vesle River several hundred yards to the front. Gus was in command of the third wave. His orders were to stop at the railroad just this side of the river and entrench. Our men reached the river after a sharp fight, Gus stopping his men at the railroad and beginning the work of entrenching. In a very short time, however, the Germans counter-attacked strongly, forcing our men in advance to fall back to the railroad where Gus was. Then there began an intense artillery fire on this line; large guns, small guns and hand grenades, and trench mortars as well as machine guns and hand grenades and rifles being used against our men. It was a foggy morning Sunday, August 25th., 1918, and with the powder smoke and noise of firing as well as the almost hand to hand fighting of the two lines there was considerable confusion along our line. It was at this time that Gus persisted in walking along his line with absolute disregard of personal danger and utmost coolness. He directed personally the work of his men, refusing the advice of many to take shelter himself, and earning the highest praise for his great bravery from all. He came through his inspection unscratched and volunteered to accompany another Officer down to his



right, where no connection with other troops could be established owing to the fog and smoke. It was on this mission that he was first struck. The wound was a painful though not a serious one in his arm and shoulder, but one which necessitated his going to the rear for treatment. With a man to help him Gus then started back. While on his way across the field both he and the man were struck and killed, by a shell.

"Mrs. Aspinwall, I have told you this terrible business just exactly as it happened without glossing or exaggeration. Gus' bravery was the talk of all and if a man must die it is at least a consolation to know that he could not possibly die more gloriously. In the face of great danger he so well managed his men that our line was saved and what might have been disaster prevented.

"Gus is buried in the field where he fell as I think he would have wished. The grave is between the railroad and the Fismes-Rheims road directly to the north of Villette. At a later date I believe that all graves are to be gathered into various cemeteries, but nothing has been done at present.

"In losing Gus, the Colonel and Major as well as other officers say frankly that they lost a fine man and a great officer. For weeks different men whom Gus had had charge of came around to me to praise him. He was one of the most popular officers with his men that I have ever known.

"A finer, truer, braver boy, or one with more noble ideals never lived, and I only hope I may profit from his example."



Hamilton Coolidge, our one beloved ace, was shot down Oct. 27, after brilliant service. He had risen to the rank of captain and was leader of the first pursuit squadron.

Though he was not at Merryweather very long, no one could know him, even, for a few weeks, without feeling the nobility of his nature, and the all-embracing kindliness and warmth that were like the sunlight.

We are proud of him, in peace and in war, and thankful that we have the right to count him as one of us.

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Ermons Blaine died of pneumonia, Oct. 10. He was a mechanical engineer in the service of the government with the International Shipbuilding Corporation at Hog Island.

Ermons had not been back to camp for a good while, but all of us who knew him feel that he was a man who could ill be spared.

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Archie Coats, who went to France as a sergeant, and was commissioned lieutenant early in September, died of disease during the fall. Unfortunately we have no particulars, but the fact that he was picked out to go to an officers' school, and won his commission, tells us a good deal.

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Phillips Muirhead, whose family moved to England some years ago, enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery about Sept. 5, 1914. He received his commission as Second Lieutenant in October of the same year, and was gazetted First Lieutenant in January, 1916. His chief service was with the 40th Howitzer Battery, Lahore Division, Indian Corps, but he was for a time with Battery D/25 26th. Brigade, R.F.A. He took part in the great Somme advance, and won the admiration of officers and men by his gallantry. On July 18, 1916, he fell in action near the Mametz wood, while working his battery.



Alfred Montgomery Goodale, who was in service, though not yet in uniform, died of pneumonia last winter. He leaves a gap in the ranks that we feel keenly, as do all his many friends.

John Richards was wounded by a machine gun bullet in September, and spent some time in a French hospital. He got back to his men before the armistice, and was promoted to First Lieutenant. He also has the Croix de Guerre, with a star on the ribbon.

G.W. Haigh has been post assistant surgeon, U.S.N.R.F., with rank of lieutenant, senior grade.

R.C. Evarts was promoted to sergeant-major, Headquarters Co. Third Division Regulars, but preferred to return to his old company in the line as a private.

Jim Minot was captain, Q.M.C., in command of Field Remount Squadron 313, A.E.F.

Alden Foss was second lieutenant in the Air Service, first at Mineola, N.Y., and then at Ellington Field, Texas.

Capt. R.F. Jackson was an instructor at Camp Zachary Taylor.

Louis Zahner was commissioned 2nd. Lieutenant in the Air Service.

Horace Davis was with the Friends' Unit in Paris.

Percy Howe won his captaincy, and was aide to General Chamberlain in France.

Lieut. H.H. Fay, after a long siege in hospital, with arthritis and broken arches, came home in November. He was on crutches for months after that, and is still very much out of health.

Lieut. J.A. Jeffries, 23d. Infantry, was wounded in action Oct. 3, 1918, but recovered entirely.

Francis Cummings was quartermaster on a torpedo boat in the Mediterranean.

Philip H. Smith enlisted in the Naval Aviation Service.



J.G. Coolidge went to Camp Zachary Taylor, last fall, finished his course at the Officers' Training School, and got his commission as second lieutenant.

Jack Ladd was in France a good part of last summer and autumn, doing ambulance work.

Oswald H. Robertson got his captaincy in the summer of 1918. He was later detached for special duty at the Central Medical Department Laboratory, A.E.F.

William Chisholm and R.P. Hallowell entered the Cadet Training School at Rockland, and then went to the Harvard Cadet School.

Philip Parker got his commission as second lieutenant in the depot brigade at Ayer.

Edward Cabot was a member of the Harvard Naval Unit.

Witney Wright was a second lieutenant in the infantry, A.E.F.

Cecil Murray was over seas, a lieutenant in Naval Aviation.

Francis Willett was a sergeant, San. C. Gas Service, N.A., A.E.F.

John Elliot attended the School of Military Aeronautics, Austin, Texas.

Lawrence Hemenway was first lieutenant in the Air Service, 351st. Aero Squad, Garden City, Long Island.

Charles W. Hubbard was second lieutenant in the Air Service.

Griswold Webb was in the 11th. Training Battery, F.A.C. O.T.S., Camp Zachary Taylor.

Ogilvie Comstock was transferred from M.I.T. to the School of Military Aeronautics at Cornell.



James J. Storrow Jr. was lieutenant, U.S.N.R.F., on board U.S.S. Agamemnon.

Leonard Opdycke was ensign on board U.S.S. President Grant.

Francis Gray was First Lieutenant, Battery F, 303rd. F.A., A.E.F.

H.T.E. Perry was a private in Hq, Co., 168th. Infantry. He was gassed last summer, and then had to retire to hospital at Royat with shrapnel wounds, but came through all right.

Neville Bennett was Second Lieutenant, 11th. Battalion, Military Police, 152nd. Depot Brigade, Camp Upton.

Henry Minot was First Lieutenant, C.3, 303rd. Infantry, A.E.F.

Charlie Fuller was lieutenant, U.S.N.R.F., doing Personnel work in London.

John B. Marsh got his majority just after the armistice. He was with Co. A, 300th. Machine Gun Battalion, 77th. Division, A.E.F.

Oliver Beebe was promoted to First Lieutenant, and received the Croix de Guerre in April, 1918.

Augustin Gray is a Lieutenant Commander in the navy.

Russell Chase has the Croix <sup>de Guerre</sup> and a division citation:

Edward Harding has the Military Cross.

Francis Parkman was Second Lieutenant, U.S. Marine Corps.

Francklyn Lawrence joined the F.A.C.O.T.C., Camp Zachary Taylor.

C.F. Batchelder Jr. joined the 18th. Observation Battery, F.A.C. O.T.C., Camp Zachary Taylor.

Guido Pantaleoni was a sergeant, 58th. Balloon Co., A.E.F.

J.A. Lowell Jr. was in the Royal Flying Corps, with Carl and Eli Stillman.

Clarence Corning joined the last C.O.T.S., at Camp Lee, and got his commission.

Philip Batchelder was with Battery B., 108th. Field Artillery, A.E.F.

Roger Bennett, First Lieutenant, 101st. Infantry, was gassed last summer, and wounded in the Argonne about November 1st.

Oakes Ames was lieutenant, 150th. F.A., A.E.F.

Charlie Ames lieutenant, 103d. Machine Gun Battalion, 26th. Division, was cited in orders, fought through the second Battle of the Marne, and was wounded in the St. Mihiel offensive.

Edmund Billings was a candidate at the Engineer O.T.S., Camp Humphrey.

Captain A.R. McAusland, M.C., was in charge of a surgical train on the American front in France.

Robert Chambers is now a naturalized French citizen. He fought through the war in the ranks. He has married, and in time of peace keeps an inn.

Charlie Story is in the Department of Justice, and has gone with Mr. Archibald Coolidge on a mission to the Balkans.

George W. Morse, who was a surgeon with the Massachusetts State Guard, was promoted to major.

Duncan Thayer was overseas about six months with the Marines.



OTHER NEWS.

James H. Morse was married in September, 1913.

Chester Ladd has been married for nearly a year. His wife was Mlle. Marie-Joseph Gautier. He will be in France for some<sup>time</sup>, doing reconstruction work.

James Cabot was married May 10, to Miss Catherine Rush.

Elizabeth Gray is married, to Captain Courtland Parker; not the Courty Parker who used to be here.

Russell Chase is engaged to Miss Nanciebel Rogers, of Worcestershire, England.

Radford Abbot is engaged to Miss Helen Maxwell of Brookline.

John Marsh is engaged to Miss Isabel Stettinius of New York.

Alden Foss is engaged to Miss Dorothy Tenney of Boston.

Edward Harding is engaged to Miss Geraldine Lawrence of Groton.

H. M. N. Wynne is either married or engaged, the card does not tell which, to Miss Ethel Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Simons have a son, William Peabody Simons 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Barstow have a son, J. S. B. jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hall have a second son.

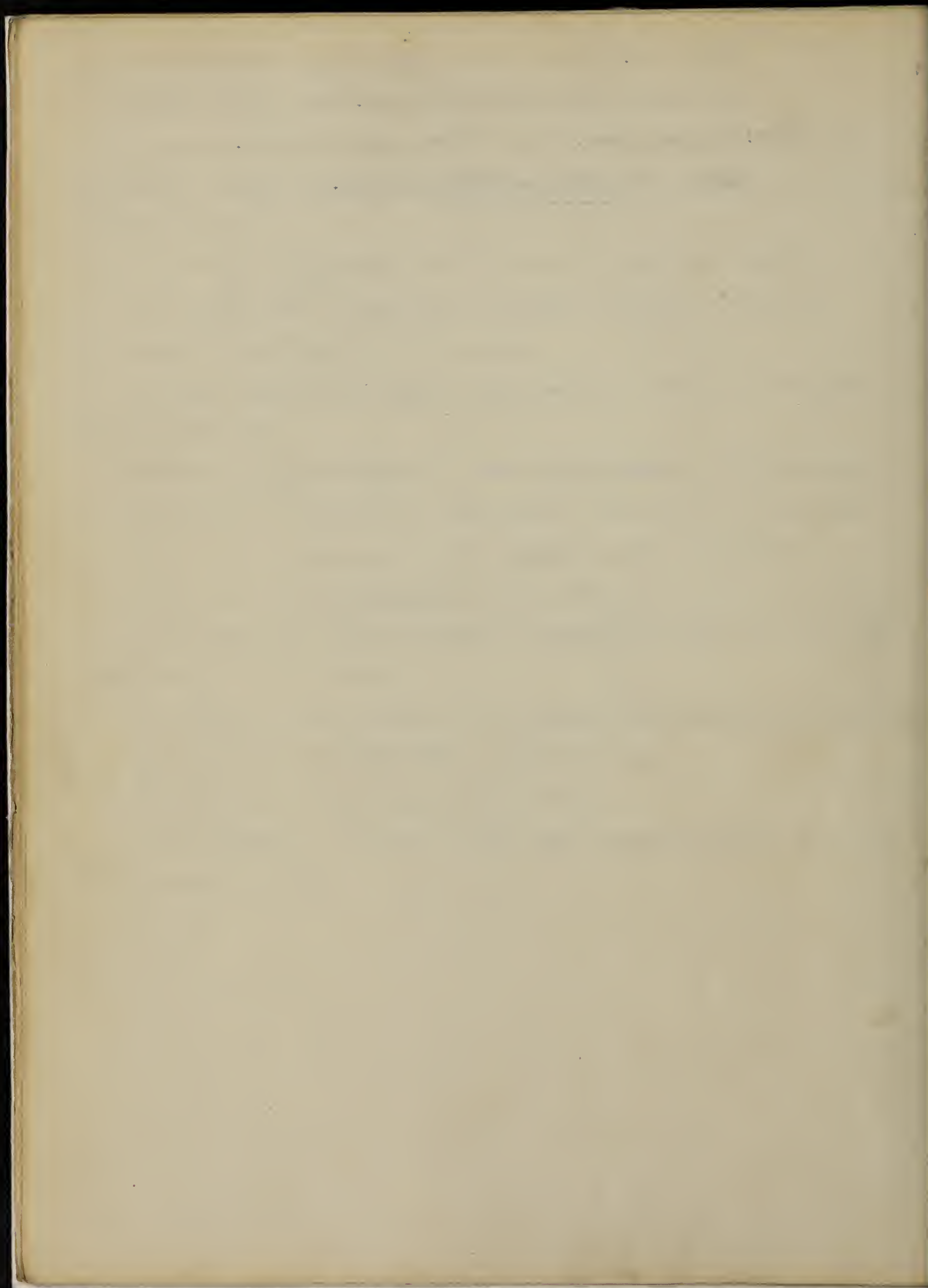
R. G. Henderson is engaged to Miss Lucy Gregory, who was with us in the summer of 1916.

George H.B.Cutler died of tuberculosis in September,1918.

John Andrew died in January,1919.Poor little Commiss-  
ioner! He was queer,but he always liked to help.

George Cabot died in February,1919.  
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SUNDAY,  
June 22,  
Chilly,  
N.W.

Arrived early in the afternoon, also in Anderson's  
motor, the following: *Henry Richards*  
*Alice M. Richards*

Dear old Duke, alas, has gone where the good dogs go.

We found float in place and several tents up. Others had gone to be repaired, or were reposing peacefully in their bags.

We were late, but we had time to get a few strawberries for dinner, and to see that the crop was an amazing one. Mrs. Cook came down to get supper for us, and is to do our cooking till Thursday, when our regular cook comes.

In the afternoon the Peanut was launched, and J.R. put the oars and paddles in place.

The garden, after a wonderful start, was badly damaged by Mrs. Cook's cattle, but the brutes are fenced in at last, and we hope that the damage is not hopeless.

We went to bed early, by the light of a fine aurora. It looked and felt like frost.

MONDAY, There was a frost last night. Ferns were browned in  
June 23,  
Fair, the low lands, and beans and corn damaged. Three days  
48'

later than the killing frost last June, but not so bad.

Strawberries for breakfast and supper, strawberry short-cake for dinner.

Our three cookees arrived; Horace Hildreth, John Dudley, and Francis Monaghan. And by night the yard was cleaned up, the refrigerator was iced up, and the Mammoth was put up. Pretty good work for their first day.

J.R. went in to Augusta for a session with the dentist. We had a call from Dr. Merrill, who brought his wife and daugh-



MONDAY ter, also Dr. Johnson and Mr. Dyer.  
(Cont'd.)

A.M.R. made two quarts and a half of strawberry jam.

TUESDAY, A sudden change in the weather, which showed us the need of  
June 24,  
Fair, a weather-man to take charge of these things. The weather  
Hot.

cannot be trusted alone.

Bright and early in the morning arrived our distinguished  
secretary, *J. Arnold Lowell, Jr.*

And by night the store-room was all done except the baskets, he and  
J.R. emerging only for meals.

The Crows' Nest went up, the Mammoth was furnished, and the ice-  
house cleaned.

In the afternoon came more arrivals. First John Howard, with his  
mother and his brother Tom. They could not stay long, but they had a  
swim, which on such a day is the first act of hospitality to a guest.

Later in the afternoon came guests with a greater degree of per-  
manence. In fact one of them has come to stay. The others spent the  
night, but had to be off in the morning.

*Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.*

Strawberries for all meals to-day, including one berry that  
measured an inch and three eighths, by steel tape!

The mast-head light went up tonight for the first time, so we  
are really started.

We are reading "The Lost House", by Richard Harding Davis.

*Powell Robinson*

*Philip Batchelder*

*Dwight P. Robinson Jr*



WEDNESDAY      We lost three of our four arrivals this morn-  
June 25,  
Fair      ing. It seemed very natural to have P. Batch here  
Hot.

again, and he looks just about the same, in spite of his  
foreign service.

To-day the eggs were laid, and the boats put out, also  
the Ouananiche slip put to rights. The carpenters had it put  
out, but as they don't like to get their feet wet, it always  
needs some more work after they have gone.

The Short and the North were cleaned to-day.

Late in the afternoon, in fact very late, arrived

*Margery Peabody*

She is with us only for July, but we shall make the most  
of our time.

The tents, about which we had begun to worry, came this  
afternoon, so we shall not have to try all the elaborate plans  
for stowage that we had thought of.

J.R. and C.F.B. jr. went fishing after supper, and caught  
a bass and a yellow perch.

Total number of fish, 2.

THURSDAY,      A great relief after the last two days. All  
June, 26,  
Cooler,      tents went up, in spite of the fact that the repairer  
Cloudy  
S.W.      had put them in the wrong bags, so that they had to be  
shuffled. The South was cleaned, and all the oars oiled and  
seen to.

Another day of arrivals. The first was Joe Davidge; a  
great long-legged prefect now, to appear hereafter in the form  
of initials. Why does S.B.D. stand for Joe? Well, it doesn't,  
you know. The fact is, his name never was Joe at all, but Sherwood.

*Sherwood B. Davidge*



THURSDAY      A little later our cook came. His name is Small, but that  
(Cont'd.)  
does not exactly describe him. Here's hoping we shall have a successful season with him!

L.E.R. arrived by motor, late in the afternoon, with most of the things that we had forgotten, and all sorts of things that we wanted but hadn't remembered.

And not long after, C.A.S. appeared on his faithful motorcycle, All the way through from Groton.

*Carlton A. Shaw*

So we celebrated both arrivals by having afternoon tea.

Wild strawberries for supper. And having finished our story, we began "I Saw Three Ships."

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MUSINGS OF AN X SEC.

---

Childe Chapin at his Pine Street home  
Doth meditate with pleasant glee,  
On whether his hieroglyphic  
Hath made to rave the gentle Dome.

He wonders what the Dome will find  
From S.S. Pierce and Isaac Locke.  
As he checks up account of stock  
He loves to picture Domey's mind.

The Childe remembers with a qualm  
When head was bone and had no brains;  
When flivvers did not meet the trains,  
The Skipper used to call him, Tom.

But this year, when he wants to fluster  
His tired, sleepless secretary,  
Childe Chapin makes this plaintive query;

Will Skipper call the Domey, Buster?

R.B.C.

These touching lines, reminding us of bygone days, were received to-day.

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Casual Observations.

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The water is properly high this year, for which we are very thankful.

The construction along Wall St. has stood well. Lucky it was done, for with this high water we might easily have lost a piece of our path.

The back piazza has been painted white, and looks very tidy. We hope to keep it so.

Hermit thrushes are as common as hens, and much more agreeable.

When H.R. and J.R. were out in the spring, they heard a bob-cat. Nervous pointers look out.

We have not heard a coon<sup>A</sup>, but the morning after R.R. painted the pantry window-sill we found his little tracks in the paint.

There is a peculiar new track down the end of Beaver Mountain. It looks like a road, but with a telescope you can see that it is the bed of a brook, all boulders. We must go and find out, one of these days.

Millard Stevens and his family have moved to Readfield. Walter Gleason is doing some of the work that Millard used to do, and Mrs. Cook's pigs are taking care of the garbage.



FRIDAY  
June 27  
Rain,  
heavy  
p.m.

In the morning we said, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven." But it didn't. Then we tried "Open and shut is a sign of more wet, and that was just right. It held up at

intervals, but they were not long, and in the afternoon, with a peal or two of thunder, there came a deluge. The Mammoth steps became a cataract, and some of us were marooned in the Infirmary, and had to leave by the back window. The step was well under, and the tide rose three inches along the wall. And then it cleared off.

In spite of these climatic conditions we got a great deal done. J.R. went in to his dentist, and came back with a good report of his teeth.

C.A.S. and S.B.D. went at the shop, sorting and arranging tools.

C.F.B. put in a useful if not ornamental morning working over the drain and cess-pools.

A.M.R. picked strawberries, and came home very damp, in spite of rubber boots and pantasote skirt.

And checking lists, tidying untidy places, and putting things away went on all day. It looks as if we might be ready one of these days, though we are well aware that the boys come early in the afternoon, so that there will not be so much time for finishing touches.

C.A.S. went fishing late in the day, and caught a bass.

Total number of fish, 1.

The first of our two tutors arrived just before supper. He is for the present trunkless, but he is not the only one. Shall we slay all baggage-masters along the road? *Allen D. Ashburn*

After supper we finished "I Saw Three Ships", and had a wild game, making words out of "incompatibilities." It is a hard word, but all the more sporting.



SATURDAY,           The eventful day was a fine one, unless you  
June 28,  
Fair,           wanted to sit still in the breeze. That was not so  
Cool  
N.W.           pleasant. We had a very busy morning, because the boys

were to arrive some hours earlier than usual. The good old ten o'clock train not having gone on yet, and the 8-50 being slower than any mud-turtle that ever was hatched, the road agreed to put our car on the Bar Harbor express and stop at North Belgrade. The train being due at 1-10, it behoved us to step lively; and we stepped. In fact we should have been ready if the train had been on time, which it wasn't.

The first car, owing partly to the fact that Froggy Hines was in it, approached with wild and unearthly yells. The others were not so audible, but it was a lively crowd that piled out. Archie Coolidge and the Sturges brothers were missing, and for a while there seemed doubt as to whether George Woodbridge had got lost. But in due time telegrams reported the missing, and as for George, he came up in the last car, which had to make a second trip, to bring up H.D., who had steered the ship down from Boston, the aforesaid George, Bud Farnsworth, and two or three more.

It was too cold for swimming tests, but almost everyone went in. And then, as the trunks were not coming till the mud-turtle train, there was baseball of various degrees and kinds.

Only twenty-three trunks came, but some had sent their blankets on ahead, and with borrowing from the lucky ones, and the addition of steamer rugs and heavy coats, we hope everyone was warm. For it was a very cold night.

The train for Jerusalem was anything but a mud-turtle. De Wolf Hubbard won the first round, with Bertie Bigelow second. S.B.D. won the second, hotly pursued by Ham Heard.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

As for the yells, they were such that we are sure of good lungs in camp this summer.

At half-past eight the juniors went to bed, and the rest of us piled up the fire, and settled on the floor with pillows for a story. "Uncle Hyacinth", by Alfred Noyes, is new to most of us, and is a wonder.

And then after table setting and faculty meeting, the company went to bed, wondering if it was going to be warm enough.

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There are fewer old boys than usual this month. In August there will perhaps be rather more than usual, as the boys who leave at the end of this month are nearly all new ones, and those who take their places are nearly all old hands.

Archie Coolidge is to appear Monday, the Sturges brothers Sunday. But what shall we do in scouting with three people named alike? First names will have to be very distinct, to distinguish Sturges from Sturges, and both from Sturgis.

Buggins, alas, is only here for a visit, but we put him down with the rest, as he arrived with them.

Dr. Voshell comes Tuesday. So no one is to break himself before Wednesday morning.

The prefects this year are Bill Payson, Joe Davidge, and Renwick Smedberg. After this they will appear in full dignity of initials.

All aboard for the season of 1919! Let's make it the best ever, friends.

Hallowell Davis  
Norman S. Walker Jr.

William S. Payson  
William R. Lundberg  
John B. Cuming  
John G. Farnsworth

Russ S. Harkness  
Lucius Wilmerding

G. Y. Harris. Richards  
Thomas H. Eliot  
Henry S. Woodbridge  
Albert V. Bigelow  
Rome W. Cudd.

F. Reynolds

George C. Lundberg  
George Woodbridge Jr.  
Wm. P. Ripley  
Ralph Williams Jr.  
Stephen Heard  
Hamilton Heard

James A. Hutchinson, Jr.  
Henry L. Shaw  
Francis A. Miller

William A. Stone  
Thomas R. Lundberg  
Cornell P. Stone

R. Lockwood Towne  
Henry B. Jackson  
John F. Hines Jr.  
John F. Hines

John Whiton Hutchinson,  
Lawrence B. Batchelder  
Osborne Earle  
Ogden Nash  
James E. Hubbard  
Harry B. Welsh  
Jack Degen  
Henry N. Richardson  
George P. Sturgis.  
Robert Cushman, Jr.

C. H. Leland 2nd

Robert T. Chapman



SUNDAY                      Our first Sunday dawned bright and clear, though more  
 June 29,                      like September than June. C.A.S. began the day early, start-  
 T.49'                      ing for Groton at six o'clock. He must have had a splendid  
 B.29.28'                      trip.  
 Clear                      Light  
 N.                      trip.

The following passed the swimming test this morning: N.S.W.,  
 A.D.A., Bradford, Nash, Ripley, Cushman, Stone, S. Heard, Matthews, Earle,  
 It is a fine beginning, and we hope for more in a few days. The  
 motto is, "No non-swimmers after July 31."

This afternoon we began "Twelfth Night." Sir Toby and Sir And-  
 rew are always good company.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

CORKER.	TOGUS.	ABOL.	EBEN.
J.A.L. Jr.	C.F.B. Jr..	J.R.	H.D.
H. Heard	Ja. Hutchinson	Hines	Rigelow
H. Woodbridge	Jackson	Stone	S. Heard
S.B.D.	Ladd	W.R.S.	A.M.R.
TERROR	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
A.D.A.	W.L.P.	N.S.W.	Ripley
Corning	Bradford	Leland	Nash
Degen	Chapman	Matthews	Richardson
Williams	Smedberg	Eliot	M.P.
L. Tower	Reynolds	G. Woodbridge.	

OUANANICHE.

H.R.	Rob Roy.
Earle	Sturges major
Batchelder	Sturges minor
Miller	
W. Tower	
Shaw	
Minns	
Jo. Hutchinson	
Sturgis	
Welsh	
	Farnsworth
	Cushman
	Richards
	Wilmerding
	Hubbard

It was an easy trip over, and we found good landing, though  
 the beach is almost entirely under water. We must have been the  
 first picnickers on the point this year, for all round the fine-  
 place, where we often find fish-skins and egg-shells, there were  
 little seedling trees.

H.R., A.M.R., and M.P. stayed to get cocoa ready. The rest went  
 up Belgrade Hill, where the view was wonderful. It certainly was as

SUNDAY clear a day as you could often find, for from  
(Cont'd.)  
the shore we could see mountains to the north that we had  
never seen from there before. It is suggested that it might  
be Bigelow. If so, then what we have been calling Bigelow all  
these years is not Bigelow, but Abraham. Wouldn't that be a  
shock?

By the time the walkers came down the cocoa was ready,  
and we fell to.

We had time for a good sing, and then came scudding  
home before a strong southerly wind, which had come up while  
we were eating. The canoes fairly tobogganed along the waves.

When we landed, there were the two Sturgeses, just arrived.  
And here are their signatures. Too bad they missed the pic-  
nic, but there will be plenty more.

*Hayes Sturges Thomas Rush Sturges*

Then came hymns, which sounded as if we had some good  
new voices among us.

Our story was "007", and the poem "The Feet of the  
Young Men". That is the way we generally begin our Sunday  
evenings, and a good way it is. And as there was a little  
more time, we had "The Explorer."



MONDAY, Still chilly, but warmer than yesterday, and getting warmer  
June 30,  
T. 52' all day.  
B. 29.30'  
Fair The Skipper is telling us about boats, beginning with  
S.W.

the birch canoe. We are also having a little of "Pilgrim's Progress" every morning, and then reading "With the Indians in the Rockies."

By swim time the wind was rather troublesome, but the Sturges family passed the test. Others who tried were not successful, but they will do better in a calm.

At afternoon reading we began "A Legend of Montrose", and then had the official news of the signing of the peace treaty, five years exactly after the murder of the Archduke. May we never see five such years again! And then we all sang "America."

Baseball practice occupied almost everybody for the afternoon. The company divided into three parts. The seniors, with four of the faculty and two prefects, occupied the "big league" diamond. A.D.A. and W.L.P. manoeuvred with the juniors on the "bug league" field. And C.F.B. and a select group of five foresters took to the woods.

After a good deal of practice teams were picked, and each league had a game. We have no detailed report of the bug league, but the final score was about 30-5. A great many people pitched, and there was much heavy hitting, as well as heavy yelling. Next time we shall hope for a score card.

FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
INCOGS. VS. NAMELESS.

At first this looked like a very uneven game, for the Nameless team made three runs in the first inning, and their opponents were not able to score. In the second the Incogs picked up two runs, but at the end of the third the Nameless aggregation led 7-2. Then the Incogs began hitting hard, and the face of things changed. Four runs



There was some heavy hitting on both sides.H.D. and Nash each made a three-bagger,and two-baggers were fairly numerous.We give the best averages:

J.R.	1,000
J.A.L.Jr.	1,000
H.D.	.750
Nash	.666
S.B.D.	.500

Altogether it was a lively beginning, and we have every hope of a good season.

One of the most stirring moments of the game occurred when J.A.L. put out Leland at third. This does not generally come within the catcher's sphere.

Innings			vs. Nameless of June 30												at						
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
3	0		1 Ripley	5	K		0-3		6-4	0-3							4	0	1		
0	1		2 W. S. W.	6	4-3		1-3		<del>0-3</del>								3	1	0		
2	3		3 S. B. D.	1	2-6				<del>0-3</del>								2	2	1		
11	2		4 J. H. L.	2		<del>0-3</del>		<del>0-3</del>	<del>0-3</del>								2	3	2		
3	0		5 Nash	3		<del>0-3</del>		<del>0-3</del>	<del>0-3</del>								3	3	2		
1	0		6 Bigelow	4	2-6			K	0-3								3	0	0		
1	0		7 Farnsworth	8	K			<del>0-3</del>	0-6								3	1	0		
0	0		8 Jim Hatch	7	4-3			0-1		0-3							3	0	0		
0	0		9 Wilmerding	8			K	0-2		0-2							3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
21	6		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.													26	10	6	
			Hours.....	Mins.....		0	2	0	4	4	0										
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				3	10	1-b. on errors.													3	1	



Nameless vs. Incogs. of June 30 at																			
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	2		1 Jackson	4	K	1-3	2-5			0/1							4	0	0
2	2		2 W.R.S.	6	<del>E</del>	K		K		<del>E</del>							4	2	1
1	0		3 Bradford	5	<del>E</del>		<del>E</del>	K		<del>E</del>							4	2	1
5	3		4 H.D.	2	<del>E</del>		<del>E</del>	<del>E</del>		<del>E</del>							4	2	3
1	2		5 Corning	1	1-3		<del>E</del>	K		K							4	1	1
7	0		6 J. R.	3	<del>E</del>		<del>E</del>		2-5	<del>E</del>	1-3						3	1	3
0	0		7 Leland	7	<del>E</del>		<del>E</del>		K		2-5						2	0	0
0	0		8 J. Stuggs	9	K		1-3		K		6-10						4	0	0
1	0		9 Ladd	8		1-3	K			1-3							3	0	0
			10																
			11																
18	9		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												32	8	9
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	4	1-b. on errors.												3	1

But the best thing in the afternoon was the arrival of our last boy, but by no means least, considering that it was Archie Coolidge. He was rather black, but we don't care a bit.

*Archie Coolidge*

Mr. Manley came over from Augusta, to see N.S.W.

The foresters worked in the woods along the western edge of the swamp, at the foot of the ridge, heading for the little pond in the woods. Some day there will be a good clearing there.

After supper came Games on the Hill. We won, of course.

Spin the Platter was a wild success, and the forfeits were redeemed in brilliant style.

Stone and Degen did a Russian ballet that would have roused envy in the hearts of the professionals.

The match and nose race was won by H. Heard, the only one of the three contestants who followed a straight course. Bigelow began well, but finally had to go backwards to make second place. Batchelder, after trying every direction, did not finish.

W.R.S. beat Sturgis at the Hottentot tackle, though both did well.

Coolidge beat Smedberg, in a peculiar contest borrowed from

MONDAY the ancient Greeks.  
(Cont'd)

In the wheelbarrow race, C.F.B. and Hines had a long lead over Ripley and Cushman. At one time the winning pair went so fast that the "wheel" of the barrow hardly touched the floor. (We leave you to guess which was the barrow in each pair.)

H. Woodbridge as a cat was frightfully mauled by Bradford, the dog, but held up his end well.

Reynolds beat L. Tower in the spider race, and Batchelder beat W. Tower in the crab race. The latter went well, till he grounded half way down the course.

In the Eskimo race, C.F.B. reached the line first, but Coolidge was adjudged the winner, on account of his superior form.

Compendium ended the day's events. We took C for our letter; and in spite of attempts to count Carlyle and Cicero as poets, some good scores were made. It is a good game.



TUESDAY

July 1,

T.68'

B.29.15

Calm

Smoky.

Just how high the thermometer went in the course of the day we don't know, but it was pretty high.

This morning Minns, Wilmerding, and Sturgis passed

the swimming test, and Degen and Jack Hutchinson came very near it. Hutch vows to do it tomorrow or perish in the attempt.

A water-thrush's nest has been found along the shore. This is a very rare thing to see.

Mr. Carney came over today, to arrange about fishing licenses. This year there is a report to send in at the end of the year, saying how many fish you have caught in the course of the summer.

#### SUNDRY STUNTS.

##### FISHING.

<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>
H.D.	Ripley	Corning	S.B.D.
H. Woodbridge	Earle	Farnsworth	H. Heard
Jack Hutch.	Shaw	Jackson	Hubbard

(Remarks: fishing necessarily limited, as we have no bait. Trolling will be the fashion.)  
1 bass  
2 bass  
Total number of fish, 3.

##### TOGUS.

##### CORKER.

C.F.B.	J.A.L.
Hines	Minns
Bigelow	S. Heard
Ladd	A.D.A.

##### OUANANICHE.

##### H.R.

W.R.S.	Bradford
Leland	Nash
Batchelder	T. Sturges
Wilmerding	Stone
Cushman	Smedberg

##### R.R., M.P.

Reynolds

G. Woodbridge

##### WALK TO SNAKE BEACH.

J.R.	N.S.W.
A.M.P.	W.L.P.
Chapman	Coolidge
Degen	Eliot
Matthews	Jim Hutch.
Miller	Richardson
Richards	H. Sturges
Sturgis	L. Tower
Welsh	W. Tower

Williams

The fishing score was not a large one, but two of the bass were very good ones, weighing respectively two pounds and one and three quarters.

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The walkers went out by way of the shore path, which gave the new boys some idea of the scouting country. We stopped at the sand-slide, and then cut across the big pasture to the road. It was pretty hot, but we reached our beach in fairly good order. There we sat in the shade, dabbled hands and hats in the water, and really cooled off pretty well. On the return trip we came over the scouting ridge, and then retired to the pond.

The Ouananiche went round Hoyt's, and came in a little after most of the walkers were out of the water. It did not take them long to get in.

The two canoes did a new stunt, that must have been very interesting, though warm, and a bit long for an afternoon. They went up Bog Brook to the road, landed, and carried over to the Hamilton Pond landing, on the Southeast Bay. By all accounts it was hot; and a mile and a half or more with a canoe on your head does sound warm on such a day. As for the mosquitoes in the bog, they were almost as big as the obstructing logs. The intrepid explorers had a swim in the Southeast Bay, and came home rather late to supper.

After supper it was too hot for anything but boats, so we boated, to Oak Island, the lagoon, and other wild and remote regions. The sun set very red, and the new moon <sup>rose</sup> very yellow. There must be forest fires somewhere, to give us such a sky.

The half-past niners began "Calumet K", and made the acquaintance of Charlie Bannon, a man whom it is pleasant to know.



WEDNESDAY

July 2,

T. 62'

B. 29'14

Smoky

Calm

Three more swimmers this morning, to wit, Chapman, Williams and Miller. Many more are extremely hopeful. Now, Georgie Woodbridge, buck up.

In the middle of the morning John Dudley had word from home of the death of his brother, and took the next train. Of course he couldn't tell, poor fellow, whether he would be back to stay or not.

By afternoon there was nice little southwest breeze, and as Skipper said, it was good for anything except a distant view. The dopesters felt very cautious, there were so many possibilities, but some suggested track and field practice, and they were right.

#### FIRST TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

##### CLASS A HIGH JUMP.

Nash	4'6"
Ripley	4'1"
Bradford	4'1"

T. Sturges was the only one who came anywhere near these three.

##### CLASS A BROAD JUMP.

Nash	14'4 1/2"
Earle	13'8"
Bradford	13'2 1/2"

Ripley was also over <sup>thirteen</sup> fourteen feet. Nash made one jump over fifteen, but unfortunately fouled.

##### CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Bradford	23'10 3/4"
Nash	22' 1/2"
Ripley	21'9 3/4"

Bradford's last put was his best. No one else was over twenty.

##### CLASS A HUNDRED.

##### First Heat,

Nash  
Earle  
Bradford

Nash had a long lead over Earle. Bradford was a fairly close third, Ladd a good way behind. The time was not taken.

WEDNESDAY

~~MONDAY~~

Second Heat.

(Cont'd.)

Wilmerding

T. Sturges

Ripley

Wilmerding shortened his lead by turning to see what was doing behind him. Ripley was close up, but H. Sturges was rather out-classed. Time was not taken.

Final Heat.

Nash

12 2/5 s.

Earle

Wilmerding

Here again Nash had a long lead. Wilmerding lost second place by slowing up at the last minute, so that Earle passed him, by a few inches.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

Miller 3' 10"

Jim Hutch. 3' 8"

H. Heard 3' 7"

S. Heard 3' 7"

The great excitement here, of course, was the Heard-Heard tie.

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Jackson 12' 10 3/4"

S. Heard 12' 7 1/2"

Bigelow 12' 6 1/2"

H. Heard was close behind Bigelow. S. Heard did not take second place till his final jump. There were eight more men over eleven feet, so the event was a thriller.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

S. Heard 21' 10 1/4"

Farnsworth 20 3 1/2"

H. Heard 20'

No one else was able to do twenty feet.

CLASS B HUNDRED.

First Heat.

Bigelow

14 4/5 s.

Farnsworth

H. Heard.

A very close finish, with the first two men neck and neck at the tape.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.) S. Heard

Hines

Jim Hutch.

Second Heat.

Here was another tie for first, with the third man only a yard behind. The time, unfortunately, was lost.

Third Heat.

Miller

Jackson

Sturgis

14 4/5 s.

Miller had a good lead at the finish. Sturgis drove Jackson hard.

Final Heat.

Miller

H. Heard

Bigelow

There were eight entries in this heat, owing to the two ties, and in the confusion the time was lost. H. Heard was only a yard behind Miller, with Bigelow almost tying him.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Shaw

Williams

Eliot

3'7"

3'6"

3'3"

First in Class C was the same as third in Class B.

CLASS C BROAD JUMP.

Williams

Shaw

Degen

11'5 3/4"

11'3 3/4"

10'11 1/2"

The first two men were very close.

CLASS C SHOT PUT.

Eliot

Williams

Minns

20'7 3/4"

17'11"

(17'11 1/2")

The reason that Minns gets only third place is that he fouled his best put.

CLASS C HUNDRED.

First Heat.

Minns

Eliot

Degen

15 1/5 s.

Eliot was two yards behind Minns at the tape, but a slight difficulty with his costume slowed him down. Degen was a very close third, Matthews a good fourth.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

Shaw

15 4/5 s.

Reynolds

Richardson

Reynolds was a close second, sprinting in good shape.

Richardson finished a foot behind him.

Third Heat.

Williams

16 1/5 s.

L. Tower

G. Woodbridge

Williams's lead would have been a longer one if he had not thought a cheer was a summons, and practically stopped.

Woodbridge was about five feet behind Tower.

Final Heat.

Minns

15 s.

Williams

Eliot

The fastest heat of the series, and a good finish. Minns won by a yard, and Eliot was about the same distance behind Williams.

The four-forty was omitted till we get into better training.

We give the classes, though they are likely to be somewhat revised before next time.

CLASS A.

Bradford

Nash

Ladd

Ripley

Leland

Earle

T. Sturges

H. Sturges

Wilmerding

CLASS B.

Bigelow

Chapman

Coolidge

Cushman

Farnsworth

H. Heard

S. Heard

Hines

Hubbard

Jim Hutchinson

Jack Hutchinson

Jackson

Miller

Stone

Sturgis

H. Woodbridge

CLASS C.

Degen

Eliot

Matthews

Minns

Reynolds

Batchelder

Richards

Richardson

Shaw

Smedberg

L. Tower

W. Tower

Welsh

Williams

G. Woodbridge

After supper, as there was a good deal to do to get ready for sing-song, we went as we pleased, and S. Heard got a



WEDNESDAY pickerel that weighted 1 3/8 lbs.  
(Cont'd.)

Before I go on to the evening's doings, let me mention a very welcome and important arrival, that of our doctor. He appeared early in the afternoon.

*Allen W. Osbell*

But don't get gay with edged tools, or develop mumps or any other little game, just because we have someone to cure you.

FIRST SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
3. Songs.....A.D.A.
4. Choruses.....Camp Chantey, John Peel, Camptown Races.
5. Stunt, "Hop When the Horn Blows" C.F.B., A.M.R., W.L.P.,  
Farnsworth, Hines, H. Heard.
6. G.H.S. Trio.....Hildreth, Monaghan, A.M.R.
7. Stunt, "Kafoozleum".....H.D., J.A.L., Shaw, Ripley,  
Corning.
8. Choruses.....Ouananiche, Camp Song.

-----

A very fine programme, especially when you consider that Camp opened Saturday. Jackson and Hines gave us our time-honored overture in great style, Frog preferring to play standing. A brief passage played on the front of the piano case added greatly to the effect.

A.M.R. played a movement from one of the Schubert sonatas. They are not played as often as they ought to be.

A.D.A. gave us "Forty Years On", perhaps the best school song ever written, and "The Pope". We let him off with two, but we mean to have a great many more.

The first stunt, exemplifying the Camp motto, needs little comment. Most of the performers have been in it already more than once, so they knew just what degree of emphasis to impart.

WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

The trio was to have been a quartette, but violin and clarinet make a very pretty combination, even without John Dudley and his cornet. They gave us two selections, and we shall have more soon. (By the way, G.H.S. means Gardiner High School, to which all the performers belong, in one capacity or another.)

The tragic ballad of Kafoozleum is too poignant in its appeal to be acted every year. H.D. was a terrible Turk, and his hookah added a fine touch of realism to the scene. Shaw as the heroine was a vision of loveliness, and J.A.L. moved all hearts as "the perfect lamb." As for Ripley and Corning, their sinister countenances showed that they were ready for deeds of any degree of darkness.

The murder was terrific, and when we heard the splash of the corpses as they landed in the brook of Kedron, we shuddered. Then came the last pathetic glimpse; the ghosts of the hapless lovers, still clasped in a fond embrace. It was most moving.

We ended the evening with two tables of Mythology.



THURSDAY

July 3

Calm

Smoky

Hot.

Archie forgot his weather, but that gives the main idea. The morning was not bad, but when the sun struck the pond at an angle to reflect on us, it was bad.

### Squad Notes.

A bean squad filled in the gaps that Mrs. Cook's cows had made in the garden. They didn't quite finish, but got on well. Let's hope the beans will get on as well.

A raspberry bush squad did some clearing on the scouting field. It is sad to destroy good berries, but sadder to destroy good boys--or even bad ones. And crawling through raspberry bushes is not a nice job.

J.A.L. was a squad--one might say a host--in himself. He went to Oakland by automobile, with lists that were enough to make one's brain reel, and came back with the lists translated into terms of crackers and torpedoes. Now we are ready for the Fourth. For the war is over, and we feel like making a noise again.

### Class A Chinning.

W.R.S.	16
H. Heard	16
Hines	12
Farnsworth	10
Ripley	9
Bigelow	7
Bradford	7
Corning	6
T. Sturges	5
Ladd	4
Nash	4
Stone	4
Leland	3
Miller	3
Earle	2

Of course this was not the track Class A. We forbear to give the zeros, hoping that soon there won't be any zeros to give.

Three more swimming tests passed: Jack Hutchinson, W. Tower, and Hubbard. Next?

The first water scouting game was a wild one, with heavy loss



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

on both sides.

FISHING.

TERROR.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.	PEANUT.	IDENTICAL.
H.D.	Farnsworth	W.R.S.	A.D.A.	C.F.B.
Leland	Chapman	Coolidge	Batchelder	Jim Hutchinson
L.Tower	Bigelow	Cushman	H.Heard	Reynolds
26 perch	1 bass	W.Tower	1 bass	1 bass
1 bass		1 bass		
1 pout				

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	
Nash	Ladd	W.L.P.	S.Heard.
Miller	Jackson	Welsh	2 bass
Sturgis	Shaw	G.Woodbridge	
1 bass	1 bass		Total number of fish, 36

Stephen Heard went out by himself after water sports, and caught <sup>a</sup> fish. He came in, put it on the ice, went out again, and caught another one.

The Terror and the Identical were late to supper, but there were reasons. The Terror found white perch. And when that happens, one takes one's opportunity. The Identical hooked two salmon, one after another; a thing that has not happened before in camp. They lost them, but the event was no less eventful.

Those who did not fish played scrub pudding-ball for a while, and then came rubber water sports.

ENEMY IN CAMP.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.
S.Heard	H.Sturges	Earle
Stone	Wilmerding (E)	Matthews
Williams (E)	Hines	H.Woodbridge (E)
Bradford	Ripley	T.Sturges

In all three boats the enemy was weak. You can swamp a canoe with a dipper, but you have got to get the water in, and get it in fast.

The Abol and the Eben reached the float in the order given. The Corker was so badly trimmed that she tipped over.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

	<u>BLINDFOLD RACE.</u>	
<u>HORNPOUT.</u>		<u>CHUB.</u>
Eliot		Richards

Eliot guided by the sun, and though he missed Pickerel, his general direction wasn't bad. Richards veered to the south, so fast that a hasty rescuer had to run down to keep him from piling his boat up on the beach below the Ouananiche. Being started again, from the beach, he did much better, but of course Eliot won.

#### UNDRESSING OBSTACLE RACE.

The course began at the top of the hill, where the three contestants started, with all outer garments on over their bathing-suits. They ran down to the boat-house, removed outer garments, swam to the float, climbed up, crawled snake-fashion through a ladder, ate a cracker, and the first man who could whistle won.

Hubbard was first in the water, with Minns a good second. Jack Hutchinson began gaining when he struck the ladder, and won after a performance with the cracker that was amazing, if not pretty. He put it in practically all at once, and stood there chewing frantically, and snorting cracker-crumbs all over the float. His mouth must be bigger inside than one would suppose from the outside. Hubbard was second, Minns third.

By this time everyone was ready for a swim, and as the fishermen returned they swam too.

After supper we began "Huckleberry Finn", up on the hundred yard dash, where it was cooler than in some places. (Rives Matthews says we ought to go to St. Louis if we think this is hot. We think we won't till winter.)

Then came "Earth, Air and Water" on the piazza, and some rounds. The half-past niners cleaned fish, and then swam, while the non-cleaners (sounds rather messy) had a story on the float.



FRIDAY      This time the weather report was made, but got lost.  
July 4,  
T. 70'      But it was a scorcher. If Archie likes this sort of  
Calm  
Smoky.      thing, we shall be glad when his week as weather-  
man is over.

Bertie the Badger got up early to hoist the flag at or near sunrise.

At half-past eight we had the Declaration of Independence, followed by Kipling's noble "Recessional", and then our usual singing.

Great excitement when the yard squad was announced, consisting of all the faculty. The lamp squad had to do its job, of course, but all other squads were omitted, and we went up on the field to make a noise.

It was a grand noise, too. Five inch salutes will do wonders, especially when bunched in a barrel. There were cat and dog fights of every size, from St. Bernards to Pekinese, and tin cans soared high in the heavens.

No casualties are reported, except two damaged fingers. Both were due to torpedoes. Ralph Williams had three go off in his hand at once, and Archie had one set off by someone who thought he was funny. It is no use trying to describe the brains of a boy who likes to set things off in other people's hands or pockets, because the chances are that he hasn't any.

The spring-board went out, for the first time this year, and there was a perfect circus on and off it. Moab was out too and Jack Degen passed the test, so it was a pretty good water day.

As it was Freddy Reynolds's birthday, he was congratulated, and made a brief but effective speech in reply, while the liquor of the aristocracy flowed freely, and we munched our



FRIDAY Washington Pie. We had faculty butlers, too, to add to the  
(Cont'd)  
dignity of the occasion.

Before we broke up, Skipper made us a short speech about the war, reminding us of the things that we must remember through the years to come if the world is to be saved such another horror, and read the names of the nine Merryweathers who gave their lives in the service: Augustus Aspinwall, Emmons Blaine, Victor Chapman, Phinehas Chrystie, Archie Coats, Hamilton Coolidge, James Fenimore Cooper, Alfred Montgomery Goodale, and Phillips Muirhead.

Afternoon reading was out in Sunshine Alley. This is unusual, but it was the coolest place we could find, for "Zadoc Pine." (Who was it that called it "Zodiac Pine" a couple of years ago?)

SECOND MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
DOUGHBOYS VS. GOBS.

The heat was fierce, for though there was a little northwest breeze, the pines and the ridge cut most of it off. We had a pail of haymakers' punch, and another of water, and so we got along.

The teams were uneven, for the Gobs were not able to score till the seventh, when A.F.V., who had pitched a brilliant game, began to weaken a bit. Three men scored, and if nine innings had been played, the gap between the two totals would probably have been smaller.

A.F.V. struck out eleven men. J.A.L. struck out nine, and in the second inning struck out three with nine pitched balls. In the sixth he and H.D. changed places.

In the fifth, Hildreth, at second, put out Nash with a spectacular one-hand catch.

In the sixth Corning caught Ladd out on a fly, and assisted N.S.W. out at first in the same play.

A.D.A.	.750
Ripley	.666
J.R.	.500
W.R.S.	.500
Hildreth	.500



FRIDAY                      Three base hits are never common, but H.D. and  
(Cont'd.)  
A.F.V. each got in a beauty; one way out beyond left field.

the other right in among the Bug League outfielders.

Doughboys vs. Gobs of July 4 at

[illegible]

Gobs vs. Toughboys of July 4 at

[illegible]



Frogs vs. Tommies of					at										
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
			1 Degen	7	K	K				3-3		3-3			
			2 Hutcheson	6											
			3 Hines	2			4-3			1-3			8-3		
			4 H. Heard	1		5-3							3-3		
			5 Wombidger	3					1-3	K					
			6 Cushman	5	K				1-3		3-3				
			7 Welsh	9				K	1-3		K		1-3	K	
			8 Richardson	4	K			1-3			3-3	1-3		0-7 4-3	
			9 Sturges	8											
			10												
			11												
TIME OF GAME.				Runs	3	6		1	3	1	1	6	3	7	
Hours..... Mins.....				total.	2	3	4	10	15	3	1	12	6	3	7

vs. <u>Fargo</u>		of		at										
Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	Miller	7	K	K			K		1-3					
2	Wood S.	3			1-3									
3	Sturges	4			2-3		K			K	K			
4	Sturges	2	6-3		2-3					K				
5	Tower S.	9	1-3			K				K				
6	Hutch. Jk.	1		1-3				2-3						
7	Reynolds	8				3-3								
8	Elliot	5		1-3		K			K		K			
9	Tower W.	6					K				3-3			
10														
11														
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.		2	1	4	2	5	1	6	4	10	
Hours..... Mins.....					2	3	4	2	5	1	6	4	10	

**BUG LEAGUE GAME.**  
**FROGS VS. TOMMIES.**

These two teams were too uneven for much real excitement, for the Frogs scored freely, going through their batting order three times in three innings. The Tommies did their best work in the ninth inning, when they scored four runs by a spirited batting rally.

After the game almost everyone went into the pond, for comfort and cleanliness. If you slide bases when you are as wet as the Village Blacksmith's brow, you get to look rather like a mud-pie in spots.

As it was very hot, we packed up our grub, and ate it on the Point. It was really fairly cool there, and grass is cooler than chairs, anyhow.

After supper we had a ghost story, or rather a murder story, and then the noise began again. Wonderful things were done with five-



FRIDAY      inch salutes and barrels, and the glare and the rush  
(Cont'd.)  
of sparks were as fine as the noise.

When it got dark enough we had our fireworks, and very pretty they were. We had no wheels, but the Roman candles went very well, and the rockets were beauties. The sparkler brigade went through many evolutions, and the display ended with a wonderful great mine, that shot up red, white, and blue stars by the score.

And then, after a three-ring taps, we went to bed.

---

An unusual thing happened this afternoon. The fish license man, Mr. Carney, came over to bring back a large number of licenses, and refund over forty dollars. This was not because some of us had been so sinful that we were to be debarred from fishing, but because, no one under fourteen needs a license.

Mr. Dr Forest, who plans to send his boy to us next summer, called this morning.

Various people want fishing in the morning, but the only fish big enough to keep was a white perch.

Total Number of fish, 1.

---

One of our young biologists wants to know if rats have four legs. He thought they had two! Let's catch one for him.



SATURDAY Archie brought the hot spell to a climax to-day. The heat  
 July 5,  
 T. 78' during the morning was really very bad. The wooden handle of  
 B. 28.86' the boiler was too hot to hold, and while the Ouananiche was  
 Calm the boiler was too hot to hold, and while the Ouananiche was  
 Fair  
 Hot. being patched, the ambroid fairly bubbled in the sun.

Buggins made a special trip over by Sandpeep to get molasses,  
 and the only wonder is that it didn't turn to molasses candy on the  
 way.

The big squad that picked up the mess on the field was sent  
 down half an hour early, and there was No Addy-humps! This announce-  
 ment was greeted with wild cheers by the boys, and C.F.B. and H.D.  
 didn't seem to mind.

During swim Mr. and Mrs. Earle came over from the Mills, and  
 took Osborne and Thayer Richards off to dinner.

#### SUNDRY STUNTS.

(Including fishing.)

CORKER.	ABOL.	TOGUS.	EBEN.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
C.F.B.	J.R.	H.D.	J.A.L.	A.F.V.	N.S.W.
W. Tower	H. Woodbrid.	H. Heard	Hubbard	Wilmerding	H. Sturges
S. Heard	Williams	Shaw	Hines	Eliot	Richardson
Bigelow	T. Sturges	A.M.R.	M.P.		

YAMMER.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	PEANUT.
A.D.A.	W.R.S.	W.L.P.	S.B.D.	Ripley
Miller	Jim Hutch	Chapman	Batchelder	Stone
Smedberg	L. Tower	G. Woodbridge	Minns	Reynolds
	Sturgis			
	1 bass			

ARKLET.	WOBLER.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.
Nash	Corning	Ladd	Farnsworth
Bradford	Cushman	Leland	Jackson
Matthews	Jack Hutchinson	Coolidge	Welsh
Degen		3 bass	
3 perch		1 perch	

Total number of fish, 8.

Not a very good showing, you would say; but the fact is that  
 most of the row-boats did not fish, but went over to Oak and played  
 Skownegan. We have no score-card, but the results were as follows:

#### WILLARDS VS. DEMPSEYS.

First two rounds, won by Willards.  
 Last three rounds, won by Dempseys.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The playing, we hear, was pretty reckless, in spite of the heat.

J.R. went up to Indian Island, and then crossed to Hoyt's, but did not land on either.

C.F.B. went over to Ellis Pond, to get cuttings of white willow. These are to be put in along by the original Wall St. embankment, so that by the time the oak cribbing gives out, and even oak will not last forever, the willows will take its place, and keep our bank safe. They got their willows, and also had time for a swim, in Ellis, besides the swim when they got home.

H.D. and J.A.L. joined forces, and went up Bog Brook as far as the road. That is, they paddled to a good solid obstacle just below the fish-weir, and then walked to the fence, where they found J.A.L.'s blue jacket, left behind by the small boys on the previous Bog Brook trip. The mosquitoes and other beasts were fierce, but the brook was lovely, and the going in many places extremely good.

During the afternoon Miss Bachelder arrived. She is to be with us this summer, but could not get here until now. (No, she is no relation to C.F.B. and Larry: Who was the boy that wanted to know if C.F.B. was Larry's father? That isn't right either.)

After supper the charade sides betook themselves to various places for consultation, and at seven-thirty we assembled.

SQUADRON. The first scene gave us the pick-up squad, under command of Bigelow, picking up the leavings from the Fourth. They were a rather difficult squad to handle, but Bertie was



SATURDAY      very firm with the. For the second syllable we went  
(Cont'd.)  
scouting, through a lovely landscape of green and blue pillows. J.A.L.  
was the most successful player, for he killed all the others and  
made a run. For the whole word, A.D.A. appeared, drilling a very wild  
and awkward squad. They didn't know anything, and could not even tell  
their distracted commander, "If there is no grass in Greenland, how  
does an Eskimo?".

STOCKADE.      The first scene was on the farm, where C.F.B., with  
the assistance of Corning, was inspecting an assortment of animals  
almost as varied as that of "My Grandfather", in the song. S.B.D.  
came in to buy one or two critters, and was much taken with the  
appearance of W.L.P., "the bob-tailed nag". He finally bought the  
nag, and two or three others. The second was one of wild excitement.  
An alarm of fire brought in a very impressive fire-engine, with an  
extremely active department under command of C.F.B., who boldly  
scaled the tottering wall and brought down the four little angels,  
Jim Hutch, Smedberg, Williams, and Reynolds, who were shrieking at the  
window in their pajamas. The whole word was also warm work, with the  
temperature we had. A group of settlers hastily built a stockade,  
and held it desperately against a band of terrible scarlet-clad  
Indians. The bullets flew more than they were meant to, for one of  
the bean-bags burst like a bomb, scattering beans everywhere.

PROPHYLACTIC.      This was rather complicated, and not many guessed  
it. First came a baseball game, with H. Heard and Leland as the  
battery. They were playing for the amateur championship of the  
State of Maine. But as man after man struck out, suspicions were  
roused, and finally the pitcher was identified as a former pitcher  
on the Reds. For the second scene they filled a pail, which must have  
been nearly as deep as the bottomless pit, they had to work so hard.  
For the third we had a meeting, N.S.W. presiding, at which the follow-



SATURDAY ing was enacted, to become part of the Camp  
(Cont'd.)  
constitution:

1. No one is to come out of the water till he wants to.
2. Ice-cream and strawberry short-cake are to be served at every meal.
3. Squad-work to be omitted.
4. Fireworks to be exhibited every night.

The fourth syllable showed some unlucky boarders, going to bed in a house full of cockroaches etc., and having a very suffering time. Last came tooth-brushing, presided over by N.S.W.

DUNGEON. The first scene was another fire, but this time there was no rescue. Stone was burned to a crisp; in fact was most thoroughly done. For the second syllable we had J.R. in a state of mind. He kept trying to send boys on errands of vital importance, and in every case was held up by getting the name wrong. As a matter of fact they were all named John. The whole word was a very vivid dramatization of the dungeon scene in "A Legend of Montrose", which we had at afternoon reading. H.D. was imposing as Argyle, Nash extremely effective as Ranald McEagh, and W.R.S. was capital as Dugald Dalgetty.

Altogether it was a most successful beginning, though undeniably warm in spots.

Then we adjourned to float for "Calumet K." We generally read till quarter of ten Saturday night, but this time we stopped fifteen minutes early, for a half past nine swim.



SUNDAY      Two boat-loads of enthusiastic fishermen went out at  
July 6,  
T.68'      half-past four this morning, to catch salmon, sand-sharks,  
B.28.98'  
N.W.      whales, or anything else that might be feeling hungry.

Heavy	A.D.A.	Nash
rain	Earle	Bradford
p.m.	Leland	S. Heard
	1 bass	3 bass
		1 perch

Total Number of Fish, 5.

It was a clear grey morning, and we hoped for a water picnic. As the day wore on the clouds thickened, but the list was posted, and some of us were actually in our boats, when the rain, which had been trailing down the hills for some time, struck us. So we unpacked and came ashore.

First we had a good sing, and then came two tables of progressive ping-pong.

Table A

H.D. beat S.B.D.  
A.S. beat H.D.  
S.B.D. beat H.D.  
H.D. beat W.R.S.  
J.R. beat S.B.D.  
S.B.D. beat W.R.S.  
W.R.S. beat S.B.D.

Table B

M.P. beat H. Heard  
A.M.R. beat M.P.  
Jackson beat Hines.  
N.S.W. beat Jackson.

The reason that Table A had so many more games is that after the second they played "mucker tictacs", which kills people off fast.

Having exercised legs and lungs, we were ready for food, which was served in the main room, all except jam. Jam has to be out of doors, or at least on the piazza.

When we were fed, and the room clean, we had "The Dumberdene", a very remarkable ghost story, and then Hymns. The half-past nine story was "The Man from Buffalo." And it is a good one, even though W.L.P. did go to sleep.

As for A.S. at ping-pong, here he really is, with a friend.

SUNDAY      We will put their signatures on a new page, as  
(Cont'd.)  
there wasn't really room for them on the other.

*Abbot Stevens*

*Alexander Wheeler*

-----  
To-day ends Archie's term of service as weather-man. He forgot his report once, and he gave us as bad a hot spell as we have ever had. Still, the garden will be thankful for the rain with which he concluded his activities, so we forgive him for cutting us off from our picnic.

-----  
Myrtle warblers seem very tame this year, flying all about the premises. As for the redstarts, they almost have to be chased out from underfoot, they are so free and easy.



MONDAY      One of the days that are so beautiful that you feel you  
July 7,  
T.61'      can do anything; the kind of day that we have been wait-  
B.29.  
N.W.      ing for ever since we came out.  
Clear

Light      This morning A.S. told us about the work done in the  
showers      war by the quartermaster's corps.  
p.m.-

The ladies' slip is out, thanks to long and arduous toil on  
the part of W.L.P. and others. It is a good deal of a job with the  
water so high.

Wood-gatherers did some good work along the shore by the Pine  
Parlor, and brought down fuel by the boat-load.

If you don't know what Greasers are, wait till you get on that  
squad.      You may wash, you may scour your hands as you will,

But the scent of the roses will cling to them still.

Two rows of beans planted to-day, where the beets were. It is  
too late to plant more beets.

Archie Coolidge found a brown thrasher's nest in the woodpile  
this morning. He was peacefully getting wood, when the bird flew  
right out in his face. We hope to let her alone enough to raise her  
family, but it is a poor place for peace, especially if we have cool  
weather.

At swim Batchelder swam to the Ouananiche, and Eliot swam down  
to the Point. The latter is not official, as he was alone and in  
shoal water, but he can easily do it again.

Talking of swimming, Horace Hildreth and Francis Monaghan swam  
over to Oak Island in the afternoon, and then swam back! John Dud-  
ley, who came back just before dinner, escorted them.

The Thank-you-marms, which puzzled some of us, built a bar  
across one of the paths where the rain washes badly, to turn the  
current and save the bank.



MONDAY	Class B Chinning.	
(Cont'd.)	Cushman	10
	S.Heard	10
	Jim Hutch.	10
	Sturgis	10
	Wilmerding	7
	H.Woodbridge	5
	Williams	4
	Jackson	3
	Shaw	3
	G.Woodbridge	3

As the class is so large we will not give the rest. There were five that did it twice, four singles, and only six blanks. A good showing for the first time.

#### EXPEDITION TO TRACY'S BLUFF.

<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		<u>EBEN.</u>	
<u>A.S.</u>	<u>H.D.</u>	<u>J.R.</u>		<u>C.F.B.Jr.</u>	
H.Heard	Coolidge	S.B.D.	R.B.	Hubbard	
Shaw	Jim Hutch.	Miller	H.Sturges	Hines	
M.P.	Nash	Jackson	Wilmerding	Leland	
		Bigelow	W.Tower		
		Stone	Cushman		
<u>GORKER.</u>		<u>A.M.R., R.R.</u>			
J.A.L.Jr.		Richardson, Minns			
S.Heard		Chapman, Smedberg			
H.Woodbridge					
Earle					
<u>VAMMER.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>
<u>A.F.V.</u>	<u>N.S.W.</u>	<u>A.W.</u>	<u>A.D.A.</u>	<u>W.L.P.</u>	<u>W.R.S.</u>
Bradford	T.Sturges	Corning	Ripley	Ladd	Farnsworth
Sturgis(c)	G.Wood.(c)	Williams(c)	Batch.(c)	Reynolds(c)	L.Tower(c)
Eliot	Richards	Degen	John Hutch.	Welsh	Matthews

We started off with a little head wind, just enough to liven things up, and reached our landing in good time. There were signs of showers about, so we piled extra clothes carefully under shelter.

There was no trouble on the way up. The old dead tree is down at last, so we can no longer try to push it down, as we have done for so many years.

The view from the the top was fine, though a big shower hid some of the mountains. The raspberries were also fine, and the party promptly filled up.



MONDAY      Pretty soon five climbers, namely W.L.P., W.R.S., Nash,  
(Cont'd.)  
Ladd, and Leland, grew weary of mountains and raspberries, and made  
an early start down. They sped merrily through the pasture, innocent  
of danger, when Bob happened to turn round. Horrors! There were ten  
bulls in hot pursuit! There are times when "speed is our only chance",  
and the gallant five sped as speedily as they might. They distanced  
the foe, and arrived safely at the shore.

The rest of the party were perhaps hungrier; at any rate, they  
stayed up longer. When they came down the bulls had got tired by  
their pursuit of the advance guard, and had retired to their trenches.

A.M.R. and R.R. did not climb, but went in search of nice  
little fir trees, to afforest our own neighborhood. And they found so  
many that it was distracting to decide which to take. And following  
a lovely path through balsam woods, they came to a brand new brook,  
which is as exciting as the bulls, in a different way. There is a  
little bridge across it, and an old log farther up, but it is other-  
wise perfectly navigable, and very pretty. If there had been time  
after supper we might have explored to the bridge, but it will have  
to wait for a sundry stunt afternoon.

I forgot to say that some of our ornithologists were much  
puzzled by a strange bird that they heard in a tree. It finally ~~turned~~  
turned out to be N.S.W., whistling gaily.

There was time for a good deal of light exercise after sup-  
per, in the form of leap-frog, standing on heads, and cartwheels, and  
we also had a wild time with a fine new game. It appears to be a  
form of mind-reading, but is not so mysterious as one would suppose,  
when it has been explained.

We had time to find the Monkey, and then went on with "Calumet  
K."

By the way, we had two light showers while we were out, and a  
wonderful rainbow coming back, as well as a fine fair wind.



TUESDAY J.R. and Stone went out early this morning, and came  
July 8,  
T.56' back with two bass. So far the early fishermen have  
B.29.2'  
N.W. been so silent in getting out that no one has heard

Light them. Here's hoping they will keep it up.  
showers

This morning at reading J.R. explained the new system of inspection, which went on to-day. Henceforth it is to be done by a committee of two boys, to be appointed weekly; chosen partly on their own record for neatness, and partly for their ability to handle the matter. Every mark below C will have a note explaining what is the matter. Kicks, if any, are to be made to the dormitory masters, who will inspect the two inspectors' cubicles. The masters are also to be consulted before a pig is given. This inspection is to be done during squad hour, and when it is over, the inspectors are free till swim. The inspectors for this week are Farnsworth and Hines.

The idea of this change is to give the boys more responsibility. These are days when men must learn early to stand on their own feet, and the times are not likely to become any less complicated. In matters like boats, of course, the masters must have absolute say. But here is a very important thing, which the boys can handle themselves. So here goes for the experiment.

#### Squad Notes.

The Argonauts, under J.R., practised turning, landing, etc. in canoes. We are not all able seamen yet, but most of us are improving.

The bonfire squad, under C.F.R., cleared up the dirt and ashes from the bonfire, added it to the old pile, and began screening. The combination of ashes and black mould is wonderful for gardens, and some day our soil will be really rich.



Mohawks

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.		✓ ••••			••		✓	•••	/
J.R.	X			✓			X	•	
N.S.W	X			X			✓		
J.A.L.	X			✓			X	•	
S.B.D.		•	/		• ✕		X	•	
Batchelder	X			X			X		
Bradford	X	••		X	•		X	••	
Chapman		✓		X			X		
Coolidge	X	••		X			X		
Cushman	✓				••		X	•	/
Degen	X			X			X		
Earle	X			✓			X		
Heard, H.	X	••		X	•		X	•	
Heard, S.	X			X	•••		X		
Hines	X	✓		X			X		
Hubbard	✓			X			X		
Hutchinson Js	X	••		X			X		
Ladd	X	✓		X	••		X	•	
Leland	✓			✓			X	•••	
Miller		✓		✓			X		
Minns	X			X			X	•	
Reynolds		✓ •••			•		X	••	
Smedberg	X			X			X	•	
Sturges, T.	✓			X	•		X		
Woodbridge, H.	✓			X	••		X	•	
TOTALS	14	21	1	16	18		23	19	2

# Senecas

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X	•	1	X			X	••••	1
A.F.V.	X				••				
A.D.A.	X			X				•	1
W.L.P.	X			X				•	
W.R.S.	X	••		X	••••				1
Bigelow	X								
Corning	X	••••		X			X	••	1
Eliot	X			X			X		
Farnsworth					•••			••	1
Hutchinson, Jno.	X						X	•	
Jackson		•••		X			X	••	
Matthews	X	•		X			X		
Nash	X						X	•	
Richards	X			X			X		
Richardson	X			X			X	••	
Ripley		•		X	•		X		
Shaw	X	•			•	1	X		
Stone	X				•		X	•	1
Sturges, H.	X								
Sturgis.				X			X	••	
Tower, L.	X	•			•	1	X	••	
Tower, W.	X			X			X		
Welsh	X			X					
Williams	X			X					
Wilmerding	X			X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X		1	X	•		X		
	21	14	2	17	15	2	19	23	6

TUESDAY      The brown thrasher is hatching her family. By  
(Cont' l.)  
supper-time two were reported out. But we must be very care-  
ful not to disturb the old lady.

<u>Class A Chinning.</u>	
H. Heard	17
Farnsworth.	11
Ripley	10

We give only these three, because they are the only ones  
that have come up. The rest mostly did what they did before,  
and a few were below their mark. . . .

A.S. and Mr. Wheeler went off just after lunch, so quiet-  
ly that many did not know when they went. Was this to avoid  
rocks in suit-cases? It may be.

Reading was stopped early, and we all settled down for  
a talk on scouting. For though there had been two little  
showers, the wind and sun had "wiped the bushes dry", and the  
dopesters were right. It was trial scouting.

#### TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions were perfect, and the games went very well,  
especially considering the large proportion of new boys. Of  
course mistakes were made, but there was almost nothing really  
glaring.

The Senecas won all three games, on runs. In the first two  
the Mohawks made the better showing on shots, but in the third  
the Senecas led there too, killing all their opponents but two.

H.D. lead in shots for the whole afternoon, with ten to  
his credit. For a single game, the following are conspicuous:

H.D.	5
W.R.S.	5
C.F.B.	4
Corning	4.

There was one murder, but when the sides are mixed that  
is not surprising. Nobody made more than one run in the whole



TUESDAY afternoon. The pace will probably quicken when the real  
(Cont'd.)  
thing begins.

Farnsworth was called Frothingham. Considering that Frothingham  
won't be here till August, this was not a very effective shot.

A.D.A. was killed in a curious way. He slipped and rolled down  
a bank, and landed on top of an enemy, who promptly killed him. In  
this case personal contact seems to have been unavoidable.

At supper, while J.A.L. was going his weary round to balance  
up the score, Skipper read us the famous scouting letter.

As the wind had died down, we took to boats, and had a lovely  
hour in the sunset, paddling, rowing, building fires, or fishing, as  
we pleased. H.D. caught a good bass.

Total number of fish, 3.

After the juniors had gone to bed, we played Telegrams. There  
was time for two rounds. In the first the word was Stereotyp<sup>e</sup>, the  
subject the Tower of Babel. For the second, the word was Absolution,  
the subject Jonah and the Whale. We give some specimens.

From ye Prehistoric Hebrew Peterson to ye Prehistoric  
Charlie Bannon.

Something twisted. Each roaring Ethiopian only talks  
Yiddish painfully erratically.

Secondrate Intelligence Officer to his boss.  
Shall try every resource. Even orthography twisted, you poor  
eel!

Amalek to hie People.  
The enemy is raving egregiously. Over time! Yell, pursue, end!

Mason to Carpenter.  
Stop. throw every rascal eftsoons over tower. Yelling proves  
exacerbating.

Ham to R. Japheth Esq.  
Simple Turks eating raw eggs on tower, yelling polyglot epi-  
thets.

TUESDAY      Reporter of Nineveh News to Methusalem, Editor  
(Cont'd.)      of Same.  
Send the Edison, records exceptional of tumult, yelling;  
pandemonium excelled.

A Hivite to a Hittite.  
Star-towering edifice, rising elegantly, overthrown  
totally. Yoicks! Potztausend! Eheu!

A Mason to a Carpenter.  
Shut thy ears, rustic. Eleven odious tongues yawp, plaguing  
eremites.

Abendigo to Sham (!)  
Suddenly terror ensued Rabinadab entered, oxen trampled,  
yells, poor ending.

Riot-breakers to Board of Aldermen.  
Soon to enter riot. End of tussle yet pretty ephemeral.  
Seven towering European rabbits enter oval. Yellow paint  
excellent.

To McBride & Co, Contractors.  
See that efforts raise elevators over ten yards per  
elevatee.                      Charles Bannon.

Mr. Smith, Alaska, to Cyrus McGinty.  
Alarmed, be sure of liniment, use tomahawk if octopus nods.

A Sailor to the Whale.  
Avast, behemoth! Spew out little ugly trifler. Indian  
Ocean nasty.

Jonah to Mrs. J.  
Absconding blissfully, skip on land unto Tarshish. I ob-  
jurgate navigation.

Whale to Mrs. Whale.  
Am blowed; swallowed<sup>✓</sup> old lazy ugly-mug; the idiot obfus-  
cated, nevertheless.

Alas! Behemoth, surely, or Leviathan, utterly terrible. In?  
Oh no! (Exit.)



TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

A boat? Save old lunatic? unthinkable.

Tremendous odds! Nipped!

Mariner of the Time, the the Home Folks.

A bare sailor, ostentatiously lying, urges tale impossible,  
omnivorous narwhal.

Jonah to Whale.

Avaunt, behemoth! Save our lost umbrella. Tremendous inundation  
overshadows. Nasty!

Jonah to his Missis.

Am beset sorely. Ominous leviathan uprising. Tumultuous imm-  
inent onslaught. NEMESIS!

Ye Arklet Gazette.

Arrogant blowfish swallows oleomargarine. Unstrung. Terror-  
stricken, imbibes old nabob.

Owner of Whale, to Jonah.

After bath secure outer lattice. Use turnstile if orifice  
narrows.

Marine Correspondent of Gaza Gazette, to Editor of same.  
Aged bather scorned of leviathan unless treacle is on nose.

To Rev. Mr. Mephistopheles, Sulphur-on-the-Styx.

Ark's bombast surpassed. Old liar uselessly trebles. Iliad  
of Noah.

WEDNESDAY      There was a heavy fog all night, and before it  
July 9,  
T. 57'      rolled up, two early boats went out fishing. Perhaps  
B. 29.30  
Fair      their failure to get anything is due to the fact  
W.

that they were pretty noisy getting off; something in the nature of a judgment.

At morning reading we finished "With the Indians in the Rockies", and began "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

#### Squad Notes.

The first raspberry squad of the season went out this morning, and with some supplementary work by the ladies, got two big bowls nearly full. The crop is a good one.

Fence viewers, under H.R., set up old flags and put in new ones all along the scouting boundary. No more mistakes.

The thistle<sup>squad</sup> began its painful task on the scouting field. In the old days, when sheep were pastured here there were no thistles. On the other hand there were no raspberries, and no strawberries. So we will not repine.

The "White Sand" squad got the aquarium ready for business. Here's hoping that it will be all right this year. We have missed it very much.

C.F.B. Jr. is putting two new rollers in the Ouananiche slip, and making the old ones secure. We knocked two out the last time we landed.

#### Ornithology.

At the time of writing this, three little brown thrashers are out. Archie is bringing all the wood down himself, so that the mother may be disturbed as little as possible.

The raspberry squad found a nest full of young birds in a patch along the ridge. As they were mostly open mouths, it was not easy to tell what kind they were.

There is a sparrow's nest with five eggs in the sweet



WEDNESDAY      fern, not far from the bonfire.  
(Cont'd.)

Richards passed the swimming test this morning. Eliot has really done it twice, but both times within his depth.

John Corning, otherwise Buggins, left us to-day, by bicycle. He is not going to ride to Bangor, but for once Anderson slipped up. This does not often happen.

FIRST JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.  
RIPOLINS VS. VALSPARS.

This looked like a poor game at the end of the first inning, when the Ripolins led, 5-1, but the Valspars crawled up, till with a lively rally in the eighth they got up to twelve runs. The Ripolins had meantime got up to fifteen, thus winning by three runs. But that is not a very wide margin, as everyone knows, especially on a field like ours.

The game was full of features. In the second inning Jackson pulled off an unassisted double play.

In the fourth there was great excitement when Ripley gave two passes and filled the bases. There were two men down. Then he struck out Hines and retired the side.

In the sixth Jim Hutchinson made the only catch in the ~~only~~ catch in the outfield for the afternoon.

In the seventh there was another double play. S.B.D. tagged second, cutting off Bradford, and then threw to first in time to get Ladd.

The two pitchers show a pretty even score, for while Ripley fanned one more man than Jackson, he gave one more pass. Jackson was easier to hit, however.

A distinguished <sup>graduate</sup> who arrived while the game was going on, was put in by the Valspars in the eighth. He got a pass, and scored. He might as well sign his name here.

Polham *Artist*



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

# Batting Averages.

Nash.....1,000.  
S.B.D.....600.  
W.R.S.....500.  
Ripley.....300.  
Ladd.....300.

Nash's hits were two singles, a double, and a triple. Some  
batting.

*Ripolins vs. Valspara of July 9 at*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	1		H. Heard	4	0					4-3		0-3					5	2	1
2	1		W.R.S.	6								0-3					4	4	2
1	4		Ripley	1									0-3				6	3	2
15	0		Bradford	3			(K)						0-3				6	1	1
7	4		Ladd	2									4-3				6	2	2
1	1		Leland	5									4-3				4	1	1
1	0		Jim Hutch	8													5	0	1
0	0		Riglar	7		K											4	1	1
0	0		Cushman	9			K										3	1	0
			10																
			11																
27	11		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												43	15	11
Balks.	Hit by pitches.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				8	7													2	

*Valspara vs. Ripolins of July 9 at*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	2		Hines	4	0		K	K				K					5	0	0
18	0		Nash	3													4	4	4
2	3		S.B.D.	7													5	2	3
2	1		Farmer	5													4	1	0
3	6		Jackson	1													5	1	0
0	1		S. Heard	6													5	0	0
0	1		Slater	2													3	2	1
0	0		Jack Hutch	8													3	1	0
0	0		T. Sturges	9													2	0	0
0	0		P. Curtis	9													0	1	0
			11																
27	14		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												35	12	8
Balks.	Hit by pitches.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				7	6													2	1

## FISHING.

### YAMMER.

J.R.  
L. Tower  
Shaw  
1 bass  
2 chub

### WILLIWAW.

H.D.  
Earle  
Williams

### IDENTICAL.

C.F.B. Jr.  
Sturgis  
Reynolds  
1 bass

### AQUARIUMITES.

W.L.P.  
Chapman  
Welsh

Total number of fish, 4.

C.F.B.'s crew hooked the elusive salmon, but could not



land  
WEDNESDAY one.  
(Cont'd.) ^

The rest of the company, except baseball officials and substitutes, went over to the Hatchery, carrying their grub. They saw the sights, and then went down to the shore by Damren's stream, where, having their bathing-suits, they went for a swim. They had supper by the saw-mill, and came home by way of Anderson's store. Camp Kennebec had eaten a good deal of the ice-cream, but there was some left. They got home in time for sing-song.

As there were so many out, we tried a new scheme for seating the crowd at supper; paper napkins, and sit where you please. It saves a good deal of work, though personally we do despise a paper napkin.

#### SECOND SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Mandolin Solo.....H.D.
3. Songs.....Reynolds.
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell, My Heart's in the High-lands, Scouting Song.
5. Stunt, "My Man John".....M.P., Nash, Hines.
6. Violin Solo.....N.S.W.
- 6A. Piano Solo.....P. Curtis.
7. Stunt.....A.D.A., Coolidge, S. Heard,  
H. Heard, Hines, Jack Hutchinson.  
Camp Song.

The overture gets more action into it. This time the interlude was performed, with great fear and trembling, on the pantry door, after a shout of caution from Jackson.

H.D. gave us two delightful mandolin solos. We want the "Pin-afore" medley, and he has promised to send for it.

Freddy Reynolds sang "Tenting tonight", and the "Capital Ship", the crowd joining in the chorus. Some day he might sing us a song with a xylophone accompaniment.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

"My Man John" makes a lovely stunt. Nash was an impassioned suitor, and M.P. a dignified and self-contained lady, till melted by his last appeal. Frog was a useful man in every way, for when he was not managing his master's love affairs, he was blacking his boots or brushing his clothes.

N.S.W. hasn't his own violin here yet, but he is sending for it. Meantime he borrowed Francis Monaghan's, and played lovely things.

Pelamon protested loudly against playing, but finally yielded to pressure. It is a good while since he first played for us. He wasn't as tall as Frog.

It is a good while since we have had a minstrel show, and this was a beauty. They began by singing a verse of "The Old Folks at Home." Then they settled down to a game of craps, A.D.A. singing a pathetic stanza about "My Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

Coolidge told us his hotel experiences, which were many and trying. S. Heard had had trouble with his teacher, H. Heard with his family. (By the way, the gesture with which Stephen took off his hat when someone spoke slightly of red hair was one of the best things in the show.) Frog did a clog dance and Jack Hutchinson announced his engagement. Archie took the floor again with wild tales of a circus, and the man that committed suicide by sticking his nose in his ear and blowing his head off. Finally warning of the police sent them all flying.

"Boston" revealed unnoticed resemblances. Ripley was Nash and A.F.V., Earle was Ripley and H.D. The best fun was to see W.L.P. feeling Farnsworth, and saying "It feels like Bud." He didn't know he was in the circle.



THURSDAY

July 10.

T.60'

R.28.85.

Cloudy

S.W.

Not a very promising day,

but the first camping trip of

the season, got off very prompt-

ly. They were heading for the Mills

when last seen, which looks like Long

Pond.

#### Squad Notes.

The Bounders finished their job

to-day. In addition to the flags, there

are large white patches on most of the

important trees, so that the north and

east boundaries are almost as hard to miss

as the west.

An Oak squad went to work on the big dead oaks round camp, took down one, got another nearly ready, and removed several big dead branches. The logs are to be used to bank up the roadside. It is sad to lose the trees, but there are plenty of pines coming to take their places.

#### SOCCER AND BOAT-BUILDING.

As the weather was very threatening, we did not go far from home. There were two games of soccer, and much beginning of boats.

#### HUMDINGERS VS. RAZZIEDAZZLES.

This was a thrilling game, for after the score had been 1-0 for a long time, it was tied in the last second of the last quarter, Wilmerding shooting the goal. Extra time was allowed, and Eliot won the game for the Humdingers by shooting a second goal. Hubbard shot the first. We hear that the Ding is a terrible man when roused, and that his opponents go down before him like ninepins.

#### SECRETARIES VS. DOCS.

This was also a good game, though not quite so close. The third goal was not scored till the very end of the time. J.A.L.,

#### Camping Trip

July 10<sup>th</sup>

Degen

Ladd

Ripley

Sturges, H.

Sturgis

J.R.

Williaw

Yammerschooner



THURSDAY W.R.S., and Bradford starred for the winning team,  
(Cont'd.)  
A.F.V. and S.B.D. for the losers.

Many boats were begun, but it is too soon to do any very definite prophesying. There seems to have been a new method of sharpening planes invented by some ingenious person. Take your plane just as it is, hold it with the blade at right angles to the wheel, and grind furiously. We did not see this done, but the condition of two planes is strong evidence. Don't do it again.

After supper we had Digestion Club in the shop. And in spite of boat-building, the shop was as tidy as if it had been got ready for an afternoon tea.

Then came a wild forty minutes of Towel, in which P. Curtis occupied the middle with grace and frequency.

The half-past niners were all inclined for reading. It seemed a pity to go on with "Calumet K" with so many out, so we had "The Creative Impulse", by Alfred Noyes, and then "Mammon and the Archer." Some of us know the latter almost by heart, but so much the better.

I should have said before that at afternoon reading we finished "A Legend of Montrose."



FRIDAY  
July 11,  
Cloudy,  
Winds  
variable,  
light  
shower.

Weather man on a camping trip, you see. It was a queer day, threatening all sorts of things, but not carrying out its threats.

Skipper went to Waterville to a State Anti-tuberculosis meeting, and was away most of the day. He foregathered with Dr. Hardy, and they talked over the good old days when we were playing anti-toxin last summer. We hope he has forgotten how we cursed him for the way he behaved. He says he had a worse time at Runoia, where they had a great deal of influenza.

Two more dead oaks came down this morning, one by the boat-house and the other out Sunshine Alley.

The raspberry squad got a good crop. In fact with what the ladies picked yesterday, and a little extra work in swim time, there were enough for all the helps wanted at supper, and a good many left over.

CANOE, PRACTICE.		
TOGUS.	EBEN.	AROL.
W.L.P.	S.B.D.	W.R.S.
Jackson	Earle	Farnsworth
Leland	S. Heard	Cushman
Bradford	T. Sturges	Nash
Coaches: C.F.B. Jr.	J.A.L. Jr.	H.D.

There was wind enough to make it decidedly interesting work handling a canoe. In fact there were a couple of tip-overs during the afternoon, but no one minded, as all were in bathing-suits. The crews did not keep wholly to their formation. The crew of the Togus began in pairs, W.L.P. and Leland in the Hecuba, Jackson and Bradford in the Squannacook. S.B.D. and Earle took the Pink, and then handed her over to T. Sturges and S. Heard. There was also single paddling.

The great excitement was the crew race out round Pickeral and

FRIDAY back. The Abol had the inside course, everyone  
(Cont'd.)  
turning buoy and rock; and though she lost going out, crashed  
through to victory on the bend, crowding the other two boats  
off their course. The Eben came in only a length behind, but  
as she got off the course, and came in north of the float,  
second place went to the Togus.

The rest of the company built boats till four o'clock,  
when they came down for Indoor Scouting.

The Cahoots won all three games, by varying margins. It  
curious how often one side does win all three in Indoor  
Scouting. In the real game it is not nearly so common an  
occurrence.

The first game was the most conservative. People had not  
got warmed up, and had some thought of saving their shins from  
damage along the course. The Cahoots won, 10-6, and also led on  
shots.

The second game, with more obstacles added, including the  
dish-pans, showed fewer shots, but more runs. It was the closest  
game of the series, the Cahoots winning 13-12.

In the third game Moab and the wheelbarrow were pressed  
into the service, and the barriers were really very formidable.  
In spite of this the Cahoots made thirteen runs again, but  
the Cayutes scored only five.

There were two murders during the series, and some  
questionable playing. To recognize a man by feeling of his  
glasses, when the glasses are reposing on the mantel-piece,  
seems odd. In fact it sounds as if someone's handkerchief had  
not been properly adjusted.

We give the official score on the next page.



# Cahoots

# Cayutes

	K. S. R.			K. S. R.			K. S. R.			K. S. R.			K. S. R.		
	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.	K.	S.	R.
Hines			2			2									
Bigelow	X					2	X						X		
Chapman	X												X		
Elmer						2							X		
John Huth						1							X		
Matthews							X						X		
Peppel						2	X						X		
Richard							X						X		
Shaw						1							X		
Stone							X						X		
W. Towner						1							X		
Wilkinson	X						X						X		
H. Woodbridge	X					2							X		
M.P.						1	X						X		
	4	7	10	4	5	13	6	10	13	7	4	6	5	4	5

## Camp Merrywind

This jolly famous camping trip left July 10<sup>th</sup> arranging themselves gracefully in the two rowboats thus: William - J. R., Sturges H., Sturges; Summerschooner - Ladd, Ripley, Degeen. At the Mills we purchased fishing tackle, ice-cream and hard candy, though not to excess. We carried our boats across close to the dam and bore away for Pickard Bay, the north-east tip of Long Pond.

We found the old camping place much the same as ever, but decided to pitch our tent facing away from the pond, as the wind was southeast and it looked very much like rain. We split into two squads, Bobby, Jack and George going out to catch us fish for supper, while J. R., Hayes and the great north American Pup finished up the tent, made a bed of balsam fir, gathered much firewood, and started the potatoes. And when there were moments to spare, there was a swim, as was always the custom with these intelligent



campers.

Soon the fishermen returned bringing with them two large pickeral ~~of~~ and five of the good fish known as the bass-tailed perch. He is smaller than the black bass, being never over eleven and a half inches in length, but otherwise closely resembles his larger brother. With the fish, with onions to flavor our fried potatoes, bacon and fried rice, we had a merry meal, in spite of the momentary chill felt when we discovered the "poisoned cow". This dread concoction is condensed milk that has been frozen.

After supper we piled the fire high and sat about it in pleasant conversation for long into the night. H. Sturges and J. Sturges told blood-curdling ghost stories, Bob Ladd worked hard at the wood pile and also burned his finger, but the camphor ice in the Red Cross kit seemed to relieve it. And then we were stretched around the fire again, talking of scouting, and the war, and the woods. Then we went to bed, the ox-eyed Hagers

preferring to sleep outside. We smeared him with mosquito dope and left him to his fate. I forgot to say that before retiring, we prepared against the still threatening rain, putting a lot of dry pine into a big duffle bag and setting the baskets under the flap of the Baker tent. Bobby and J. R. were both awakened <sup>later</sup> by the sound of abundance of rain, and made sure that everything was shipshape, which it was. Next morning we were up bright and early, except for Hayes Sturges who slept as one of the dead just outside the tent, with three or four large mosquitoes perched on his face. Again we split into two parties, some fishing, some getting breakfast ready. The fishermen brought in enough bass-tailed perch, the bacon sputtered merrily in the frying-pan, Hayes was aroused from his bivouac with the mosquitoes and we sat about the cook fire, swelling visibly. I should say that after all our meals we adopted the excellent policy of having those who had done least cooking



etc., wash the dishes. after a siesta,  
we packed up, that we might find everything  
ready for our return when we came back from  
walking. J. R. differed with the rest of  
the crew as to the skill with which he  
had rolled the tent (it was really very nicely  
rolled) and from that followed much merry  
roughhousing.

We limited our expedition to an exploration  
of the caves, as the weather was so threatening.  
The roughhouse spirit already developed, grew,  
and we had a grand time having wet  
green moss at each other, and especially  
at Bill Rip. The caves were deep and dark,  
and the view from the cliff beautiful despite  
the clouds.

We came back to our camp and ate lunch,  
starting home almost immediately as the  
weather looked so bad. On great food we  
tied the two rugeleys together, slung the  
ground cloth to two bars, and sailed evenly  
home, after a corking good trip. How  
many times in summer, we cannot count.  
J. R.

FRIDAY      We had a call late in the afternoon from Ram Isl-  
(Cont'd.)  
and, with a cousin of Archie Coolidge's. They stayed only a  
little while, and then sailed off, leaving Mr. Joyce's hat be-  
hind them.

In the middle of the afternoon a strange object was  
sighted out on the pond; something large, and square, and brown.  
We looked, and looked again. Then, like the Ancient Mariner, we  
cried "A sail! a sail!" And sure enough it was our campers,  
scudding home under full sail--or rather full blanket. They  
were rather early, but the weather had looked so very threat-  
ening on Long Pond that they thought discretion the better  
part of valour. More of their adventures later.

After supper it was Games on the Hill, and then Quiet  
Games.

The half-past niners went on with "Calumet K."

By the way, we began "The Story of Francis Cludde" this  
afternoon.

But all the evening there was a faraway look in the eyes  
of some members of the faculty. The deed was to be done. And  
shortly after ten o'clock, the ladies retired, and left the  
chiefs to wrestle with the scouting list, sustained in their  
labors by raspberries and pie.



SATURDAY      This morning the scouting lists were posted. Those who  
July 12,  
T.61'      have theories as to how brothers are always placed had a  
B.28.85'  
Cloudy      bad time. Batchelders, Heard, and Sturgeses are on the  
W.

same side, while Hutchinsons, Towers, and Woodbridges are split.

This morning the blankets got out in time for several wrestling bouts, all close. In fact there was not a fall in any of them.

Cushman and Stone worked hard, but neither could down the other.

The bout between L. Tower and G. Woodbridge also ended in a draw.

The championship of the Heard family remains unsettled, in spite of good work on both sides; or perhaps we should say, because of good work on both sides.

Smedberg was held to have a little the better of Reynolds, though he could not get him down on the mat.

-----  
This morning Freddy Reynolds's family came over from Gleason's, where they are staying, and had dinner with us. Stephen seems to be taking in everything, from cubicles to scouting.

At swim time N.S.W. and W.R.S. took the pair-oar out. Their friends urged them to tip over, but they refrained.

Dopesters were busy all the morning. Cloudy, cool, a little breeze; it wouldn't be bad. And when the faculty began to leave coffee early, we were pretty well prepared for Skipper's appearance at 2-15. He doesn't have to tell us what is up. We know.

#### FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The only fault to find with the condition was that it was a little quiet in the first game, and the breeze soon came up enough to remedy that.

The first game went to the Algonquins, 21-2, six men scoring two runs apiece. They also had a slight advantage in shots.



# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.		••		X			X		
J.R.		•			••••		X		
J.A.L.	X	••	//	X			X		
A.D.A.	✓			X			X		
S.B.D.		••	/	X			X	••••	
A.M.R.	X			X			X	••	
Bradford	X	••	/	X			X	•	
Chapman	X			X			X		
Coolidge	X			X			X		
Eliot	✓			X			X		
Farnsworth		••		X			X		
Hines	X	•		X			✓		
Hutchinson, Jas.	X	•			••				/
Ladd	X		//	X	••		X	••	
Richards			//	X			X	••	
Richardson	X	•	//	X			X	••	
Ripley, W.	X		/	X			✓	••	
Stone	X				•		X		
Sturges, H.	✓		//	✓			X		
Sturges, T.			//	X	•		X	•	
Sturgis		••		X			X	•	
Tower, W.		••		X			X		
Williams	X	••	/	X	•		X		
Wilmerding	X	••	/	✓	•		X		
Woodbridge, H.	X	•	/	X	••		X	•	/
Hubbard	✓			X			X		
Curtis	X			X	•		X		

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X				••		X	••••	
A.F.V.	X	•		X			X	••	
N.S.W.				X			X		/
W.L.P.	✓				•		X	••	
W.R.S.			/				X	••	
Batchelder	X			X			X		
Bigelow	X	•			••		X	••	
Cushman		••		X			X		
Degen	X	••					X		
Earle	X			X			X		
Heard, H.	X	••	/	X	••••		X	••••	
Heard, S.	X			X			X		
Hutchinson, Jno	X				•		X		
Jackson	✓			X			X		
Leland, C.	X			X			X		
Mathews	X			X	•		X		
Miller	X			X			X		
Minns	X			X	••••	/	X		
Nash	X	•		X			X		
Reynolds	X				•		X		
Shaw	✓			X			X		
Smedberg	X	•		X	••		X		
Tower, L.	X			X	•		X		
Welsh	X						X		
Woodbridge, G.		••					X		



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The second game went to the Iroquois, 2-0. They led also in shots, with a margin of seven.

The third game was the closest of all. There were twenty men killed on each side, but the Algon<sup>n</sup>quins won by one run, 2-1. They are therefore one up for the season.

There was much very good play. Some bad play too, of course; that is to be expected the first day. But "We'll make you soldiers yet." Soldiers yet, if you've got it in you. "And the person who hasn't got it in him is a sad person to be.

Three murders is a large number, We hope to get through without any next time.

Shooting on voice, or on clothes, made some trouble, but that too we hope is at an end. Those who think the rules are meant to be disregarded, may find themselves in trouble. And those who say, "Well, I saw his back, and heard his voice, so I knew", would do well to read the lists that come out in the Maine papers after every hunting season, giving the names of the men who were killed because some fool heard something, and saw something, and fired, because he knew it was a deer. There is a record of a man who shot and killed his two sons in two successive years.

H. Heard heads the list of marksmen with ten shots to his credit, and C. F. B. Jr. and S. B. D. made seven each.

---

When scouting's joys and care are o'er,

We rest our weary heads,

And find an interval of peace

Upon the Mammoth beds.

Oh home of hospitality!

We love thy pillows fair;



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Thy blanket corners neatly turned,

Thy pleasant, homelike air.

And on whatever future path

Each bold Algonquin treads,

His heart will turn with gratitude

Unto the Mammoth beds.

---

#### CHARADES.

##### PORCUPINE.

The first scene was dramatic and damp. R.R. was coaching a group of would-be waiters in the art of pouring. All were bad, and poured all over the table and the floor, but T. Sturges capped the climax by squeezing the dirty cloth with which he had been repairing damages into the pitcher. For the second syllable, H.D., in gorgeous waistcoat and tall hat, was selling tickets to a long line of people. They did not behave very well, for they shoved out of turn, and Miss Bachelder would come back to ask questions, but finally they all got their tickets. The third scene was a beauty. Nash was pining for a lovely lady named Angelica, and was blighted to the last degree. R.R., his fond mamma, cheered him on, and he tried her again, and yet again. Miss Coolidge was very firm at first; she wanted her freedom. Ten children would be as bad as keeping school. But after several attempts Marmaduke was successful, and Angelica said, "I will." The whole word was a camping scene. They camped in a damp place, thanks to the waiters in the first scene, and were put to flight by Minns, as a very fretful porcupine.

##### NIGHTINGALE.

The first scene gave promise of tragedy, for M.P., a hapless damsel, was to be burned at the stake unless



SATURDAY a champion appeared. Miller, the Black Knight, was her  
(Cont'd.)  
accuser. At the last moment a trumpet sounded from without, and the  
Duke de Roquefort, otherwise Wilmerding, rode in. After a brief but  
thrilling combat he triumphed over the villain, and the lady was  
free. The second scene took us back to the days of Robin Hood, with  
J.A.L., N.S.W., A.D.A. and Bigelow tippling, and singing the praises  
of brown October ale. The third syllable was a superb triumph of  
stage-craft. The fall of the curtain revealed Osborne Farle, paddling  
hard amid great curling grey waves. He worked desperately, and slowly  
the Squannacook forged ahead. It was masterly! Then, with lights down,  
we had a tragic glimpse of shipwrecked sailors shivering by the  
light of one lantern as the wind whistled.

MARINER. The first two syllables went together; and the charge  
of the marines, backed by terrific machine-gun fire, was as fine a  
piece of fighting as we have ever had. No wonder they carried every-  
thing before them. The third was a scouting scene, wherein Jack Hutch.  
certainly erred, for he read his lists from top to bottom, giving us  
a machine gun almost as effective as that in the first scene. The  
whole word showed J.R. as the Ancient Mariner, "All alone, with a  
beastly bird around my neck, and his dead shipmates lying all round  
him. At last he was struck by the beauty of the beasts that crawled  
upon the slimy sea, and the spell was broken.

DYNAMITE. The first scene was brief but tragic. A.M.R. appeared,  
evidently in a disturbed state of mind. Enter four officers of the  
enemy, demanding wine. She filled their cups, and they were about to  
drink, when C.F.B. suggested that their hostess join them. She hes-  
itated for a second, then drained the cup, while they watched her.  
Then, feeling safe, they followed suit. But a moment later the deadly  
draught got in its work, and one by one they fell crashing to the  
floor. (Ever read Aldrich's "Mercedes"? It is a cheerful play.) For

SATURDAY the second syllable we had a family trying to  
(Cont'd.)

decide what to name the youngest. Little Smeddy was such a  
darling child that we wanted to have the right thing. The  
suggestions were too many to put down, but it was finally  
decided to call him Alphabet for short. "Night" was revealed  
in the person of <sup>Freddy</sup> ~~Fred~~ Reynolds, introduced in glowing terms  
by C.F.B. And certainly the strong man justified all that was  
said of him; for not only did he lift a terrific weight with  
perfect ease, but he knocked out P. Curtis as easily as Demp-  
sey knocked out Willard. For the whole word, a band of Bolshe-  
viki gathered round a council-table, to plot deadly deeds. But  
other plotters put a bomb under the table, and with a terrific  
explosion the company was destroyed. (C.F.B. was under the  
table.)

After scouting we don't want to work our brains. So we  
lay peacefully on our pillows and listened to the workings  
of Charlie Bannon's brain. Grady's goat will shortly be se-  
cured, we think.



SUNDAY This morning R.R. went in to Gardiner, to spend the day  
 July 13,  
 T.63' and night with the Wigginses.  
 B.29.10'  
 Fair At the same time Freddy Reynolds went over to Gleason's to see his family. They returned him in time for swim.

son's to see his family. They returned him in time for swim.

Bigelow and Jackson swam to Oak this morning.

Stone and L. Tower each good a bass during the morning.

Total number of fish, 2.

The piazza Miz list cut off a good many desserts to-day. We give it in full:

Ham Heard	Sweater.
Francis Miller	Hat.
J.D.W. Hubbard	Sweater.
H.H. Richardson	Hat, sweater.
Harry Welsh	Rain coat.
William Pirate Tower	Hat.
Everett Stone	Hat.
A. Coolidge	Rain hat.

At afternoon reading we finished "Twelfth Night", also "Sohrab and Rustum", which we have been reading with our week-day story.

# PICNIC TO GOOSE BEACH.

TOGUS.	RIP.	OUANANICHE.		EREN.
W.R.S.	S.B.D.	H.R.		A.F.V.
Jim Hutch	Bigelow	R.B.	H. Heard	Shaw
S. Heard	Hines	T. Sturges	P. Curtis	Coolidge
M.P.	A.M.R.	Wilmerding	H. Sturges	Ladd
		W. Tower	Earle	
		Eliot	Jack Hutch	
CORKER.	YAMMERSCHOONER	L.E.R.	WILLIWAU.	
J.A.L.	J.R.	Batchelder	C.F.B. JR.	
Hubbard	Miller	Matthews	Cushman	
Stone	Sturgis (c)	Minns	Reynolds (c)	
Leland	Degen	G. Woodbridge	L. Tower	
IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	
H.D.	N.S.W.	W.L.P.	A.D.A.	
Jackson	Farnsworth	Nash	Bradford	
H. Woodbridge	Williams (c)	Chapman (c)	Ripley (c)	
Richards	Richardson	Welsh	Smedberg	

There had been showers about, so the order for rain-coats was given, but we had no trouble at all.

First we built a good fire, partly to warm our beans, and partly to dry Rives Matthews, who took the opportunity to fall in. He didn't go in all over, but we left him by the fire to dry, while



SUNDAY most of us went over to the Abbott tree.  
(Cont'd.)

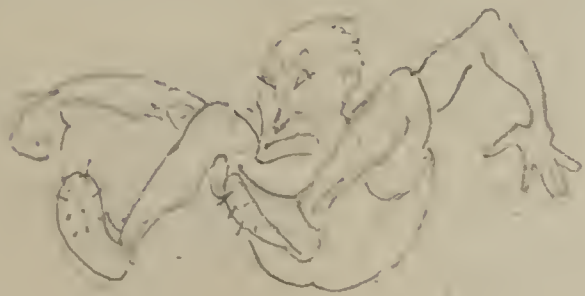
There was much lively jumping, and H.D. tied his last year's record, and perhaps beat it. Others did very well, too.

Then came many tournaments, in which horses and riders showed great skill and courage. It is hard to say who was the champion. Perhaps we might as well fall back upon the good old war-cry, "We won."

Supper was very comfortable, and so leisurely that we began to fear we might miss our stories. But with a little hustling of the worst jam and chocolate fiends we settled, Archie dripping jam at every pore, into a circle, and had the two that belong to this beach: "The Western Islands", and "The Devil and the Old Man."

Coming home we kept a good line, and though there was a southerly breeze round Stony Point, it was a mild one. The canoes had a fine sprint for the float, and as soon as they landed the rangeleys followed suit. Altogether it was a splendid picnic.

After hymns we had "His Private Honor." Alfred Noyes is fine, but it is good to get back to our Kipling.



BROAD JUMPING AS SHE IS DID.



MONDAY, I am very sure that the weather report was made, but at July 14, Fair, the time of going to press I Cool, Westerly. cannot find it. Suffice it to say that it was a perfect day.

The inhabitants of the Crows' Nest took an extra nap this morning, and at about ten minutes past seven J.A.L. went and woke them. They came in shortly, each camouflaging with a dish, and were received with a moment of dead silence. After the talk got going, Skipper said, "All those who have not washed their faces will go and do it now." And off flapped the three Crows.

L.E.R. went in town this morning, for a day and a night. Per contra, R.R. came back, and with her a most welcome guest. We can't keep him long, but we are glad of every minute.

The second camping trip got away for the north, with every prospect of good weather. We infer that they had designs on North Pond.

This morning George Smedberg swam passed the Ouananiche. He looks like the next candidate.

Just after reading Mrs. Sturges arrived from the Mills, to see her two boys. She spent the afternoon, and we kept her to supper, so she really saw things thoroughly.

BUFFALO BILL BAIL GAME.  
ANACONDAS VS. BONANZAS.

This game was arranged on a wholly new plan, as may be seen by a glance at the score card. It was not Major League, for the junior pitchers occupied the mound. It was not Minor League, for the facticles were playing. It does not, therefore, affect batting averages for the month or the season, though the hitt-

Camping Trip  
July 14<sup>th</sup>  
— " —

Cushman  
Heard, S.  
Hutchinson, Jac.  
Leland  
Nash

C.F.B.

Williwaw  
Yammerschooner

*Charles Wyatts*



MONDAY ing was at times highly spectacular.  
(Cont'd.)

The first inning looked rather hopeless, for the Bonanzas had fifteen men up, and ran in ten scores to their opponents' four. After that things tightened up more or less, though the final score is rather grotesque for ~~another~~ <sup>anything</sup> but the Bug League. In fact the Bug League score was the more reasonable one. The Anacondas, after a stern chase that lasted a long time, tied the score in the seventh inning, and won the game in the eighth, by four runs. The game went so slowly that we did not mean to have more than seven innings, but the tie had to be played off.

Ripley, who has been under the weather, retired early from the pitcher's box, and H. Heard took his place.

In the fifth inning there were two right field assists in succession; a very unusual thing.

In the sixth, A.D.A. caught T. Sturges out with a startling one-hand catch, and doubled to first, putting out Farnsworth.

The hitting, as was to be expected, was heavy. A.F.V. got a home run and two three-baggers, besides a good single. A.D.A. made two singles, two doubles, and a triple.

Batting List.

A.D.A.	.714
A.F.V.	.666
H.D.	.666
P. Curtis	.571
Bradford	.500
C.W.	.429
W.A.S.	.429
N.S.W.	.429
S.B.D.	.375
Ladd	.333

Jackson and Ripley each struck out two men, Heard four. There were twenty hits on each side.



*Amcondas vs. Bonanzas of July 14 at 19*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	4		1 H. H. H.	6		P											5	3	0		
C	0		2 S. P. S.	7		P											8	5	3		
3	3		3 A. D. A.	8		P											7	5	5		
0	1		4 C. W.	9		P											7	4	3		
0	0		5 R. P. R.	1		P											6	0	0		
2	1		6 W. S. W.	5		P											7	4	3		
14	0		7 P. C. P.	3		P											7	3	4		
0	2		8 S. S.	4		P											7	3	1		
4	4		9 H. H.	2		P											5	2	1		
			10																		
			11																		
24	157		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												59	29	20		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.												3	1		

*Bonanzas vs. Amcondas of July 14 at 19*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	4		1 Jackson	1		P											5	3	1		
C	2		2 W. R. S.	9		P											7	3	3		
4	0		3 H. D.	8		P											6	6	4		
1	1		4 A. F. V.	7		P											6	4	4		
12	0		5 Bradford	3		P											6	3	3		
1	3		6 Laid	2		P											6	1	2		
4	1		7 Bridger	5		P											6	2	1		
1	0		8 Jamesworth	6		P											6	1	1		
0	0		9 J. Stanger	4		P											4	2	1		
			10																		
			11																		
24	11		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												52	25	20		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.												2	1	1	
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'd'g errors.											Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

# BUG LEAGUE GAME. NONAMES VS. NAMELESS.

This was much the closest game that has been played in this league so far, and was won in the ninth, when the Nonames recaptured the lead they had lost in the eighth.

There was much heavy hitting, but also a good deal of striking out. There was a good deal of shifting positions, and Welsh made his debut as a pitcher. He lasted only one inning, but that is doing very well for a fellow who has never tried it before, and who has to play one-handed.



Nonames vs. Nameless of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	W. H. 10	2-3	◇		◇	◇	2-0		4-3	5-0		◇	
			2	J. A. 9	2-0	◇		◇	◇		1-2	9-3	4-0		1-0	
			3	S. W. 8	3-3	◇		◇	◇		1-2	◇	5-3		3-2	
			4	W. H. 2		◇	◇	K	K		◇	◇	◇			
			5	M. H. 7		◇	◇	K	◇		◇	◇	K			
			6	J. A. 5		◇	◇	◇	4-0		◇	◇				
			7	W. H. 6		◇	◇	◇	◇		◇	◇				
			8	J. A. 4		K	K		◇	K	◇	◇				
			9	J. A. 1	C											
			10													
			11													
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.											
Hours..... Mins.....					0 0 8 3 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 3 1 2 3 2 3											

Nameless vs. Nonames of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	W. H. 10	K	◇		◇	◇		◇	K		◇	K	
			2	J. A. 9	◇	◇	K		K	◇	◇	K		K		
			3	G. H. 8	◇	◇	3-9		◇	◇	◇	4-0		◇		
			4	H. H. 7	◇	◇	3-0		◇	◇	◇		◇	◇		
			5	J. A. 6	◇	◇			◇	◇	K		◇	◇		
			6	J. A. 5	K	◇		K	◇	◇	K		K	1-2		
			7	S. W. 4	K	K			K	K	K	K		K		
			8	J. A. 3		◇	K		K	K	◇		K			
			9	J. A. 1	C											
			10													
			11													
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.											
Hours..... Mins.....					1 1 4 5 0 5 0 5 0 5 1 1 5 16 0 1 4 2 1											

SKOWHEGAN.  
HURONS VS. BLACKFEET.

These two select tribes, under direction of J. R., played three very hot games on a new field. They took the hollow north of the north fence, and played up as far as the two big oaks. Parties were carefully arranged, and the games were planned elaborately. The Hurons won the first two, but the third was won by the Blackfeet. Batchelder killed the guard, and his party, consisting of himself, made five runs.

Earle and Richardson each got three shots, and Richardson and Hubbard each got two shots in one game.



Hurons 1st game				Blackfeet			
Earle (left)	.		11	Richardson	X		
Woodbury	2	X		Chapman	X		
Richardson	.	X	1	Hubbard	..	X	1
Matthews	.	X	1	Batchelder		X	
	4	3	4 24			4	1
Earle (left)	.			Richardson	X		
Woodbury		X		Chapman	X		
Richardson	..		1	Hubbard	.	X	
Matthews				Batchelder	1	3	6
	5	1	1				

Hurons 3rd game				Blackfeet			
Earle (left)	.			Richardson	X		
Woodbury	.			Chapman	.	X	1
Richardson		X		Hubbard			
Matthews		X		Batchelder	.		5
	2	2	0		2	2	6

After supper it was boats for all hands. We went out in a flat calm, but a lively little south breeze sprang up, and some of us did not get home as early as we meant to.

Then came Blackboard Relay for the half-past niners. We are sorry this is such a noisy game, and various schemes are on foot to protect the peace of the half-past eighters in the South. Joe remembers the time we shook everything off his bureau, and landed the whole pile on top of him.

MONDAY

One Round.

(Concluded.)

I am a silly beast.

Why are you so slow?

It is not too bad.

I eat rice pudding now.

A bat wins the game.

We are very strong people.

Why do you eat hats?

Red cats are not coming.

Two Rounds.

Bill has large eyes and a huge handsome pink cat.

A boy is only stupid when he is too full.

The North Pole is not so cold as it seems.

Curtis is not handsome, but very good for this game.

The last sentence was voted the best of the evening, though some of Curtis's rivals challenged it on the score of truthfulness. But then, in this game truthfulness is a minor point. Speed, legibility, and picturesqueness, are much more important.

This afternoon Miss Elizabeth Peabody arrived for a visit.

*Elizabeth Peabody*

I almost forgot to say that this morning J.R. began to tell us his experiences as a soldier. He got as far as France, so we shall probably get to the trenches tomorrow.

The raspberry squad got a good crop to-day. So did the thistle squad.



TUESDAY  
July 15,  
T.66'  
R.29.01'  
Fair  
S.W.

It was so fair in the morning that a good many of us hoped at least to get off for a dinner trip. But Skipper looked at the polar bands, and shook his head.

When we came in to breakfast the first sight that met our delighted eyes was the denizens of the Crows' Nest, sitting in a lovely row on the piazza reading the newspaper. It was a very impressive tableau.

Raspberries and thistles are still thick, as two squad can testify.

After dinner it was pretty cloudy, and the wind had risen a bit. Perfect ~~prech~~ weather. So H.D. went ahead and made out a lovely fishing list, with something else for non-fishers. And at once the clouds blackened and the wind rose, so we shifted and divided into walks.

HOOF IT AND PLUG.

BICKFORD HILL.

H.D.  
W.R.S.  
S.B.D.  
Bigelow  
Bradford  
Earle  
H. Heard  
Jackson  
Ladd  
Miller  
Ripley  
T. Sturges  
Wilmerding  
P. Curtis

HORSE POINT.

R.R.  
Reynolds  
Welsh

HOWLAND HILL.

J.A.L.  
A.F.V.  
N.S.W.  
W.L.P.  
A.M.R.  
R.B.  
M.P.  
Batchelder  
Chapman  
Coolidge  
Degen  
Elliot  
Hubbard  
Jack Hutch.  
Matthews  
Minns  
Richards  
Richardson  
Shaw  
Smedberg  
H. Sturges  
Sturgis  
L. Tower  
W. Tower  
Williams  
G. Woodbridge  
H. Woodbridge



TUESDAY      The list is not quite accurate, as I do not know  
(Cont'd.)  
the names of all those who dropped out and went fishing. A.D.A.  
headed the party, and there were two boats. They went over to  
the old fishing-rock, and finally got sixteen white perch.  
They were also forty minutes late to supper, which must be  
pretty near a record.

Total number of fish, 16..

The two walking parties kept together till they reached  
the upper slopes of Bickford Hill. That is really the best way  
to go to Howland too.

The Bickford Hillers investigated the ruins of a house,  
and wondered why anyone had left so much of a perfectly good  
lathe behind. Larry says you could put it in order for not  
more than five dollars. Pirate Bill thinks it would at least  
be valuable as junk. We had not time to put it in order, nor  
was there a junk man handy. We got home in time for a swim,  
just as the returning campers came round the point.

The Howlers were later, of course. If you start for How-  
land Hill at three you can just about make it. A few took a  
swim when they got home, but as there was less than five  
minutes, most were content with a wash. They had no adventures,  
but plenty of exercise. There were cattle in the pasture, but  
they were peacefully inclined, so there was no exciting dash,  
as on Tracy's Bluff.

The campers had camped on Little Pond, and had had a  
great time, in spite of many obstructions in Meadow Brook, and  
a broken oar. They fully appreciated Skipper's remark about a  
head wind from the mouth of the brook. They washed their boats  
and after supper they took the camping kit out on the point  
and scrubbed and scoured it till it shone; which is more than  
can be said for their hands. But it is splendid to have it



TUESDAY        done thoroughly.  
(Cont'd.)

The Horse Point party and the stay-at-homes joined forces. Their afternoon was really exciting, for they nearly had a rescue. Two young people in a sponson canoe, coming across from the Mills and trying to get to Hemlock Point, had a bad time of it, and finally put in here. The lady had split her paddle, and was all in, as well as badly frightened. So they were restored with tea and doughnuts, and given the use of a rowboat to get home. When last seen they were progressing slowly, but we hope they got in all right.

C.W. left this afternoon, and Skipper and J.R. went in with him, to say hello to the Wiggins household, and bring back L.E.R.

After supper it was Digestion Club, except for the scouring campers, and then half-past eight Boston. Mistakes are always numerous to this game, but we think that calling Curtis Bradford, mixing A.M.R. and M.P. on the strength of a belt, and hailing Bill Tower as Minns is going some. These were not done by one person, let me hasten to say.

"Calumet K" is almost built. Grady has been finally told to get out, and Charlie Bannon has pretty nearly got his girl. At least it looks that way.

Just before half-past nine our returning wanderers came in, so we are alltogether again.



## Camp Long Long Brook.

On Monday, July fourteenth, the second camping trip of the 1919 season shoved off from the float, heading northward in the "Yammerschooner" and "Williwaw". The crew of the "Yammer" was Charlie Leland, bow; Oggie Nash, stroke; and Ham Heard, cox. At least they started that way, but as each one was anxious to demonstrate his ability as a coxswain, they soon started a continual shifting process. The "Williwaw" had Bob Cushman at bow, C.F.B. jr. stroke, and dignified Jim Hutchinson as coxswain.

We were bound for the head of Meadow Brook, there to choose between North, Little, and East Ponds for our ultimate camping place. Besides a full and complete outfit and one stone, we were well armed with fishing rods. It was soon decided that the coxes were not of much use at steering, and that they might be of use in trolling. So trolling spoons replaced paddles, and we were racing along with the spoons jumping from one wave to the next. Before reaching Stony Point



Hammy Hard caught a good bass, which was all that either boat caught in Great Pond — except a large bunch of weeds. It took Hetch all his time until we were above the first bridge to untangle his line.

The brook was exceptionally high and full, especially of slash and debris. We rowed through the lower and more open reaches up to the woods, where we shifted to a "paddle, push, and pull" method. About one third way through the brook C.F.B.-jr. broke one of his oars by catching the blade in a snag while sculling. It was one of the only pair of long oars that we had taken, so C.F.B. was out of luck — as shall be seen. The "Williwaw" stopped twice for the "Yammer" to catch up, and to allay something of the hunger that was threatening us. The remains of the "second bridge" were so low on the water that we could not get the boats under (as could be done last year), and therefore we had a very nice little time in landing, unloading, carrying, loading, and re-embarking on, over, and in a very muddy bit of meadowland. At one place above the third bridge there were several poplars which had been thrown across the stream. No one had cut them, and a carry had been established around them. We stopped to chop



and remove them. From there up all was fine - except for Chilly Leland's encounter with a big red canoe.

Finally, after about three and a half long hours in the long long brook, we came out of the reeds into North Pond. There we ate another round of sandwiches, and debated where we would camp. All were in favor of the good old Little Pond camping place by the spring. So we rowed over there, swam, ate the rest of our lunch, and took a well-earned siesta. Then we all turned to and pitched camp. One crew (Mash, Leland, and Cushman) went out fishing while the rest of us started supper. The fishermen were successful, so a bounteous fish course was added to our bill of fare.

With supper finished and a hard day behind us, we soon turned in. We slept peacefully and long, thanks to the mosquito bar. As both days were hot and the first quite tiring, we put in a lazy morning with swimming, and cooking and eating a long drawn out breakfast.

After a large and late breakfast we decided to let lunch be a bit late too, so after a leisurely cleaning up, and loading of boats, we started on our way for a second trip through



the "long, long, Brook". The "Williwaw" had now two passengers, so the irrepressible Cush was free to compete with the "Yammer" in producing noise and hilarity. Nevertheless we cut one whole hour off our time through the brook, and came out into the Northeast Bay to find the proverbial strong head wind home. That was the time that C.F.B. jr. most wished that he had not broken that oar! We made over into the lee of Snake Point, followed close inshore to Goose Beach, and landed there. We built a fire at the picnic place and cooked and ate another good meal - whether lunch, dinner, or tea, no one seemed to know.

From Furbush's Point across to Stony Point was fair going, but from there in we got the best of the wind. We hugged the shore and crept slowly along to Camp. We got home in good season, put things away, and swam. After supper we all retired to the Point with sand and soap, and polished the kit till it shone!

We all agreed that the trip was, to use the vernacular, a "knockout," but that Meadow Brook was rather long, especially upstream with Rangeleys.

C.F.B. jr.



WEDNESDAY

July 16

T. 66°

B. 23.90°

S.W.

Rain.

It began somewhere late in the night, and all

through the getting-up time it poured. But we

had hopes. And though it was not clear by eleven, it

had stopped by eleven, taking the real time.

Pelham Curtis left this morning, which is a pity. We had hoped to keep him over sing-song, but there was a very urgent dance.

The lumbering squad, under C.F.B., took down two more big dead oaks, out by the Ouananiche slip.

J.R. and H.D. each took out a Promethean crew, as follows:

J.R.	H.D.
Nash	Ripley
Jackson	Hines
Wilmerding	Sturgis
Reynolds	Degen
Chapman	L. Tower.
1 h. 11 1/2 m.	1 h. 8 1/2 m.

Nash settled his men in a big hole near the top of the bank. They got a good fire going, in spite of red pine, and were ahead till the very last, when they lost by having their kettle too high, thus wasting heat.

Ripley and his crew settled on a place against a big tree, and with a good-sized back-log for a main support, put their kettle right on the fire. This enabled them to beat the others by three minutes.

George Smedberg has swum well beyond the Ouananiche, and this morning the Lucky-bug swam up to Wall St. He was perfectly ready to go farther, but half-past eighters were called ashore. They ought to pass the test at once.

Our present number of non-swimmers is five. All can swim and there is no reason why all should not pass soon. But you never will do it unless you keep at it, gentlemen. Don't be the last one.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

FISHING.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER,
J.R.	C.F.B.	A.D.A.	H.D.	J.A.L.
Coolidge	Stuegis	Cushman	T.Sturges	Hubbard
Batchelder	Minns	Matthews	Miller	Bradford
W.Tower	G.Woodbridge		L.Tower	
	1 bass		2 bass	
ARKLET.	WOBLER.	HORNPOUT.	PEANUT.	
Leland	Earle	W.R.S.	Ladd	
Farnsworth	Stone	Corning	S.Heard	
Chapman	Shaw	Richards	2 bass	

1 bass

Total number of fish, 6.

CHUB.

OUANANICHE TO MILLS.

TERROR.

Nash

A.F.V.

N.S.W.

Jackson

A.M.R.

M.P.

Ripley

Richardson

S.B.D.

E.R.P.

H.Woodbridge

W.L.P.

H.Heard

Smedberg

Bigelow

Jim Hutch.

Wilmerding

Hines

Jack Hutch.

Degen, Reynolds

Williams, H. Sturges

Eliot, Welsh.

Let me hasten to announce the arrival of the original Buggins, otherwise Howard Corning Jr. He came just after dinner, so we put him into the Hornpout, and sent him off a-fishing. *Howard Corning*

Not a very good fishing day, but as it was sing-song no one stayed out to supper. And the early evening fishing is generally the best.

The Ouananiche and the Terror were in quest of various things, chiefly hair-cuts and food. The Chub asked permission to go along, which we think shows great courage in a boat of her figure. Hair was successfully cut, except in the case of Nash, who got crowded out. He really needed it more than anyone else, too.

Food was also absorbed; in some cases more than it should have been. Remember, gentlemen, that candy is to be turned in for the general amusement; and that a small box is candy just as much as a big one.

The great excitement was feeding the big bass which hang round the landing. We actually landed one, by tying a grasshopper to



WEDNESDAY a piece of string, and pulled him up on the float.  
(Cont'd.)  
Would the law call this fishing? We hope not. Anyhow, he wasn't  
out of water more than a fraction of a second.

The Ouananiche came home first, then the Terror, and last  
the gallant Chub.

#### THIRD SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines, Reynolds.
2. Merryweather Quartette.....A.D.A., N.S.W., J.R., Nash.
3. Violin Solo.....M.P.
4. Choruses.....The Camerons' Men, Baseball Song, Renzo.
5. Stunt, Camp Merry Wind.....J.R., Ripley, Ladd, H. Sturges  
Sturgis, Degen
6. Quintette.....G.H.S. trio, N.S.W., Reynolds.
7. Stunt, Scenes from Roman History R.R. and Co.

#### Camp Song.

We did not know that a third had been added to our Chop-  
sticks team, till Freddy, suddenly expressed himself on the  
drum. It was very effective.

Do you notice something remarkable about our quartette  
this year? There are four in it. This is very unusual. They gave  
us two songs, and we are to have more another time.

M.P. played two delightful selections, and we wanted a  
third, but time pressed.

The Camping Stunt was a new departure; namely, tableaux  
illustrating the adventures of the campers. We will give the  
poster on the next page. All were dramatic, and some were tragic.  
We moved from sport, in the catching of the pickerel, to dark  
suspicions over the poisoned milk. The burning of Ladd's fing-  
ers brought our hearts into our mouths, and the eluding of  
the game warden recalled the good old days of Sherlock Holmes.  
The only peaceful scene was that after fried rice, when the



WEDNESDAY whole company, strangely stout, lay in easy attitudes and (Cont'd.) slept the sleep of the replete. Then came the tragic death of H. Sturges, eaten by mosquitoes, which we could hardly view without tears. They ended with a song, which we shall give in full at the end of the programme.

An instrumental quintette is a thing we have never had; "at least, not often, and more often than not, never". Two violins, clarinet, drum, and piano, makes a splendid combination, and one that we must hear more of shortly.

There were really three Roman stunts, all effectively costumed and dramatic to the last degree.

First came R.B. as Cornelia, visited by M.P., very dressy, and boastful about her ornaments. But what are necklaces, when you can produce the two Sturgeses as yours? The visitor had nothing to say.

The second scene was more stirring. A volcano, or something of the kind had opened in the forum, and amid the tears of the populace W.R.S., the gallant Curtius, leaped in.

The death of Caesar made a fitting climax. N.W.S. was very impressive in the title role, with Ripley as Brutus, W.R.S. as Cassius, and S.B.D. and W.L.P. as the rest of the conspirators. We must also give special mention to the massive calm of Bill Tower, as Pompey's statue.

We ran over time a little, but not much. Then, as it was very lovely, we adjourned to the float, for songs and stories, with the sunset slowly fading behind the hills.

#### TWINKLES.

I.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bobby Cush!

At your saw you boldly push.

Saw and cut with lusty whack,

Like a sturdy lumber-jack.

II.

Twinkle, twinkle, Welshman bold!  
You're a pitcher now, I'm told.  
Show us, without noise or pother,  
"Southpaw's" good as any other.

III.

Twinkle, twinkle, Johnny Minns!  
Best repent you of your sins!  
Make your scouting clean and true,  
Or 'twill be the worse for you.

IV.

Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Ash!  
Went out fishing with a dash.  
Came back home with snake-like crawl;  
Wonder he got back at all!

V.

Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Davis!  
Did he just forget to shave his  
Upper lip, do you suppose?  
What's that just beneath his nose?

VI.

Twinkle, twinkle, Swimmers-Non!  
Nearly half the summer's gone.  
Are your limbs all out of joint?  
Hurry up, and reach the Point!

VII.

Twinkle, twinkle, Northwest Wind!  
Will you, won't you be so kind  
As to blow your worst and best,  
So that we may try the test?

Next!



SONG OF CAMP MERRY WIND.

I.

Oh, a capital crowd  
With skill endowed  
Started off on a camping trip.  
Two Johns and a Hayes  
With a staring gaze,  
And a Bob and a George and a Rip.  
We sailed away  
For, Pickerel Bay  
In the Williwaw and the Yam-i-Yam,  
Gave the shakes and the chills  
To the sports at the Mills,  
And carried around the dam.

Chorus:

Then roll, ye rangeleys, roll,  
And troll, ye campers, troll!  
We'll stay no more  
On Merryweather shore,  
So let the fog-horn bray-i-yay.  
We're off for the great beyond  
In the woods of fair Long Pond.  
We're off for a race  
To the camping place,  
On the shores of, Pickerel Bay!

II.

Oh Hal was sore  
'Cause he stayed ashore,  
So he filled our lunch with rocks.  
He'd better look out  
What he's about  
When he leaves these Belgrade docks.

And the ladies were Dutch,  
And behaved as such,  
For the diet they gave this crew-ew-ew  
Was poisoned cow  
To grace our chow,  
And cocoa enough for two.  
Chorus: "Then roll etc."

III.  
Sturgis the small  
Never talked at all  
Till we lit the camping fire,  
But he made the most  
Of his family ghost,  
With shudderings grim and dire.  
And Bobby Ladd  
Was apparently mad,  
For he fished all day with flies---  
And swore his bass  
As perch must pass,  
Because they were under size.  
Chorus: "Then roll etc."

IV.  
Sturges the great  
Was very sedate,  
But talked with a silvery voice,  
Of the murder and strife  
Of Bar Harbor life,  
Which made us all rejoice.  
He disliked the air  
Of our tent so rare,  
So he slept outside instead---  
But sad to say,



In the morning gray,  
The skeeters had killed him dead.  
Chorus: "Then roll etc."

V.  
We climbed up crags  
Like Highland stags,  
And pelted the Rip with mud—  
Where the eagles' scream  
Is a harrowing dream,  
And the porcupine chills your blood;  
And after lunch  
We acquired a hunch  
That there'd be a favoring gale—  
So we tied an oar  
To the old tent floor,  
And came home under sail.  
Chorus: "Then roll etc."

J.R.

T. Sturges

doing his handspring off  
the fleet



THURSDAY      Skipper's birthday. We saluted him at break-  
July 17,  
T. 68'      fast, standing, and after his speech of response  
B. 29.10'  
Overcast      A.F.V. gave him a very wonderful book, on the  
Southerly.

modern practice of medicine, with the hope that he might  
never need it.

The lumber-jacks continue their operations among the  
dead oaks. We are getting our trees well tidied up.

Raspberry squad again. We thought last year's crop good,  
but we are beating it this year.

Navigators went out under J.R., and rowed round Oak. It  
took some of them a good while.

Great swimming to-day, with three tests triumphantly  
passed; Batchelder, Smedberg, and L. Tower. Hence the following:

Twinkle, twinkle, dauntless Three!

No more awkward squad for ye.

You have passed your swimming test,

And are numbered with the best.

---

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

SLUGS VS. SLOTHS.

This was a real game; for though it was one-sided, most of  
the time we had the feeling that the losers might pick up  
and pass their opponents. We have seen startling reversals,  
even in the ninth inning.

Ripley was to have played third on the Slugs, but he  
dropped out, and Hildreth was called in to fill his place. He  
had to retire at the beginning of the eighth, when H. Heard  
was moved to third, and Stone, who had just finished in the  
Bug League game, took second.

There were some good striking features in the game. In



came sprinting down and caught it with one hand. .

In the seventh A.D.A. was almost pinched between third and home, but the ball, when thrown, hit him and bounced down the bank, so he scored.

In the ninth Bradford played in hard luck again. He knocked a hot one out toward short, that looked like a sure hit. But S.B.D. caught it, and slammed it to first in time to double A.F.V.

A.F.V. struck out twelve, J.A.L. eleven, but the latter allowed only five safe hits to the former's eleven. A.F.V. did a good piece of work in the second, when he fanned three men in succession

A.D.A.	.750
Hildreth	.750
W.R.S.	.500
S.B.D.	.400

vs. <i>Slats</i>						of <i>July 17</i>												at		18	
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.
0	1		1 <i>N. Howard</i>		4	<i>9-3</i>		<i>9-1</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>9-1</i>		<i>2-3</i>					4	1	1	
3	3		2 <i>S.B.L.</i>		6	<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>			<i>0-3</i>						5	1	2	
1	2		3 <i>J.A.C.</i>		1	<i>K</i>				<i>1-3</i>		<i>K</i>						2	3	1	
10	4		4 <i>H.D.H.</i>		2	<i>K</i>		<i>9-6</i>		<i>2-9</i>								4	3	3	
9	0		5 <i>Nash</i>		3	<i>K</i>			<i>K</i>			<i>K</i>						5	1	0	
4	0		6 <i>Hildreath</i>		5	<i>2-6</i>				<i>9-5</i>								4	1	3	
3	0		7 <i>Corinich</i>		9		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>			<i>9-3</i>		<i>2-3</i>				5	0	1	
0	0		8 <i>V.L.P.</i>		8		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>					3	1	0	
0	0		9 <i>Jones</i>		7		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>1-2</i>					2	0	0	
0	1		10 <i>Stone</i>		4									<i>2-3</i>				0	0	0	
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.	<i>3</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>36</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>11</i>
Hours..... Mins.....						<i>3</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>11</i>				
Balks.	Hlt by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				<i>3</i>	<i>12</i>	1-b. on errors.													<i>2</i>		



1. *St. Louis* vs. *San Francisco* of *July 17* at *1.*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	1		1 Jackson	4	K				K		<del>X</del>		P.3					7	0	0	
2	1		2 W. H. D.	6	(K) 3-3				06		K		<del>X</del>					4	0	2	
13	2		3 H. F.	2	6-8				<del>X</del>		<del>X</del>		P.3					7	0	1	
5	1		4 H. F. V.	1			K		85		<del>X</del>			6-3				3	0	1	
7	1		5 Bradford	3		14-3			2-8	9-1				86				4	0	0	
0	0		6 Land	7			K			K		K		P.3				4	0	0	
2	0		7 W. S. W.	8				0-6		P.3		4-3						2	0	0	
0	5		8 Bigelow	9				K			5-0	K						2	0	0	
0	0		9 Deland	8				K			<del>X</del>		P.3					3	1	1	
			10																		
			11																		
27	8		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	32	1	5	
Balks.		Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
		1			4	13															
							1-b. on errors.														

BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
GOPHERS VS. WOODCHUCKS.

Here also the excitement was intense—or tense, whichever you prefer. There was plenty of it, in spite of the uneven score. S. Heard pitched a good game, fanning six, and holding his opponents down to eight hits. Jack Hutchinson was hit freely.

Batting Honors.	
T. Sturges	.857
Degen	.714
S. Heard	.714
H. Woodbridge	.714

We can't often give Bug League averages, but thanks to the excellent scoring of the Dingo, we have the particulars.

*Gophers* vs. *Woodchucks* of *Bismarck* at *July 19*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases					
			1 Woodbridge	3	X	X		X		0			X	X		0	7	4	5							
			2 Ross	8	1	X	X	X			0		X	0		X										
			3 Sturges	7	8	X	X	X			0		X		X	X		3	6							
			4 H. E. W.	7	X		X	X			X		X		0	0		4								
			5 C. E. W.	5	X		0	X			0		0		0			2	2							
			6 Jones	4	0		0	0				X	X		0			1								
			7 Miller	9	X			X	0			0	0			X		3	2							
			8 Stone	2	X			X		0		3	X			3		2	2							
			9 W. H. D.	6	X			0		0			X			X		3	2							
			10																							
			11																							
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																					
Hours..... Mins.....																										
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.																Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1-b. on errors.																.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Muffed fly.	Missed fly.	Muffed thru. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	Fld'g errors.																Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Batt'y errors.																.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
					11																					

Umpire *R. ...* of *the ...* Scorer *W. H. D.*



PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	8													4	0	2		
			2	10													4	0	2		
			3	10				K									4	1	1		
			4	1				K									4	1	1		
			5	6													3	0	1		
			6	4													3	0	0		
			7	3													3	0	0		
			8	9													3	0	1		
			9	7													3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																
Hours..... Mins.....																					

OUANANICHE.

G. F. B. Jr.

Batchelder                      Matthews  
Chapman                      Minns  
Earle                      Richards  
Hubbard                      Shaw  
Smedberg                      H. Sturges

Williams

G. Woodbridge

This gallant crew sailed westward, and circumnavigated Oak Is-  
land. When they reached the southern bay they landed, and had six good rousing  
games of Skowhegan.

The first two games went to the Delawares, one run to none in  
each. Then the Shawnees came back, and won two; the first by one run,  
the second by one shot. The fifth game was a tie! No runs, and all  
but one man killed on each side. It was impossible to leave the  
matter there, so a sixth game was played, and the Delawares finally  
won the afternoon by one shot, the runs being one all.

After this the warriors refreshed themselves with a swim, and  
came home in good order.

As we have to turn over to give the Skowhegan score card, we  
might as well say here that we had Games on the Hill, followed by  
Observation. As usual there were three tables, and two rounds; the  
first of three seconds, the second of thirty. Results follow the  
Skowhegan score. We should like to give some of the spellings, but  
it was not a spelling-match, so we refrain.



Delaware	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
Ward	X			X			X			X			X		
Wood G	X	•		X			X			X			X	••	1
Sned	X				••								X	•	
Williams		•	1	X	•		X			X				•	
Shaw	X			X			X			X			X		
Richards	✓			X						X			X		
Shawnees															3
Sturges	X	•		✓			✓			✓			X	•	
Beck	✓			✓				•		X			X		
Hubbal	✓			X			X			X			X		
Mims	X	•		X	••		X		1	X				•	1
Chapman	✓			X	•		X			X			X	•	
Mathews		••		X	•		X	••		X	••		X	•	



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

OBSERVATION GAME.

Three Seconds.

Ladd	19
S. Heard	18
Bradford	17
Corning	16
Stone	16
Bigelow	15
Farnsworth	14
Hines	14
Leland	14
Reynolds	14
Ripley	14

Thirty Seconds.

Corning	49
Ladd	43
Farnsworth	42
Bradford	42
S. Heard	42
Ripley	41
Matthews	40
J. A. Hutchinson	38
Nash	38
Wilmerding	38

We meant to give only the best ten, but in the three second lists there was a rather extensive tie.

As this did not fill the time, we had a wild game of Indoor Wolf, in which everyone was mistaken for everyone else.

And then we finished "Calumet K." Also we read "The Love-phil-tre of Ikey Schoenstein."

FRIDAY An eventful morning; for, as Ham  
 July 18,  
 T.65' Heard pointed out at breakfast,  
 B.29.14  
 S.W. there was a new table-cloth, a camp-  
 clearing  
 ing trip, and blueberry cake.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody left by the  
 morning train for North Haven.

Class B Chinning.

Sturgis	11
S. Heard	10
Cushman	9
Wilmerding	8
Jim Hutch.	6
Williams	6
H. Woodbridge	6
L. Tower	4
Chapman	3
Jackson	3
Reynolds	3
Shaw	3
G. Woodbridge	3

Sturgis has come up, but Cushman and Jim Hutch. have gone  
 down. Most of the list given show improvement, but there are  
 still six blanks.

SUNDAY SUPPER STUNT.

OUANANICHE.

J.R.

A.M.R.	J.A.L.
M.P.	W.L.P.
R.R.	W. Ding
Sturges, T.	Wood., H.
Sturges, H.	Jim Hutch.

R.R., Minns  
 Degen, Smedberg  
 Matthews, Wood., G.

FISHING SUPPERS OUT.

TOGUS.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.	WOBBLER.	HORNPOUT.
C.F.B.	W.R.S.	Leland	Nash	Ripley
Sturgis	Hubbard	Cushman	H. Heard	Coolidge
Bigelow	Richardson	Miller	Batch.	Richards
	4 bass	1 bass		1 bass

ARKLET.	CHUB.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	PEANUT.
A.F.V.	A.D.A.	N.S.W.	S.B.D.	Corning
W. Tower	S. Heard	Williams	Jackson	Stone
John Hutch.	L. Tower	Reynolds	Welsh	Shaw
85 perch	112 perch			

A late crew, 41.

Total number of fish, 244. This sets a new record

Camping Trip  
July 18<sup>th</sup>

Bradford

Earle

Eliot

Farnsworth

Hines

H.D.

Williwaw

Yammerschooner



FRIDAY for a single boat, and for a day's catch. Under the cir-  
(Cont'd.)  
cumstances we can hardly say an afternoon's catch.

Twinkle, twinkle, suppers out!

How about the bold Horn Pout?

Was she sea-sick, do you s'pose?

Sure I'm not the one who knows!

The Horn Pout certainly came in early, but went out again. The boats that are underlined together supped together. The best luck, by all odds, was off the old fishing rock, for the perch were in. The number beat the record, but a great many were very small fish.

The Togus was really as "sundry" as the Ouananiche, for she went a-pickereel fishing in Hamilton Pond. She has no feet to walk on, but C.F.B.'s make a very good substitute. They tried trolling, fly-fishing, frog-fishing, and every kind of fishing, but the pickereel had another engagement. So they swam and supped, and then came back to the landing, where they swam again.

The Ouananiche went north, and investigated the new brook, as far as seemed advisable for a lady of her size. Someone thought we could squeeze under the bridge, but as J.R. said, he must be either a rosy optimist or a darned fool; we hope the former.

We beached our boat, and then followed paths and crossed bridges, both artificial and natural. The natural bridge is the pretty one. It is an old log, overgrown with grass and little bushes. The brook does not go up very far, so we crossed a fine wet meadow to the Rome road, passing a linden in full blossom, where the bees were having a big celebration. We then came down as one comes from Tracy's Bluff, and followed the balsam trail to our boat.

We supped in the woods. Special note should be made of J.A.L.'s heroic finishing of a milk-can--how much was left we dare not say--and of Johnny Minns's methods of dealing with jam, which are primi-

FRIDAY        tive in the extreme.  
(Cont'd.)

It took us ten minutes longer to get home than to go out, owing to a head wind, but we were in plenty of time.

There was <sup>a</sup> bad mix-up about some of the suppers. One crowd got no bread, another got little but bread. Next time we will see that they are properly tagged.

An expert squad went to work on the fish, and had them cleaned at 9-45. They then swam (Charlie Leland wanted to know where "Amanda" walk was) and came in for faculty supper. One or two others wanted to clean late, when they found that a swim and supper were the reward, but their motives seemed decidedly questionable, and they were rejected.

Those of us who were not cleaning fish read, wrote, or talked. Bill Ripley went to his tent to write, and missed Taps by about two minutes. So we sang it again, with Billy in the middle of the circle.



SATURDAY,            It looked like a very bad day, and we felt very sym-  
July 19,  
Overcast,    pathetic for our campers. But having rained just before  
Muggy,  
Showers.    seven, it cleared long before eleven and the only trouble  
a.m.

With the day was lack of sleep last night, and too many curr-  
ants at dinner. The currant is rather a fearsome fruit.

W.L.P. left this morning, and we fear he is not coming back.  
He had a bad time with his examinations, and his father wants him  
to put in the rest of the summer cramming. He will let us know as  
soon as he and his father have talked it over. He leaves a very big  
hole.

This morning S.B.D. started a barber's shop, charging five  
cents a hair-cut. He had a long line of prospective customers, but  
when they saw Bigelow, who was operated on first, they turned and  
fled.

At swim C.F.B. went over to Oak, and retrieved Larry's rod,  
which had been left on the bottom. It was hard to find, as the mark  
had dragged its anchor, but the anchor had left a trail in the sand,  
as mussels do when they crawl, so it was possible to Sherlock Holmes  
it out.

A new sport is catching chub off the shore. They run about  
five inches long, and bite readily. Of course the only thing to do  
is to put them back.

As it was pretty muggy, and several people were the worse for  
currants and other things, we had a go-easy afternoon. Ten were on  
a rest squad. For the majority there was boat-building, while C.F.B.  
did some track and field coaching with those who felt energetic.  
At four "A Grand and Glorious Game of Bumblepuppy" was announced.

J.R. took a group of "canvas-backs", consisting of Miller,  
Richards, Hubbard, W. Tower, Degen, and H. Sturges. They didn't know



SATURDAY what they were to do, but it soon appeared that  
(Cont'd.)  
they were to go out into the wilds by the pine parlor and  
pitch a tent. They did so well, and the tent looked so pleas-  
ant, that they decided to spend the night in it, and get their  
breakfast themselves.

The grand and glorious game deserved its name. It was  
pudding-ball, played on the regular diamond. The score was kept  
with notches on the fence, and was remarkably close. At the end  
of the ninth it was 4-4. The tenth inning decided it, 5-4 in  
favor of the Water-ousels. The batteries were as follows:

Water-ousels, S Heard, Stone.

Hoopoes, Cushman, C. F. B.

H. D. and his campers came home with a fine record of  
exploration. They know all about the slide on Beaver, and we  
hope to have the report of their adventures soon.

#### CHARADES.

BLACKGUARD. The fall of the curtain revealed a pink lady,  
as in the story of George Sturgis's family ghost, heavily  
veiled. The mystery of the veil thrilled Dingo, who came stroll-  
ing by, and he longed for a sight of the concealed beauty. At  
length she lifted the veil, with "Am you talking to me, sah?"  
And Bertie is not becoming to himself when he is black. The  
second scene was military; Dingo on guard. Enter A. D. A., with  
the pink lady on his arm. They were challenged, and announced  
themselves as "General Brown and my wife." They were recog-  
nized. Then came the Black Watch, to be challenged in the same  
way, and next the Royal Scotch Fusiliers. All were challenged,  
halted, and after identification allowed to pass. Last came in  
J. A. L., in uniform, with his hat on one side. He wouldn't halt.  
and when told that he must, let out a string of epithets that



SATURDAY could not be matched outside "The Western Islands."  
(Cont'd.)

When he could get a word in, the sentry said, "All right, pass, American," and he passed. The whole word was a scouting scene, where Bertie, still black, though no longer in pink, got the whole of the enemy's party.

BABEL. The first scene was brief, but thrilling. The floor was strewn with pillows. We never are quite sure, till the action begins, what this means; but when Bradford, disguised in petticoats, and clasping the trembling form of G. Woodbridge in his arms, came bounding from pillow to pillow, we knew that they were not pillows but ice, and that this was Eliza. The hounds bayed in vain on the bank. The Inchcape Rock in the second scene was a noble boulder, with the bell clanging merrily on top. H. Heard, as Sir Ralph, cut it from its place, and we heard it gurgling as it sank. A moment later came the catastrophe, heightened by the fact that some of the wreckage fell on top of the curtain. The whole word was a beauty. The tower was riding high, with workmen of all kinds, costumes, and complexions building it. Alas! Their harmony came to an end, and shouting in all the languages they could muster, they scattered.

BANQUET. We had thought of charades on the Point, before it cooled off, and a very fine way of acting this word had been suggested. First scene, the whole side trying to put C.F.B. down the bank; second, C.F.B. putting the whole side into the water. It would have been very fine. But of course indoors we could not do it.

We began with robbery and murder. S. Heard looked like a very competent cashier, as he sat filling out his ledger. H. Sturges came in to get a cheque cashed, followed by S.B.D. The latter seemed a little strange in his behavior; took a long time to get his business done. While he was holding the cashier in talk, a sinister figure crept



SATURDAY in from behind, black-cloaked and terrible. No  
(Cont'd.)

shadow warned the victim of what was coming. Suddenly strong hands gripped him, and after a moment's gurgling he lay strangled on the floor. The villain and his accomplice levanted with the cash, and the scene closed. The second scene took us back to the days of 1916, when a rather peculiar tutor did a very peculiar stunt one night at sing-song. C.F.B. took the leading part; and though differences of complexion, height, and general effect have hindered us from ever mistaking him for the person whom he was representing him, those of us who go back to that summer got the point at once. He got his victims round the dishpan, looking right in, and then slapped the water and soaked them. The whole word was a savage scene. Corning came in as a missionary, and preached to his blanket-clad flock. But they did not like his talk, and they were hungry. In a moment he was killed, and then, after a blood-curdling dance, they ate him.

INNOCENCE. Here again we had villainy. W.R.S., Nash, and Farnsworth were three ruffians, plotting murder. The latter two hid under the benches, while W.R.S., the inn-keeper, received H.D. and his friends. They did not like the look of the place, but decided to risk it. Alas! Hardly had their snores begun to rise upon the air when the murderers stole out and knifed them. But not all. When it was over, Frog stole out from the corner where they had overlooked him, and embracing the lifeless forms of his friends, vowed revenge. For "no sense" Minnsy covered himself with glory. He tried to saw wrong end to; when sent for a hatchet he brought an axe; when a hammer and ten-penny nails were wanted he brought a mallet and tacks; finally when he brought a boat-brush instead of a nail-brush, H.D.



SATURDAY      kicked him out. The whole word was extremely harrowing  
(Cont'd.)  
to the feelings. H.D. stood on a lofty platform, stern and impressive.  
Nash, protesting against his sentence, was brought in, and the heads-  
man raised his axe. Just in the nick of time Coolidge came rushing  
in with the pardon.

Having been badly crowded for time last week, we played it  
safe this time, and got through at half-past eight. Half-past nine  
was called at nine, so we had time for two letters out of "Indestruc-  
tible!"

Twinkle, twinkle, Canvas-backs!  
Your tepee now nothing lacks.  
May you have a peaceful night;  
Flapjacks come with morning light.

Twinkle, twinkle, C.F.B!  
Carries have no fears for thee.  
Up the road you gaily tread,  
With the Togus on your head.

Twinkle, twinkle, thistle squad.  
Though your job sounds rather odd,  
We are grateful to you all  
When the signal comes to crawl.

Twinkle, twinkle, Beaver slide!  
Going up they almost died.  
But they came down fast, you see,  
Through the force of gravity.

CAMP WHITE ROCK

no sooner was the camping list tacked to the door than rumors began to run through facticle circles that the trip would have a rocky time, and so it was. The scheming secretary and the vengeful captains of past camping trips loaded our diable with rocks of all sizes, even mixing them with sugar and corn-meal for purposes of camouflage. Although many were discovered and duly thrown into the pond, enough remained to increase our running time to the mills by a full five minutes.

It was to Long Pond that we were headed; and the transit made with no incidents beyond the leaving of our killing stick at the carry, and the heart-rending discovery that Beane's soda-fountain had run out of ice cream. a copious and leisurely lunch at Beaver Spring was followed by a fishing expedition to the mouth of rocky



mountain Brook. Our efforts were sufficiently successful to provide us with a good supper, to the tune of three pickerel and two bass.

at the head of the north east Bay, christened Pickerel Bay by Capt. Merywind we found a camping place made to order, with fire-place, pot-hangers, Tent poles and pegs, and even bedding and a wood-pile. This was too good to be true, so "all nautical pride we cast aside and ran the vessel(s) ashore"; and made quick work of pitching <sup>and slower work of a very welcome swim.</sup> tents. Supper, in which boiled rice, and fried onions in the potatoes were tried out, was prepared by Bradford and Farnsworth under the direction of H.D., and the new dishes were pronounced unqualified successes.

Supper over we again attempted to tempt the wary pickerel, but this time entirely without success, in spite of apparently perfect conditions. numerous rocks were

hooked, but proved to heavy to land. When light failed we gathered around the fire for ghost stories by H.D. and Bradford, and then a moonlight swim before bed. Bradford tried sleeping out, but soon after the conclusion of the last ghost story decided that discretion was the better part of valor and left the mosquitoes to buzz in vain outside.

next morning at five-thirty a crew of incurable fishermen, H.D., Farnsworth, and Bradford, again went out, and returned with one pickerel just as Earle and Hines announced breakfast. The meal was somewhat interrupted by showers which threatened to continue all day; but we decided to be bold and brave, and set out for Beaver mountain ~~to~~ in spite of all. Our object was to investigate the white streak which appeared so mysteriously on the mountain side since last summer.



The rain stopped, but as the country between Beaver Shing and the road is heavily grown up with scrub birches we might just as well have been wading thru the bog. as we did not know the Beaver Mountain Trail we struck off blindly to the west of the road through ground which had been lumbered last winter, and found the going very hard through the mass of branches and tree-tops. It was a relief to strike a lumber ~~the~~ road after half an hour of scrambling, and we followed it for about a mile until we noticed a blaze on our left. Other blazes were visible, apparently leading up the mountain, and although the trail had evidently been in disuse for some time we succeeded in following it without much difficulty. After following it up the mountain for a considerable distance we came out on some rock ledges which offered a fine view of the lakes. We refreshed ourselves from H.D.'s canteen, and

struck off across country & in search of our white line. This we came upon at its extreme upper end, and found to be the bed of a brook running down a district which had been lumbered clean. Without the trees the spring rains had washed off the soil, leaving the white bed-rock of the mountain exposed.

We followed our 'brook', now perfectly dry, down the mountain, and came out on our old lumber road, which we followed out to the main highway. Finding Beaver Spring again with some difficulty we returned to camp. H.D. prepared lunch, while the rest of the party enjoyed a swim and developed a game of water-baseball, using a cake of soap and a steering paddle. Breaking camp in good time we made our way back to the mills, where we found our lost killing-stick, and sampled Beane's fresh supply of ice cream.



98 was found that our  
early start was not as  
early as we thought, as Earle's  
watch had stopped entirely  
and H.D.'s had lost an  
hour and a quarter, but  
by extending ourselves a  
little on the home stretch  
we managed to reach camp  
on schedule time.

SUNDAY A wonderful day, though hot in the afternoon. Much  
 July 20, fishing for the aquarium. It is not quite tight, but  
 T.74' by filling it up every day we can keep it going  
 B.29.10  
 Clear N.W.

nicely. We have now a hornpout, a pickerel, some chub, and  
 enough little dace to keep the others happy for a while.  
 Someone caught an eight-inch bass, and wanted to put him in,  
 but we remember what happened when we did that a year or two  
 ago. He ate everything in sight, and cried for more.

Great swimming. Coolidge, Matthews, H. Woodbridge, and Stone  
 did Pickerel, and four did Oak Island. T. Stugges was 50 m.,  
 H. Sturges 45 m., Ladd and Farnsworth 41 3/4 m.

At afternoon reading we began "The Taming of the Shrew."

Oh, I forgot one more swimming event. George Smedberg has  
 really dived.

Twinkle, twinkle, Georgie Smed!

Got your heels above your head.

Plunged headforemost in the drink;

quite the diver now, we think.

#### PICNIC TO HAMILTON, POND.

EBEN.	CORKER.	QUANANICHE.	ABOL.
W.R.S.	S.B.D.	J.R.	J.A.L.
Smedberg	Sturgis	R.B. Farnsworth	S. Heard
Hines	Stone	Jackson Miller	H. Woodbridge
A.M.R.	M.P.	H. Sturges Shaw	Ripley
TOGUS.		Richards Wilmerding	
H.D.		W. Tower Batchelder	
H. Heard		L.F.R., R.R.	
Coolidge		L. Tower, Welsh	
Bradford		G. Woodbridge	

#### WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. ERERUS.

G.F.B.	A.D.A.	N.S.W.	A.F.V.	Corning
T. Sturges	Earle	Bigelow	Cushman	Leland
Reynolds	Jim. Hutch	Jack Hutch	Eliot	Hubbard
Chapman	Degen	Matthews	Minns	
				TERROR.
				Nash
				Ladd
				Williams
				Richardson



SUNDAY            The Williaw and the Yammerschooner went down a little  
(Cont'd.)  
early, and did such good work at the landing that the rest of us  
found it very decent. We walked to Hamilton Pond, and then the ladies  
turned back. What a cheer greeted our departure! In half a minute most  
of the brethren, big and little, were in the water. As for the ladies,  
they picked raspberries till the amphibians emerged, clothed and in  
their right minds.

We had no time for singing, but we had much food; and some of  
us thought of the merry day when we had supper at that landing in a  
pouring rain.

We kept a fairly good line till we were almost at the Point.  
Then came "Go as you please," for the first time this year. It was  
a lively scramble.

After hymns we had "Bread upon the Waters", interrupted only  
by a descent of C.F.B. upon the North, followed by J.R.'s incursion  
into the South.

Twinkle, twinkle, paddlestick!

You descended sharp and quick.

But the boy who gets a spank

Only has himself to thank.



MONDAY A.M.R. went in to Gardiner ,by the 5-45 train from  
 July 21 Waterville.(How is she writing this?By the assis-  
 T.70' tance of friends,who kept notes and lists for her.)  
 B.29.30  
 Foggy,  
 Clearing  
 S.W. J.A.L. took his camping

trip off,with assistance (?)from  
 various members of the faculty.They  
 came near forgetting the frying-pan,and  
 one or two other important matters,but  
 they discovered the anchore that had  
 been neatly made fast to their boat.

#### Squad Notes.

The big dead oak by the Hutch came  
 down this morning.

Smedberg and Welsh did a good job  
 getting more pine needles for the poor faculty to rest their  
 weary bones on when they have their coffee.

J.R. took the first pebble squad.of the year.Now some  
 people have found out why we say,"Don't throw pebbles."

#### BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

3 p.m. to 4 p.m.

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	TOGUS.	PINK.
Bradford	Cushman	Farnsworth	Ripley	T.Sturges
Batchelder	Eliot	Hines	Matthews	Richards
Williams	L.Tower	Hubbard	W.Tower	
Nash	Sturgis	Ladd	H.Woodbridge	

EREBUS.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	NON-COMS.
H.Sturges	Jackson	Leland	Wilmerding
Hutch	S.Heard	Earle	Chapman
Hutch	Corning	Smedberg	Reynolds
Degen	Coolidge	Minns	Welsh

#### At Four o'clock--Changes.

Abol changes with Erebus.  
 Eben changes with Terror.  
 Corker changes with Identical.

Canoeing coaches-----C.F.B.in Shagpat.  
   H.D.in Rob Roy.  
 Rowing coaches-----A.F.V. in No.18.  
   N.S.W. in Wobbler.

#### Camping Trip July 21<sup>st</sup>

Bigelow  
 Heard, H.  
 Miller  
 Shaw  
 Stone

J.A.L.jr.

Williwaw  
 Yammer schooner



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Pickers-up.-----A.D.A. in Chub.  
S.B.D. in Hornpout.  
Float-----H.R., J.R., W.R.S.

The wind was strong from the southwest, with white-caps running, so it was very real practice. Some of the inexperienced thought they really could not do anything with a canoe in such a sea, but they lived and learned. There were a couple of capsizes, but the pick-up boats were on the spot, and it was a warm day. Certainly a good many of us know more about boats and the pond than they did before.

After supper came a fine time with Dumb-Granbo. We can't give all the scenes, but Dingo did wonders with "wail", and Leland went to jail.

The half-past-niners began "A Modern Aladdin"; a thrilling tale.

In the middle of the evening in came a distinguished graduate,  
*Andrew J. Carey*  
We will try not to dislocate his knee for him, as we did in '16.

A little later A.M.R. appeared, after a pleasant day, but very glad to get home.

Georgie Smedberg's friends have been asking him to-day if he didn't want a cushion? The same question might be asked of Jack Degen

TUESDAY  
July 22,  
T.71'  
B.29.60'  
Cloudy  
S.W.  
Shower  
p.m.

We found out this morning why Joe's experiments with the flag lantern last night were not wholly successful. He had the chimney on upside down!

#### Squad Notes.

The first bean squad of the season went to work to-day, and brought in a fairly good lot.

There were two aquarium squads this morning. Squad A went round to the lagoon for fish, and brought back a fine catch. We are a little afraid of the biggest pickerel, and so are the horn-pout.

Squad B improved the island. Now all we need is a clump of ferns to grow on it.

There was a strong wind at swim, and W.R.S., Ladd, Ripley, and Leland were all out for practice, under the instruction of J.R. and C.F.B.

At dinner we had a good letter from Charlie Thorndike. He and Sumner Roberts are out in Hawaii with Professor Jagers, investigating the big volcano.

#### JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME. RED SOX VS. BRAVES.

By all odds the best junior game so far, and much closer than the score indicates. The Braves led for four innings. Then the Sox got busy, and piled up four runs in the fifth. This ~~##~~ lead they increased in the seventh and ninth, winning 11-7.

In the fourth Jackson caught Leland out, running down for a fly and catching it in one hand.

The sixth was a very fast inning, with only three men up on each side.

In the ninth T. Sturges tried to vault the fence after Leland's two-bagger, but the fence gave way, and he took a header down the path.



TUESDAY                      The game ended at 4-55; an unheard-of hour for a  
(Cont'd.)

junior game. They almost always run a full two hours, if not two and a half.

PUDDING-BALL GAME.  
GIANTS. VS. REDS.

This also was a thriller, and we were very glad that the speed of the other game gave us a chance to see the climax. The lead was first with one team, then with the other, and in the sixth and the eighth it was tied. In the ninth, with the rain falling fast, it was settled, the Giants winning 16-15. It was well worth getting wet for.

[illegible]

PUT OUT.			Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
1	0				1 Nash	5	3-6				2-2					3-1				5	2	3		
16	0				2 Vash	3	1-3					1-3		K						2	1	1		
4	1				3 S. B. D.	6						K		3-1						4	1	1		
1	3				4 Cowling	4	5-3		1-2						2-3					2	0	0		
2	4				5 Jackson	1	3-6		2-2		1-3									4	1	1		
1	1				6 Hines	2		1-2	2-3				2-2		2-2					4	0	0		
1	0				7 Arch Huteh	9		1-3	4-7				2-1		K					4	0	0		
2	0				8 Higgins	7					2-3		2			1-3				4	1	0		
1	1				9 L. Higgins	8					K			2-3		2-2				4	1	1		
					10																			
					11																			
TIME OF GAME.																								
Hours..... Mins.....							Runs total.	1	3	4	1	5	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	26	7	7	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Misssd 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.																Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
		1			11	1-b. on errors.																		1



TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Our returning campers turned up just as the wind was at its height. In fact for a while it was up to canoe test pitch. But with two games just at the highest pitch of excitement, and the many experiences of southerly winds dying when the test was half done, it seemed best not to try.

The campers had been down below East Mt. Vernon, on Belgrade Stream, which is a good long way to go with rangeleys and no halfpast niners. They also broke an oar, which is rather a fashionable sport this year.

Just before supper arrived the guests whom we had been hoping for since noon. They had found that they could do better by motor than by train, and the ways of the telegraph service made it impossible for them to let us know. The main thing is that they are here.

*Sarah Edmonson  
Henry H. Fay, Jr.*

After supper it was Digestion Club in the shop, and then the Voice Game. Some people are not good judges of voice, for J.R. was called Corning, and M.P. was called Jack Hutch.

Then came a wild quarter of an hour with "Chicken-me-chicken-me".

The half-past niners played clothes-pins, with the following results:

Jogglers won by 9 pins.  
Jogglers won by 14 pins.  
Jogglers won by 7 pins.  
Seated.

Jigglers won by 8 pins.

The Jigglers were speedy but very erratic, dropping so many pins that they lost all they gained between drops.

The evening ended with a blindfold obstacle race, T. Sturges against Bradford. No one wins this race, but Sturges was the funnier to watch.



TUESDAY  
(Con't'd.)

FISHING.

EREBUS.

N.S.W.

Batchelder

Richards

10 perch

TERROR.

H.D.

Earle

Matthews

40 perch

Total number of fish, 50.

They would have got more, especially the Terror, which was staying out to supper. But the first sharp crack of thunder which came with the shower stopped the perch from biting. So the Terror came in, and picnicked in the shop.

Twinkle, twinkle, little perch!

Went and left them in the lurch.

Fishes think, when they hear thunder,

That it's time to get from under.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bow-wow-wows!

Stripping bark from trunks and boughs.

Pretty soon enough there'll be

To set up a tannery.

Twinkle, twinkle, southwest wind!

You were really most unkind.

For a while you ran it strong,

But you got the time all wrong.

Twinkle, twinkle, pickerel!

In the "quarium you dwell;

Eating all the smaller fish,

Without waiting for a dish.

## Camp "Sailing Frogskow".

---

It was while the rock craze was at its zenith that our intrepid sextette set forth. Every kind of rock from a pebble to a cobblestone was discovered, before we had left the float, including one bearing the "compliments of the faculty" slip of paper which the leader of a former trip had discovered at Beaver Spring. In our anxiety lest we be "rocked", we nearly forgot all the cooking and eating utensils, but the skipper, against the wishes of the rest of the camp, reminded us.

So much for the getaway. We were soon enveloped in fog, but the keen vision of Harvee Shaw directed the sweeps manned by F.F. Miller & J.A.h.j., while



the eagle optics and corded muscles of the younger Head (yes, they are, quite often) guided the youthful strength of Bertie Bigelow + Everett P. Stone. Hence we arrived at the Mills in good time. The carry is rather fussy with row-boats, and we were laying in a stock of chocolate, + ice-cream cones, so that it was nearly an hour later (11:30) when we skimmed the waters of Long Pond. As we were planning to fish, though where we knew not, the writer bought a cheap but serviceable net; while Hannee became temporarily lost while trailing the elusive ice-cream. We shortly found him, and set off, as I have said before.

We were well beyond the Narrows at 12:15, and, seeing an enticing core, which seemed created to swim in, we put into it. A short but refreshing dip, during which log-riding was the

great attraction, was cut off at its close by the command: "Half-past Eighten ashore!" For, you will observe, the faculty chaperone was the only member of the party whose years numbered more than 15.

We left little of the lunch, completely demolishing a liberal allowance of tongue, and were soon on the water again. We entered the gaping maw of Belgrade Stream about quarter of three, and, "because they had done it last year," (this refers to Bertie & Ham, who had traversed the same route in 1918 with Mr. Corning) another dip was in order. Then we followed the tortuous windings of the stream with unflinching zeal until East Mt. Vernon was reached.

Here, after the carry had been made, we voted to give the sawmill the double O. Bertie, absorbed in the machinery, gave a large wheel an ingratiating pat; whereupon it revolved at ever-increasing speed, despite



the feeble efforts of yours truly to stay its mad impetus, until the whole building, it seemed, was ~~in~~ a fearful sea of motion.

As there is a sign on the door threatening dire penalties to anyone tampering with the machinery, we left in great haste, and rowed like —! for a sheltering cove in the stream. Just as we were almost out of sight, a man crossed the bridge and entered the saw-mill! But we leave until the account of the next day Chapter II of the saw-mill episode.

Rowing seemed a weary job, and all were wondering where the camping-place was, when suddenly the railroad bridge flashed into view, and in a trice we had landed. Of course we swam, but not until the tent had been raised under the hand of F.F. Miller, Master Tentster, and camp made generally ship-shape.

Nothing of great moment happened during supper. Afterwards, we were ~~at~~ a little

afraid of rain, and covered everything whose appearance would not be improved by same. Shortly we lay down to sleep, four in the tent, and Harnee + J.A.h.ji. without, ~~by~~ but handy by, in case the rain-god should squeeze the lowering clouds. Ghost stories were in order for everyone but H—etc., who was the first asleep and the last awake.

("First ashore, first asleep, first in the heart of the food-basket.")

Guessone takes rain life, and many a troubled sleeper saw a spectral square of soap and heard the chilling whisper: "It floats! It floats!!"

They claim that the croaking of a gigantic bull frog on the opposite bank kept them awake; but, personally, methinks it was the horrific yawns of those in the tent.

Next morning we awoke betimes; a little too betimes, as far as those outside the tent were concerned, but it is no



mean task for four people to keep quiet in such a small enclosure. Breakfast was consumed leisurely, almost everything being eaten, and then we held a council as to what to do next. It was decided that 'twere the part of wisdom to break camp at once and return to Long Pond, where we could take our time and do what we pleased. Accordingly we packed up and started to retrace our steps. There was a strong south wind, and sailing was tried by one boat. This was very successful as long as the course of the stream lay north + south, but the privateersmen came to grief at the first bend, and from then on both boats rowed.

We approached the dreaded saw-mill in fear + trembling, and completed the carry in breathless haste; but no one seemed to want us, and we set out for Long Pond again greatly relieved in spirit. The Bigelow-Head-Stone crew hoisted sail immediately after passing under the bridge; and succeeded pretty well;



but J.A.L. jr. thought sailing inadvisable until, just as we rounded the last bend and came in sight of Long Pond, his style of rowing proved too much for his port oar, which broke near the ~~oar~~ oarlock, close in train. Sailing was now a virtual necessity, and perhaps we didn't hard!

The following formation proved the most successful, and was adopted, or rather worked out, by both boats:

Two corners of a blanket are fastened to the blades of two oars. These are placed so that their butt ends are on either side of the man in the bow seat, who faces the stern & holds the oars blade up. The loose ends of the blanket are then made fast to the gunwales near the middle seat. The man in the stern steers as best he can, the next man sits, or lies, on the duffle bag and smokes, the bow man holds up the oars and is nearly blown out of his seat.

We fairly scudded down Long Pond, leaving the motor-boats agape and the other boats agog, shouting merrily to one another as we



fled before the breeze, and, before we knew it, we were back at our lunching resort of the previous day. It was decided that cooking lunch would be too much like work, and, as we had plenty of crackers and chocolate, we mealed off them; but not until we had completed an extensive swim.

After lunch Showhegan was in order; we laid out a field for ourselves, and went to it. No score was kept, but the games were replete with "pep" and keen play. A tiny mole in our "boneyard" furnished the ghosts with amusement.

At last it was time to go; and discussion of a name was now in order. The pre-eminent features of the trip had been the frog, which kept some of us awake; the Showhegan (when is this royal game not foremost?); and, particularly, the sailing. Hence the name "Sailing Frogshow" was soon concocted; the bay in which we had swum (is that right?) was named "Frogshow Bay"; and the boats were

hereafter known as "Trogskows".

We sailed to a point opposite the Mills, and then rowed across to the landing-place. The cany took some little time, due partly to a stop for provisions, and partly ~~because~~ to the fact that there was no hurry. We set out from the Mills a little before four, intending to row up to the south end of Oak Island and sail home from there. The wind, however, was a little too far round to the south to make this possible; so we had to row home across a south wind which was near canoe test. This, in spite of the fact that our boat had only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pairs of oars, was soon accomplished; and we beached our "Trogskows" at the Merryweather dock at 5:00. (Can you beach a boat at a dock?)

In the excitement of returning, Mr. Davis' camping axe was allowed to fall overboard, but it was later recovered by Bertie & Everett at the expense of one wet clothing outfit belonging



to the former. We hung up the recently purchased net on the hooks; it had never been used, but sailing, say the members of this outfit of campers, is more fun than fishing any day. Perhaps Hamel will disagree; we lost his hat overboard while sailing and were too lazy to stop for it. Up with sailing, say the ~~rest~~ rest, and up with Skowhegan, say we all. "Fawgs"; however, some of us have no use for, unless they are inside dumplings.

J. P. Towell, Jr.

WEDNESDAY

July 23,

T.72' morning.

B.29.00

Cloudy,

W.N.W.

Various dead oaks on the point came down this

The soccer field was lined out this morning.

W.R.S. went fishing in the lagoon, and brought back more  
dace for the pickerel to eat, and three or four little salmon.

Rives Matthews's father, mother, and sisters arrived this  
morning, stayed to dinner, and spent the afternoon.

Class A Chinning.

Farnsworth	13
Hines	11
Corning	10
Ripley	9
Bradford	7
T. Sturges	6
Nash	5

By request we do not give the tail-enders, and several  
were cleaning up the camping kit.

At afternoon reading we finished "Francis Cludde", and  
began "The Shaving of Shagpat."

<u>TWO</u>	<u>EXPEDITIONS</u>		<u>at 2-45.</u>
	<u>MEADOW BROOK.</u>		
<u>AROL.</u>	<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>
A.F.V.	N.S.W.	S.R.D.	J.R.
Sturgis	Bigelow	Leland	Cushman
H. Woodbridge	Batchelder	Minns	Richardson
Iadd	Reynolds	Richards	Coolidge
	<u>THE TIBER.</u>		
<u>CORKER.</u>	<u>YAMMER.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>
H.D.	A.D.A.	W.R.S.	Ripley
Jim Hutch.	Farnsworth	Earle	Bradford
Stone	Shaw	Eliot	W. Tower
M.P.	Degen	Smedberg	Jack Hutch.

Tiber and Meadow Brook crews will swap boats.

<u>THE CAVES.</u>		
<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		<u>WORROMONTOGUS.</u>
C.P.B. Jr.		J.A.L. Jr.
A.G.C.	H.H.F. Jr.	H. Heard
Jackson	Nash	Hines
T. Sturges	H. Sturges	A.M.R.
Corning	Wilmerding	
S. Heard	Miller	
Hubbard, L. Tower, Welsh		
Williams, G. Woodbridge, Chapman		



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The Cave-men got away first, and took it rather easy across; forty-minutes to the landing. A very grumpy old person objected to our landing, on the ground that he didn't want a crowd tramping through his field of grass, but C.F.R. assured him that we had no intention of going near his grass, and he stopped objecting. So we landed, and leaving H.H.F. in charge of the boats, went up the road and through the woods. Only a few strayed from the path, and we reached the Caves in good time. Most of the party explored the Cave itself, and at one time we must have had several down in it. They say there is room for a dozen, but I should prefer to be less crowded.

We made better time going home, and reached the float at 5-30, in ample time for a swim.

The Rivermen were a few minutes behind in starting, but not much. Their motto was "Hustle", as it has to be on that particular trip. They have views about Meadow Brook which are not altogether flattering to that noble stream. It is interesting to note that the party which went up, against the current, beat the party which came down.

They were a bit late home, but that has happened before. We waited supper, so they had their swim too. Altogether it was a snappy afternoon.

When we got home we found a graduate who has not been here for several years, in the person of *D. E. Peabody*

It is good to see him again.

There was no time for any doings between supper and sing-song. In fact a squad had to help with the tables, or we should not have been ready. But we started on the dot.



WEDNESDAY

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

(Cont'd.)

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Violin Duet,.....M.P., N.S.W.
3. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys, Fishing Song, Rio.
5. Piano Solo.....Jackson.
6. Stunt, Camp Long, Long Brook. C.F.B., Nash, Leland, Cushman  
S. Heard, Jim Hutch.
7. Stunt.....A.F.V. & Co.

Camp Song.

It looked for a minute as if Jackson would have to do the overture by himself; for where was Frog? He started gallantly with a few chords, when there came a rush, and the missing man appeared. The interlude this time was performed on the gong.

The violin duet was a lovely one. We are very fortunate to have so many violinists in camp this summer.

Harry Jackson declined to give an encore, on the ground that he didn't know anything more, but we view him with suspicion. He will have to learn some more, if he was telling the truth.

The stunt of Camp Long, Long Brook struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all who have voyaged that way, especially those who tried it this afternoon. It surely is long, and as the campers toiled, we did not wonder that some began to doubt if there was any pond at all. Cushman's theory was that the brook came out of a spring, like. As for the second boat, she was always behind, just round a bend or two, so we never saw her at all.

The second scene showed the difficulties of tent-pitching, and the other processes incidental to spending the night





THURSDAY,  
July 24,  
Fair,  
Warm  
S.W.

This morning a squad brought down a lot of birch poles that were cut up in the woods. Hillard was to have done it, but being the kind he was, he

Showers never had time.  
p.m.

Class B, with the exception of the two non-swimmers, all swam to the Point this morning; a merry sight!

Georgie Woodbridge swam from the south rope past the upper landing at Pomander Walk, which is much his longest swim. He will pass some day.

W.R.S. added a trout and three sunfish to the aquarium this morning, besides a good many dace.

Mrs. Laseter, whose boy is probably coming next year, came over this morning, and we kept her to dinner.

#### SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

##### CLASS A HIGH JUMP.

Bradford	4'3"
Nash	4'3"
Ripley	4'2"

Nash has done three inches better than this, but Bradford and Ripley have both come up from their old mark.

##### CLASS A BROAD JUMP.

Nash	14'8"
T. Sturges	13'5 1/4"
Leland	13'4 1/4"

All three place-winners have improved since last time. Those who made second and third before were not up to their best to-day.

##### CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Bradford	23'2"
Nash	22'9"
Ripley	21'3"

Nash is the only one of the three that has come up since last time.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

CLASS A HUNDRED.

First Heat.

Time lost.

Nash  
Bradford  
Wilnerding

Too bad we haven't the time, but the watch misbehaved.

Nash was fifteen feet ahead of Bradford when they finished; Wilnerding almost tied for third place.

Second Heat.

T. Sturges  
Earle  
Miller

13 3/5 s.

Sturges beat Earle only by a few inches, sprinting hard. Miller was about a yard behind.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

S. Heard  
Jim Hutchinson  
H. Heard

3'9"  
3'9"  
3'8"

All three men have come up from their old marks.

Miller, who won last time, has been promoted to Class A.

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Bigelow  
Jackson  
S. Heard

13'8"  
13'4 1/2"  
13 1 1/4"

Bigelow has moved up from third place, and all three have come up from the twelve-foot class. H. Heard was only 3/4 of an inch behind his brother.

CLASS B SHOT.

Cushman  
Farnsworth  
S. Heard

24'3"  
21'7"  
21'6"

The Heards were not up to the mark to-day. Farnsworth has improved, and Cushman was an entire surprise, adding over two feet to his distance when it came to the finals.

CLASS B HUNDRED.

First Heat.

H. Heard  
Sturgis  
Hines

14 1/5 s.

H. Heard had a lead of about eight feet. Hines and Sturgis tied for second place.

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

S. Heard	14 2/5 s.
Stone	
Coolidge	

S. Heard's time was not quite so good as his brother's.

The first three came in at intervals of about a yard.

Third Heat.

Jackson	14 4/5 s.
Cushman	
Jim Hutchinson	

The slowest heat of the three. Jackson led Cushman by about four feet, with Jim Hutch a little farther behind.

Final Heat.

H. Heard	14 s.
Jackson	
S. Heard	

This time people were working harder. H. Heard had a good lead over Jackson, with S. Heard almost tying for second, and Sturgis almost tying for third.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Minns	3'5"
Matthews	3'5"
Richardson	3'1"
Eliot	3'1"

Two ties make it pretty hot competition. In each case the man we have given first cleared on his first jump. Eliot is the only one who got a place last time. Shaw, who has done 3'7" by the old standards, was not up to form to-day.

CLASS C BROAD JUMP.

Degen	11'3 1/2"
Richardson	10'9 3/4"
Minns	10'8"

Degen has come up in good style. Shaw and Williams both did over 11' last time.

CLASS C SHOT PUT.

Eliot	19'3"
Hubbard	18'4"
Richards	17'4"
Williams	17'4"

Hubbard and Richards are new-comers among the winners. Minns had gone off a bit.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

CLASS C HUNDRED.

First Heat.

Minns

Time lost.

Degen

Reynolds

The watch slipped a cog, so we haven't the time.

Minns led Degen by about ten feet, with Reynolds three feet behind.

Second Heat.

Williams

Time lost.

Shaw

Richardson

The distance between the three was very much as in the first heat. Hubbard tripped and fell halfway down the course.

Third Heat.

L. Tower

15 2/5 s.

Eliot

G. Woodbridge

Tower had about eight feet over Eliot. Woodbridge was about five feet behind.

Final Heat.

Williams

14 s.

Minns

Eliot

We can't compare this time with Williams's trial heat, but it was faster than the only heat timed. The runners came in at about two-yard intervals.

Altogether it was a very successful afternoon. We haven't the list of classes at hand, but can give one or two changes. Miller moved up to A, H. Sturges moved down to B. Farnsworth was not running to-day, on account of a boil.

Of course things will change a good deal in August, with so many coming and going, but we feel confident that we are going to have a bang-up final meet at the end of the summer.

Immediately after the meet, two groups of Overnight Prometheans went out. We shall give the list on the next page.

Digestion Club is safe doping after track and field, and then came Quiet Games.

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

In half-past nine Boston Ripley was called  
H.S.W. Does anyone see the resemblance?

The folly of going by number was shown when someone  
caught M.P., and feeling sure that he knew who he had, pulled  
her nose violently. Better investigate a little more next  
time before you pull.

### Expeditionary Prometheanism

Chapman	Minns
Hutch, Jno	Reynolds
Hubbard	Smedberg
Tower, W	Tower, L.
Woodbridge, H	Welsh
W.R.S.	S.B.D.

Back at 8:00 a.m. sharp

They beat their time by fifteen minutes, and came home  
in great style, singing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."



FRIDAY  
July 25,  
T. 69°  
P. 29.

Partly  
cloudy,  
N.Y.

1. We give the weather report in full, postscript and all. For it was a day of days. And though some were misled by hints of an all-day expedition, the wise ones winked to themselves and each other, and were glad that Scouting?!?! we did not have jam-tails for dessert. But I anticipate.

Ruggins and Jigs Cary left us this morning; the latter with a rock in his suit-case that breaks the record. It was smooth and flat, and big enough for a doorstep. Then we put the suit-case into the machine, so that he would not get a chance to lift it before he left.

The oak job is done now, except barking. Then they are to be "hauled down from Ledyard", which is to say carried off to bank up the edge of the road.

Four crews of navigators went out this morning, two to a canoe. The wind came up rather sharply, so they retired round the point for their evolutions. On the way back H. Woodbridge and I. Tower capsized, but were rescued promptly by the coaching boat, so they got no harm beyond a ducking. And it is very good drying weather.

Mr. Rawle arrived by the eleven o'clock train. He says that in Philadelphia it has rained so hard for the past ten days that all the crops in the neighborhood are beaten down flat, and people are afraid of serious losses. We are glad we did not "move to Philadelphia."

At dinner George Smedberg received congratulations on his birthday, and responded in a few well-chosen words.

While we were at reading our new prefect arrived. Some hours after came a telegram saying that he would reach Belgrade at four! We are glad to see him at any hour.

*Frank D. Ashburn.*



# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X	.		X			X	.	
J.R.	X			X	..		X		
J.A.L.	X			X	..		X		
A.D.A.		.		X			X	.	
S.B.D.	X						X	..	
A.M.R.	X	.					X	..	
S.E.P.	X						X		
Bradford	X						X		
Chapman	X			X			X		
Coolidge	X			X			X		
Eliot	X			X			X		
Farnsworth		..		X			X	..	
Hines	X				.				
Hubbard	X			X			X	.	
Hulthinson, Jas.				X		1	X		
Ladd		...		X	.....		X	.	
Richards	X			X			X		
Richardson				X			X		
Ripley	X			X			X		
Stone							X		
Sturges, H	X	.		X			X	.	
Sturges, T.	X			X	.		X		
Sturges	X			X			X		
Tower, W.	X						X		
Williams	X			X				..	
Wilmerding	X			X			X		
Woodbridge, H	20	12	0	X			X	..	0

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.				X				..	
A.F.V.	X	..			..		X		
N.S.W.	X	...							
W.R.S.					..			..	
Batchelder							X		
Bigelow	X	...							
Cushman							X		
Degen									
Earle									
Heard, H.	X	...							
Heard, S.	X	..					X		
Hulthinson, Jno	X	..					X		
Jackson							X		
Leland			1						
Matthews							X		
Miller	X						X		
Minns	X						X		
Nash	X								
Reynolds		..							
Shaw								..	
Smedberg	X	.					X		
Tower, L.	X								
Welsh	X						X		
Woodbridge, G.									
	12	19	1	11	21	1	17	20	3



FRIDAY  
(Cont'd.)

I am sorry to report the scouting on the back of the score card, but that is the way the pages came.

#### SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

All three games went to the Iroquois, which gives them a lead of two for the season. All three were close in the matter of runs; no long strings of runs, such as we had so often last year.

The first game was won by a single run. The Algonquins were badly shot up.

The second game was apparently an Algonquin victory, two runs to one. When one of the Iroquois guards came in, however, he was sure that Eliot did not really reach the boundary. As soon as the third game was over, the witnesses in the case were collected, and Skipper and the captains looked into the matter. It was a little hard to collect Eliot, as he had missed the last "All in", and was still scouting dutifully in the woods. Upon careful investigation it was evident that he had been short of the boundary. It was also evident that the boundary must be marked across the ball-field. This tied the score in runs, and the Iroquois won by a large margin on shots.

The third game was closer on shots, the Iroquois having a lead of three, but it was the only game where more than one run was made by either side.

There was one murder, and in the first game Ripley committed suicide. That is, he reported himself dead, and no one could be found who had shot him.

#### Best shooting.

Wadsworth	9;5 in one game.
A.F.V.	8;6 in one game.
Cushman	8;5 in one game.

After done-talks we went as we pleased till 8-30, and then had our story. And at half-past nine all three prefects and Leland were sound asleep, while others had had a nap or two.



SATURDAY  
July 26,  
Fair,  
Warm,  
S.W.

I don't believe Fredly would have forgotten the weather if he had not had a bad foot. It is hard for him to get about, and none of the crutches in the infirmary are his size.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME.  
HITLESS HOPERS VS. HOPELESS HITTERS.

A really remarkable game, as a glance at the score card will show. Errors were few, and the two pitchers held out well, J.A.L. fanning fourteen, F.D.A. thirteen.

For three innings, and again for two, the score was tied, and there was none of the wild running round the bases that reduces baseball to a merry-go-round.

In the third Bradford made a very good one-hand catch at first, running at top speed, and putting J.A.L. out as he slid.

In the fourth H.D. ran to third, and then started home. The catcher got the ball, and was ready for business, but what catcher would expect to have the runner jump clean over him, and land with both feet on the plate?

In the seventh A.D.A. was caught between first and second. All the infield but third base took a hand, and he was finally put out at second by the catcher.

The game was won in the last half of the ninth, when H.D., the first man up, knocked the ball down into the road for a home run. May we have more such games!

THE BEST BATTING AVERAGES.

H.D.	.500
J.A.L.	.500
S.B.D.	.500
A.D.A.	.333
Bradford	.333
Hines	.250
W.R.S.	.200



Hester vs. Hester of July 26 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1. Hester	4	K		4-3			0-3		K					4	0	0
3	5		2. D. Hester	1	4-3		1-3			0-3		K					4	0	0
15	1		3. H. D.	2	K			E									4	3	2
1	2		4. S. V.	6		E		K		K							3	1	0
1	1		5. Hester	3		E		K									3	1	1
0	0		6. Hester	8		K		K			1-3						3	0	0
0	0		7. Hester	6		K			2-6	0-3							3	0	0
0	0		8. Hester	7		1-3			0-3		K						3	0	0
0	0		9. Hester	9			K		K			K					3	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	10		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total. 0 0 2 2 0 2 1 3 0 3 1 4 0 4 0 4 1 5												30	5	3
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	13	1-b. on errors.												1	

Hester vs. Hester of July 26 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1. V. R. S.	5	K				K				1-3				5	1	1
9	0		2. Nash	3	K	1-3			1-3		K						4	0	0
14	0		3. H. D.	2			K		6-3								3	1	1
0	3		4. H. D.	1			2-3										4	1	2
1	0		5. S. B. D.	6	0-1												4	0	2
0	2		6. Hester	4		K	K			K		K					4	0	0
0	0		7. Hester	7				1-3		K		K					4	1	0
0	0		8. Hester	9				2-1	0-3				1-1				3	0	0
0	0		9. Hester	8		K		2-4			2-0		K				4	0	1
			10																
			11																
24	5		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total. 1 1 1 0 2 0 2 0 3 1 3 1 4 0 4 0 4												35	4	7
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
					14	1-b. on errors.												2	

### BUG LEAGUE GAME.

### BUCCANEERS VS. TROLLEY-DODGERS.

The game began badly for the Dodgers, the Buccaneers getting nine runs in the first inning. After that things tightened up, and several times the Dodgers nearly made up the lead. The eighth, when they brought in four runs, was thrilling.

There were twenty-two hits on each side, and T. Sturges got a home run in the eighth.

Jackson fanned seventeen, H. Heard twelve.

For batting averages, see next page.







SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

NON-COMS.

C.F.B.Jr.

Batchelder	Chapman
Earle	Hubbard
Matthews	Richards
Shaw	Smedberg
H. Sturges	G. Woodbridge

This gallant company went a-fishing for the aquarium, in the lagoon and the polly-wog brook. So far as we know it is the first time a rangeley has ever penetreated the peaceful waters of that interesting stream, as the carry across the beach is discouraging except to canoe explorers. They had poor luck, for they caught only a few dace, and those died, because the pail they were put into was greasy.

They had excitements, however. Four incompetent people turned up in a canoe, and didn't dare to go round the point. They appealed to C.F.B., so he took the ladies round. Why are so many feeble-minded people allowed to run round in canoes?

Then Georgie Woodbridge managed to fall in. This is a sport that should be postponed till one has passed the swimming test. I don't mean that he had to swim, but it seems more appropriate for non-swimmers to stay in their boats.

CHARADES.

TORREADOR.

This looks like a long word, but as the syllables were acted in pairs, it did not take much time. First we had a meeting of patriots, gathered to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. (Freddy got the Constitution instea<sup>d</sup>, but the idea was the same.) The messenger read in thrilling tones, when suddenly H. Sturges denounced the proceedings, crying "Long live King George!" Alarums and excursions followed, and the Tory was finally carried off by the crowd, whether dead or alive we could not tell. The second scene took us to the far East, where Eliot, a grinn-



SATURDAY ing idol, was adored by a throng of worshippers.  
(Cont'd.)

S.B.D. and F.D.A., two scarlet priests, added much to the effect.

For the whole word we had a wonderful combat between S. Heard as the toreador, and C.F.B. as the bull. In such a case it is generally the intrepid swordsman that wins; but this time, after a gallant <sup>fight</sup>, the toreador yielded to superior size.

HARMONY. We protest against the way in which this word was pronounced, but it was very exciting. The first two syllables went together. H.D., a tyrannical ruler, sat in the great hall of his castle, while below in the dungeon his prisoners moaned. (He was doing harm, you see.) Nash was brought in, and offered his choice of paying a heavy ransom or pining away in the dungeon. He had not the money, so he moaned too. For the second scene H.D. and his wife (Nash) were discussing hard times. She thought she needed a new dress, but he was sure the one she had on was good enough for the Queen of England. Hiram certainly was "nigh", for every appeal was met with refusal; he went to church every other Thanksgiving, and that was enough; Minnsy could fix the plough himself; and even the eloquence of the Frog could not move him to buy a book. For the whole word we had the Merryweather Quartette, twelve in number, discoursing sweet harmony. (?)

MESSAGE. The dormitory that we saw in the first scene was certainly in a mess, and we did not wonder that Bob and Ham nearly fainted at the sight of it. The second syllable was divided by a brief interval. First came the scene in the Catskills where Rip Van Winkle sees Henryk Hudson and his crew. They rolled their balls in silence, and were very impressive, while Rip kept turning to the jug that was so handy.



SATURDAY      The curtain rose for a moment, then fell again. There  
(Cont'd.)  
lay Rip, white-bearded and feeble. It was really painful to see Char-  
lie grow old so suddenly.

PHARAOH.      The first scene, the side-shows at the Oshkosh County  
Fair, was so good that we must give the list of attractions in full.

The African Dodger, living prototype of the Great Stone Face.	Miller.
The Siamese Twins	Hubbard, Cushman.
The Strong Man	Earle.
The Fattest Man on Earth	Ripley.
The Wild Man of the Woods.	Wilmerding.
Little Nemo	B. Tower.
The Siamese Giant	N. S. W., Shaw.

These wonders were announced and described by J. A. L. in a flow of language that beggars description. The strong man lifted a huge monolith of steel and iron, and finally held a living horse (it didn't look very lively) on his chest. The wild man, attired chiefly in a hammock, gnawed a bone in a frightful manner. Little Nemo had not grown since the age of three, owing to the evil effects of rice pudding. The giant, on the other hand, was a striking example of the beneficial effects of pie. The race in the second scene did not last long enough for us to see who won, but both crews were working. The whole word revealed S. E. P., a very much bored monarch, sitting on his throne, indifferent to the homage of his subjects. He inquired about the slaughter of the children, and Moses in particular. Instantly they began to sing "Moses in the Bilrushes." The curtain fell, rose, and there was M. P. as Miriam putting the Lucky-bug into his basket.

The evening concluded with "A Modern Aladdin."

Mr. Voshell arrived this evening, but few of us saw him, as he turned in early.

*R. Voshell*



SUNDAY  
July 27,  
T.71'  
B.28.70  
Hazy,  
W.

Thunder  
showers  
p.m.

C.F.B., Ladd, and H. Heard went out fishing early,  
and came back with four perch and two bass.

Total number of fish, 6.

This morning Pickerel Rock is in plain sight.

Much fishing in the lagoon this morning, with  
good results; turtles, kivies, dace, etc. There was on big pickerele,  
but he was really too big, and was returned to the pond.

Just after dinner our numbers were increased by someone  
whom we have been looking for since we heard that he meant  
to walk out from Gardiner the first cool day. He started about  
six, and here he is.

*John S. Higgins*

It was evident early in the afternoon that showers were  
brewing, but we managed to read on the piazza, though some got  
sprinkled a bit. We finished "The Taming of the Shrew."

RECORD CREWS ROUND OAK.

At 4:00.		At 4:30.		At 5:00.	
Half-past eighters.		Half-past niners.		Faculty.	
H.R.		H.R.		H.R.	
Cushman	Miller	W.R.S.	Farnsworth	J.R.	C.F.B. Jr.
Eliot	Stone	S.B.D.	Ladd	H.D.	A.F.V.
H. Heard	H. Sturges	F.D.A.	Leland	N.S.W.	A.D.A.
Hines	Sturgis	Bradford	Nash	J.A.L. Jr.	J.G.W.
Jackson	H. Wood.	S. Heard	Ripley	H.H.F.	S.E.P.
25 m. 32 s.		22 m. 42 3/5 s.		21 m. 17 3/5 s.	

No new records were made, but the times were all good. A  
good deal of the time it was raining, and the half-past nine  
and faculty crews were bothered by head winds.

All this made supper late, but as it was to be right at  
home it didn't make any difference, and our appetites were  
all the better.

By the time the food was eaten, and the floor and the  
surrounding country tidied up, it was really time for hymns,  
so we did not get the ghost story that usually forms part of  
a rainy day picnic.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
Elephant."

Our story for half-past nine was "My Lord the

Mr. Voshell left us this afternoon. It was a great pleasure to have him here.

Early in the afternoon we had a call from Mr. and Mrs. Sellers and Elwin Simons, who came out to see Horace Hildreth.

The following twinkle has been held up for lack of space:

Twinkle, twinkle, Wilmerding!

'Tis a joke to hear you sing.

When you say, "What's the matter with you?"

It sounds as though you have the "flu".

---

Twinkle, twinkle, Pickerel!

You are living much too well;

For the rate you gobble dace

Certainly is a disgrace.

Twinkle, twinkle, Freddy R!

Let his blister get too far.

Now upon a cane he goes,

All to save his damaged toes.

Twinkle twinkle, early birds!

Out behind we hear your words.

On a quiet Sunday morn

Some folks wish you'd ne'er been born.

MONDAY For a very little while it was heavy and thick.  
July 28,  
T.77' Then the wind whisked round to the northeast, and we  
B.28.78'  
Cloudy felt better.

S.W.  
to S.E.P. left us this morning, and J.R. went in  
N.W. to Augusta to have a session with the dentist.

H.D. is telling us about gasoline engines and their workings.

W.R.S. went fishing for the aquarium, and brought back a kivy, a huge school of dace, and two yellow perch. Society in the aquarium is getting extremely varied.

After dinner the wind was rising, and we began to hope for canoe tests. We must give the official poster on the next page, but we might as well say here that expert and able swimming tests were run off, as follows:

ABLE.

H. Heard  
Richards  
Jim Hutchinson  
H. Sturges  
Chapman  
Jack Hutchinson  
Miller

EXPERT.

Jackson  
Hines  
Ladd  
H. Woodbridge  
Farnsworth

Stone tried the expert test, but his trousers got involved with his his high sneakers, and he could not get clear. Better luck next time.

By the time the last tests were started the wind had risen to canoe test pitch, and the word went forth. So instantly the wind began to change its mind. A.F.V. got caught by a puff close to the rock, and went over. S.R.D. went round nicely but by that time the wind had gone down so that it could not count. Wasn't that trying?

The canoe test possibility put an end to soccer, but there was more or less boat-building done.



## EXPERT AND ABLE

Hinze  
H. Woodbridge  
Stone  
F. D. A.  
Jackson  
Farnsworth

Richards  
H. Hard  
Jim Hutch  
H. Sturges  
Miller  
Chapman  
Munn  
Bradford



For the others, and for the swimmers when they are through:

CONCENTRATED



BOAT-BUILDING

until 4:30, when lists will be posted for

SOCCER.

## FISHING

Ercbus

F.D.A.

Wilmerding

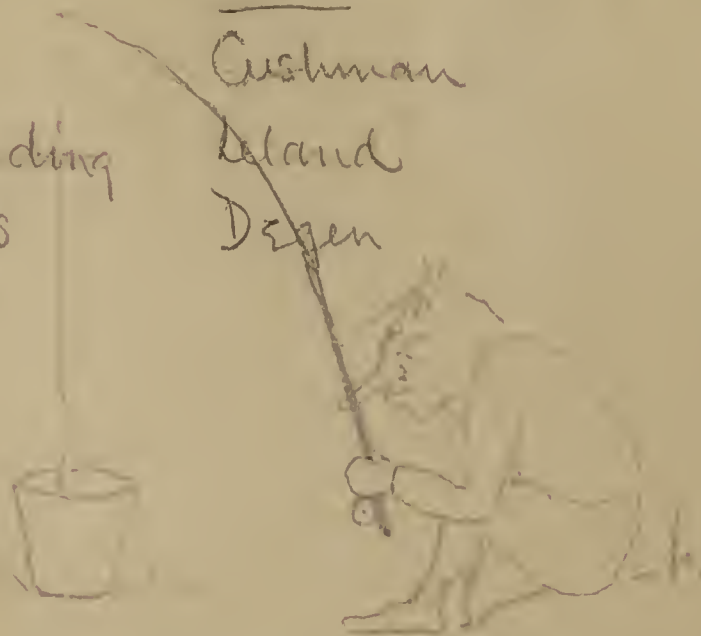
Sturges

Terror

Cushman

Island

Degen



MONDAY      The fishermen were very late in starting, but  
(Cont'd.)      took their supper with them. F.D.A.'s boat caught one bass,  
Leland's two.

Total number of fish, 3.

While tests were in progress Mrs. Hutchinson came over from Gleason's, and borrowed Jim and Jack, to be returned in time for games.

About the same time arrived R.B.C., to see how J.A.L. is doing the secretary job, and to see how badly Bob Chapman, who is his cousin, is behaving. *Russell B. Chapman*

Just before supper Mr. Gardner arrived by motor, having come all the way across from Squam. *Mr. Amory Gardner*

After supper it was Games on the Hill, followed by "Predicament and Cure." We have no notes on the latter, but we remember a couple of good ones:

"What would you do if a lady asked you to elope with her?"

"I should turn the fire extinguisher on her."

"What would you do if a lady asked you to marry her?"

"I should blush."

We also had time for a couple of rounds of scandal before half past eight was called.

Oh! One more arrival! C.W. arrived early in the evening, to see if his little brother is getting into mischief. He probably is, but we won't tell on him yet. *Charles W. Gardner*

The half-past niners played the Foot and Mouth game; i.e. guessed eyes through a sheet. The Hawkeyes beat the Eagle Beaks, making only two errors, while the latter got only three



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

HAWKEYES.

C.F.B.  
J.A.L.  
M.P.  
A.F.V.  
R.R.  
J.G.W.  
F.D.A.  
Ripley  
Leland  
S.Heard  
Farnsworth

EAGLE-BEAKS.

J.R.  
H.D.  
A.M.R.  
S.B.D.  
R.B.  
C.W.  
W.R.S.  
R.B.C.  
Ladd  
Nash  
Bradford.

Class A Chinning.

Farnsworth	17
H.Heard	16
Ripley	11
Hines	10
Nash	7
Bradford	6
T.Sturges	6

This is an improvement for all but Hines and Bradford.

Twinkle, twinkle, Captain John!

You'll be a sylph if you keep on!

Though the hoop was small, oh Gee!

You went through, just like 'twas me!!!

Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Batch!

At the game he met his match.

Farnsworth put him in the drink;

Got him rather wet, we think.

TUESDAY      The rain let up early, and by half-past six there  
 July 29,,  
 Fair,      was a great clear strip in the northwest. Very well  
 Cool,  
 N.W.!!      that. But the wind was rising; not so well. But heads

Early      were put together, probabilities weighed, pros and cons  
 rain.  
              discussed. And at last the fiat went forth: All Day Ex-  
 peditions.

As soon as the wind heard that, it threw up its hat with  
 a shout, and went to work. But we had begun packing; and though  
 the wind was higher than on the memorable day when we walked  
 to Stewart's Pond because it was too rough for a water trip,  
 we ran the schedule off.

BEAVER SPRING.		WILLIWAW. PANTASOTE.	
OUANANICHE.		A.F.V. S.B.D.	
J.R.			
YAMMER.	A.M.R. R.B.	Cushman	Bradford
C.W.	H.H.F. J.G.W.	Reynolds	Smedberg
Farnsworth	Williams Batchelder		
M.P.	Eliot H. Woodbridge		
	Hubbard L. Tower		
	Richardson		
	Matthews		
	G. Woodbridge		

LITTLE POND.				MEADOW BROOK.	
TIBER.		TOGUS.		ABOL.	EBEN.
IDENTICAL. EREBUS.		TERROR.		J.A.L.	R.B.C.
C.F.B.	F.D.A.	W.R.S.	H.D.	Stone	S. Heard
H. Sturges	Ladd	Miller	H. Heard	Sturgis	Hines
W. Ding	Degen	Richards	Shaw	Nash	Ripley
Welsh	Chapman	Minns	Leland		

By the time we started it was blowing hard, and the Ouan-  
 aniche had no easy time getting away from her slip. We got  
 clear, and then it was a solid dig till we made the lee of  
 Hoyt's. Then we had a more or less fair wind to the mouth of  
 the stream, for which we were duly grateful. The rowboats  
 carried at the dam, and then all hands went to work on the  
 Ouananiche, to the great admiration of the Central House.

One old gentleman on the float shook his head, and said



TUESDAY to J.R. "Pretty rough on the lake, captain."  
(Cont'd.)

"I know it," said J.R. "I've just had four miles of it coming across Great Pond." Whereupon the old gentleman subsided.

It was another hard pull to Beaver Spring, but we got there in good condition, and sat right down to dinner. We hadn't really time for a swim, with the walk ahead of us, and though we were hot for the moment, it wasn't a hot day. So we took our water inside instead of out.

After dinner we went up to the road, and there divided; J.R. took the Muskrats, A.F.V. the Rocky Mountaineers.

The Muskrats struck right into the bed of the brook, and followed it through a wilderness of cardinal flowers, past the historic rock where C.W. in bygone years spanked Courty Parker for swearing and general umpleasantness, to the pond. The lilies were out in hundreds, and along the shore were high bush blueberries.

The Wigginses found the trail, and we followed it merrily to the old farm. The next event was the brook, where everyone had a drink. And then we went up. The good old slope grows no milder, and some of us puffed pretty hard, but we all got there.

The view was glorious, and the view from the back even more so. Coming down some of us slid part way, and Henry Woodbridge got going so fast that he had to be stopped by force, or he would be running yet.

When we got to the spring, we found our three guards, M.P., H.H.F., and Reynolds, peaceful and cheerful, but to our surprise the Goats had not come in. They appeared in a few minutes, and then all hands had supper.

The Goats had not reached their goal, for when they were half way up Rocky someone raised a doubt as to whether it were Rocky or



TUESDAY something else. There is nothing else for it to be,  
(Cont'd.) but the doubt, combined with pie, was too much for them. They  
decided to rest on the moss and their laurels.

The trip home was an easy one, with the wind dead aft  
going down Long Pond, and <sup>g</sup>artering after Monkey Point. As we  
came along we saw the Little Pond ~~b~~<sup>g</sup>ats coasting along, mostly  
under sail, and we got in just behind them.

The Meadow Brook trio carried over from Pine Beach, to cut  
off the rough paddle round Stony Point. They were pretty wet,  
and the northeast bay was no picnic either. Then came the  
brook, with the current against them, and when they struck  
North Pond there was the wind again, and a horrid choppy sea.  
But they landed safely, decidedly ready for dinner.

The Tiberians had to dump at Stony Point, and went up beh-  
ind Shute to get a little lee. Even so it took them two hours  
to reach the Tiber. Altogether it was a very late dinner that  
the crowd had at Little Pond. They had a swim, and sometime in  
the course of the proceedings Leland managed to break a pad-  
dle. That shows how little good a spruce paddle is, except for  
the very small and ineffective. We don't know whose paddle it  
was, but it was a poor thing to take on such a trip.

Coming down C.F.B. and H.D. changed places. The Meadow  
Brooks had supper on the north beach, the Tiberians along the  
shore north of Jamaica Point. Here Minnsy fell in, and had to  
be attired in two sweaters, one for shirt and the other for  
trousers. They say he was a fine sight.

The two parties came in together, a good many under sail,  
as we said before.

Well, we were lame, of course. But it was a glorious day,  
and there is a great feeling of satisfaction in going out



TUESDAY against a wind like that and beating it.  
(Cont'd.)

The Stay-at-homes picnicked in the Pine Parlour, some going by land and some by water. They had "The Blue Cross" at afternoon reading, and then did various things. There was some lively baseball coaching, and if Bigelow and Coolidge are not good pitchers, they ought to be.

The Hutchinsons had dinner over at Gleason's with their mother.

A.D.A. and N.S.W. both took a try at the canoe test, but neither got round the rock. Better luck next time, we hope.

The expedition got home in time for "Monkey in Sight," and then we finished "A Modern Aladdin." It is a wonderful tale.

Bed felt rather good, and we imagine that most of the camp slept the sleep of the just.

Twinkle, twinkle, Chilly Leland!

Did you drop in from New Zealand?

With that gorgrous zebra sweater

You go a convict seven better.

Twinkle, twinkle, Smeddy G!

Grabbed the ivy vine with glee.

Now, as ointments rare he tries on,

He knows the ivy vine was pizon.

WEDNESDAY

July 30,

Fair

Cool

N.W.

When Lucky-bug forgot the weather report yesterday we thought it was the excitement of the expedition, and forgave him; but now we see that it was plain sinfulness. He will be an unlucky bug if he forgets it again.

We had several lively wrestling bouts this morning.

L. Tower downed Chapman in forty-five seconds.

The bout between Ston and H. Woodbridge was a draw, in spite of Stone's extra weight.

The third bout was also a draw, though Wilmerding had more style than Miller.

The bout between Bradford and Ripley was a lively one. It was only at the end of a minute and fifty-five seconds that Bradford got his opponent down on the mat.

T. Sturges couldn't get Ladd down. He wasted a good deal of time trying to get a double nelson, which, as everyone ought to know, is contrary to rules.

-----  
H. D. started a hospital for crippled chairs, and brought a good many back to a reasonable degree of health. We had several that resembled sets of jackstraws.

This morning the cribbing came down from Ledyard; which is to say, the oak logs, twelve of them, were moved to the edge of the road behind camp and the ice-house. There were sixteen on the squad, including such little fellows as the Wigginses and G. F. B., and for the great log of all the yard squad was called in, making twenty-four. It was one of the biggest jobs we have tackled in a good while.

Georgie Woodbridge has swum to the Point! He was in his depth all the way, so he will do it again in deep water, but that is really a matter of form. Congratulations!



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR LEAGUE BALL GAME.  
DRYS VS. WETS.

A splendid game, close and snappy. There was one loose inning, when the two sides together totaled ten runs, but that was the only weak time.

Jackson pulled off a double play in the first inning, catching W.R.S.'s fly, and throwing to second in time to get F.D.A.

Jackson struck out five men, Ripley seven. The latter, however, gave one more pass.

S.B.D. played a good game at short, making three put-outs and six assists.

### Batting Averages.

Leland	.750
Ripley	.500
T. Sturges	.500
Bradford	.400
Jackson	.400
F. D. A.	.333
S. B. D.	.250
H. Heard	.250
Hines	.250
W. R. S.	.200
Nash	.200
H. Woodbridge	.200

Dry vs. Wet of July 30 at \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]



Wets vs. Dregs of July 30 at 1.																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
8	5		1 F.D.A.	2	1												6	2	2		
1	4		2 W.R.S.	6													5	1	1		
14	0		3 Bradford	3													5	2	2		
0	5		4 Pihley	1													4	2	2		
0	0		5 Leland	5													4	1	3		
1	1		6 Hines	4													4	0	1		
0	0		7 Jim Hutch	9		K											4	0	0		
0	0		8 Bigelow	8		K											3	0	0		
0	0		9 A. Woodbridge	7													5	1	1		
			10																		
			11																		
24	15		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												40	9	12		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
		3		6	7	1-b. on errors.															

Just after supper Dr. Eliot arrived, to have a look at Tom. He found him in good condition except for his necktie, and we had commented on that ourselves during the afternoon.

#### WHEE!!! ON OAK.

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	OUANANICHE.	
C.W.	J.G.W.	C.F.B.	R.B.C.	J.R.	
H. Sturges	Farnsworth	Cushman	Earle	N.S.W.	W. Ding
Reynolds	Degen	L. Tower	Richards	Coolidge	Batchelder
Smødberg		Chapman	Welsh	Williams	Hubbard
				Miller	Jack Hutch.
				Shaw	W. Tower
				Richardson	
				G. Woodbridge	
				Matthews	
				Minns	

This imposing company played Skowhegan. It is a way we have when we go to Oak. The two tribes were the Blueberries and the Dingleberries. (No, we have not had the latter for dessert. It is not the right season for them.)

Four games were played. The first went to the Dingleberries, by three shots. The second was a tie, with heavy firing and no runs. The third the Dingleberries won again, with eight runs to five. The fourth the Blueberries rose in their might, and showed what they could really do by making four runs, while not a Dingleberry crossed the line.

The score card is not ready at the moment, but will be



WEDNESDAY  
(cont'd.)

inserted shortly.

Blueberries					Dingleberries				
Earle	✓	X	X	o /	Farnsworth	✓	X	oo /	X oo
Cushman	X o	oo	X	X	Jack Hatch	X oo	X o	X o	X
Wilberding	X oo	X oo	X	o /	Batchelder	o		X	o
G. Woodbridge	X oo	X	X	X	Coolidge	X o	X	//	X
Williams	X	X	X	X	Reynolds	X o	X o	o //	X o
Shaw	X	X	X	X oo	Richardson	X	oo	X	X
H. Sturges	X	X	X	X	Chapman	X o	X	X	X
Welsh	X	X		X	Minns	X	oo	X o	Ruled out
Richards	X		X	✓	Tower, W.	oo	X	o	X
Miller	X		oo	oo	Tower, L.	X o	X	/	X
Degen	X	X o	X	X o	Mathews	o	X o	X o	X oo
Hubbard	X	X	X	o /	J. G. W.	X	o o o	o o o	X o
C. W.	o	o o o	X	oo /	N. S. W.	X	X	/	X o
R. B. C.	X o	oo	o o o	X	C. F. B.	o o o	X o	oo /	o o o
J. R.	o o o	X	X oo	o o o					
	12	10 10	12 5	8 4		9 12	10 10	6 12 8	11 8

# SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

- Overture, Chopsticks.....Jackson, Hines.
- Mandolin, Solo, "Pinafore".....H. D.
- Graduates' Song.....J. R., C. F. B., H. D., J. A. L.,  
C. W., J. G. W., H. H. T., R. B. C., S. B. D.,  
W. R. S.
- Choruses.....Old Towler, Hiram Q, Merry Merrywea-  
thers.
- Stunt.....Nash, Leland, & Co.
- Stunt, Scenes from English History. W. A. G. I., J. R., N. S. W.,  
and subjects.
- Travelogue, illustrated.....J. G. W., C. W.

Camp Song.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The pause in our overture, in which we always look for something new, was filled by flashes of an electric torch; rather like the flashing of the sword of Aklis.

When H.D. played the selections from "Pinafore". last year he condensed it a little. This time we had every delightful note of it, and wanted more.

With ten graduates we had a rousing chorus on "What comes there o'er the Hill?"

The minstrel show, which was the first stunt, was got up and coached by R.R. The company were Nash, Leland, H. Sturges, Minns, W. Tower, Sturgis, S. Heard, H. Heard, Coolidge, and Jackson.

They came leap-frogging in, blacked, and attired mostly in pajamas and red turbans. The end men wore coats and tall hats, with white trousers. Pirate Bill was late, and came in chewing a straw, with ease if not with grace.

The new version of "John Brown" took the house by storm. Then they sat down and did "Three Jews", with additional verses that roused sympathetic chords in the breasts,--or other parts of the anatomy--, of G. Smedberg and Jack Degen, and reminded S.B.D. and W.R.S. of a certain peaceful evening. The last stanza referred to a certain evening when Georgie Woodbridge had to go into dry-dock for repairs. We give them all below.

The historical scenes were three. In the first W.A.G., a magnificent Canute, bade the cold grey sea go back. But the sea did not feel inclined to obey, and came up, wetting the royal toes, and the toes of the nobility, till there was nothing for it but flight. The nobility were represented by S.B.D., F.D.A., Ladd, and Miller. Jim Hutch were pages in all three scenes.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

In the second scene, enter J.R. in a furious mood. The pages shivered as they held his train. To make matters worse, Miller, the herald, appeared, announcing on his trumpet the arrival of the barons: H.D., J.A.L., S.B.D., and F.D.A., They had the charter with them, and demanded instant signing. The monarch refused, but when the sword-points<sup>n</sup> were at his very throat he yielded, grinding out a string of curses that would have made us shudder even more if we could have heard them, and the liberties of England were secure.

For the third we had another monarch in a temper. N.S.W. as Edward III was not raging, but he was evidently not to be meddled with lightly. The burgesses of Calais, S.B.D., F.D.A., Ladd, Miller, Jim Hutch, and Chapman, came in barefooted, with shirts hanging out, and ropes round their necks, led by H.D. and J.A.L. It looked as they would be strung up to the beams in a row, but M.P. went down on her knees and begged for their lives. For a while her royal consort remained obdurate, but when she wrung the tears out of her handkerchief, he yielded.

The Travelogue was a wonder, and we came away feeling that we had learned a great deal. The Island of Ujia was not known to us even by name; and now we feel that we know that curving coast, broken only by the place where the river Iijua flows in. We have walked under those stately trees, and seen the Hoppi-hupa rise in its majesty to catch birds. We have stalked the Piny, and been deceived by the resemblance of its rear to a slight pine. We have even laughed with the Laughing Humpy, and sighed as he rolled over on his back dead. (The beauty of this slide was remarkable.) We have gazed on the Betuu Mountains, and stayed at Bububu, lived with the natives, and been presented to the lovely Queen. . . .



WEDNESDAY We have sympathized with the hapless Kazu-wapo,  
(Cont'd.)  
and shuddered as the dread form of the Was-ists rose before  
us. And as the sun set under the towering clouds, we too have  
longed to go back to so fair a land. The plates will be put  
up on the wall, as a guide to future students.

Sing-song was late, strange to say. We had various ath-  
letic feats, and then a grand ping-pong ball race.

PING-PONG RACE.  
Semi-final 1.

Ladd  
Farnsworth  
J.R.

Ladd was very fast, but as he fouled Farnsworth, both were  
placed. J.R. took a conservative pace.

Semi-final 2.

W.R.S.  
S.B.D.  
F.D.A.

In this preflectional heat W.R.S. showed himself easily  
first. His slight fouling of S.B.D. was not considered to  
make any real difference.

Semi-final 3.

S. Heard  
Earle

Heard evidently had length of wind enough to make up for  
his adversary's length of leg.

Semi-final 4.

R.R.C.  
A.D.A.

The victory here was determined partly by A.D.A.'s wild  
course, his ball going out of bounds among the chairs.

Semi-final 5.

Leland  
Nash

The gentleman from New Zealand had no hard task.

Semi-final 6.

A.F.V.  
N.S.W.

One of the closest heats of the evening.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Semi-final 7.

J.G.W.  
C.W.

This heat had to be started again, as J.G.W. stole on the pistol. But even with a proper start he won by two lengths.

Semi-final 8.

C.F.B.  
H.D.

A splendid race, won by about six inches, on the last blow.

Semi-demi-final 1.

Ladd  
Farnsworth

An easy win for Ladd

Semi-demi-final 2.

S.Heard  
W.F.S.

The hero with the auburn locks beat the prefect by about one length.

Semi-demi-final 3.

R.B.C.  
Leland

The winner had half the room over his rival.

Semi-demi-final 4.

J.G.W.  
A.F.V.

The medical ball got lost, and J.G.W. had the finish to himself.

Hemi-semi-demi-final 1.

C.F.B.  
Ladd

C.F.B., who drew a bye in the preceding round, finished half the room to the good.

Hemi-semi-demi-final 2.

R.B.C.  
S.Heard

The racers crossed courses, but R.B.C. beat by about two inches. The closest heat of the evening.

Preliminary.

R.B.C.  
J.G.W.

J.G.W. stole a start, but not enough to catch the gentleman from Springfield.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

C.F.B.  
R.B.C.

The great race ended with a lively heat, C.F.B. reaching the line (you cant cross it without tearing down the wall) six feet ahead of his opponent.

-----  
New Verses to "Three Jews."

Oh Georgie Smedberg in the South!  
He thought that he would have some fun.  
But Captain John had fun instead,  
And now George wants a softer seat.

Oh Jacky Degen in the North!  
He thought he'd try the same game too.  
But Mr. Batch was on the job,  
And now Jack wants a cushion too.

Oh Joe and Smeddy on the bench!  
They thought they'd listen to the book. But  
We listened to their snores instead.

Oh Georgie Woodbridge, how's your nose?

R.B.



THURSDAY      This morning L.E.R. and Harry Shaw went in to Gardiner  
 July 31,      for the night; the latter to see the dentist about the  
 T.64'      tooth that got broken with a pebble the other night.  
 B.28.99  
 Partly      Cloudy,  
 S.W.      The July departures began this morning, when Thayer

Richards and Osborne Earle left us. We wish they were staying all summer.

At morning reading we finished "The Cruise of the Cachalot." It has been delightful, but one cannot expect a book to go on forever.

A retrieving squad, consisting of H.D., Bradford, and Minns rowed up to the Tiber, to return a cup that Minnsy had borrowed on the all-day expedition, and to find H.D.'s rain-coat. They were successful in both. Incidentally they made the trip to the mouth of the Tiber in forty-three minutes, which is very good going.

George Woodbridge took his official test this morning, and passed with flying colours. Then he dived off the fleet; so altogether he is "numbered with the best."

Twinkle, twinkle, east and west!

Georgie passed the swimming test.

Did it up in first-rate style;

Probably could swim a mile.

After swim W.R.S. brought in a splendid catch for the aquarium.

At afternoon reading we finished "The Shaving of Shagpat."

#### SUNDRY SUPPER STUNTS.

TOGUS.	OUANANICHE.	ABOL.	EBEN.
C.F.B.Jr.	C.W.	R.B.C.	J.A.L.Jr.
Reynolds	A.M.R.	Stone	S.Heard
Williams	R.B.	Cushman	W.Tower
	W.A.G.	F.D.A.	Ripley
	T.Sturges	H.Sturges	
	W.Ding	Eliot	
	M.P.		
	Cobridge		
	G.Woodbridge		



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

FISHING.

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERRON
J.R.	H.D.	J.G.W.	A.D.A.	W.R.S.	Ladd
Hines	H.Heard	Jack Hutch	Jim Hutch	Hubbard	Rigelow
Chapman	Richardson	Sturgis	Welsh	L.Tower	Batch
2 bass	3 bass	5 bass	1 bass	23 perch	21 perch
	16 perch	6 oerch	13 perch		

WOBLER.	ARKLET.	CHUB.
Leland	Nash	Farnsworth
Miller	Bradford	Jackson
H.Wood.	Smedberg	Minns
8 perch	43 perch	1 perch

Total number of fish 148.

Fishing boats do not generally go in for adventures, beyond landing or losing big fish, but to-day was an exception. The wind got up, and so did the sea, to such a point that fishing off the perch rock became very exciting. The Erebus swamped, the Pantasote lost Jim Hutch overboard, and the Chub spilled out Harry Jackson. Others got very wet, and anchors were dragged badly. They were all supping out, but some had to put in for dry clothes, and finished the day's sport with four wild games of Skowhegan on the point.

The score card is rather big to give, so we summarize:

Ist. Game	Rugs 16 runs, Bugs 1.
2nd. Game	Rugs 5 runs, Bugs 0.
3rd. Game	Rugs 10 runs, Bugs 1.
4th. Game	Rugs 4 runs, Bugs 0.

This looks as if the Rugs had exhausted themselves in the first game.

The Abol and the Eben went south to the Pine Island landing, where they landed. Then, having provided themselves with the necessary weapons, they went up to the field and played pudding-ball. The Eben won, 17-12 in seven innings.

The Ouananiche went down to the southwest corner, and landed on Mr. Lord's beach. Then, leaving W.A.G. and F.R. as a guard over clothes and grub, they struck out for Lord's Hill.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

It is a pretty walk, and the view from the top was fine. We could see our own pond, Long, Messalonskee, and Hamilton. Then <sup>we</sup> came back to our landing, and supped extensively. We built a little fire, partly to tidy up and partly for sociability, and had time for a ghost story before we set sail for home. The trip home was a fast one, with a good wind behind.

The Togos went far afield, with a yoke among her other fittings. They carried to Ellis, and then went up to explore the head of McGraw and adjacent waters. The brooks that the map shows don't amount to anything, but there are two pretty lagoons, and altogether it is a very satisfactory neighborhood. They had time to walk up Mutton Hill, which is a nice hill when you are not carrying a canoe on your head. They had a head wind down the ponds, but by hunting a lee managed to avoid most of it, and came home gaily.

There was not time for the half-past eighters to do much but go to bed. The half-past niners had "Secret Worship", on of Algeron Blackwood's stories.

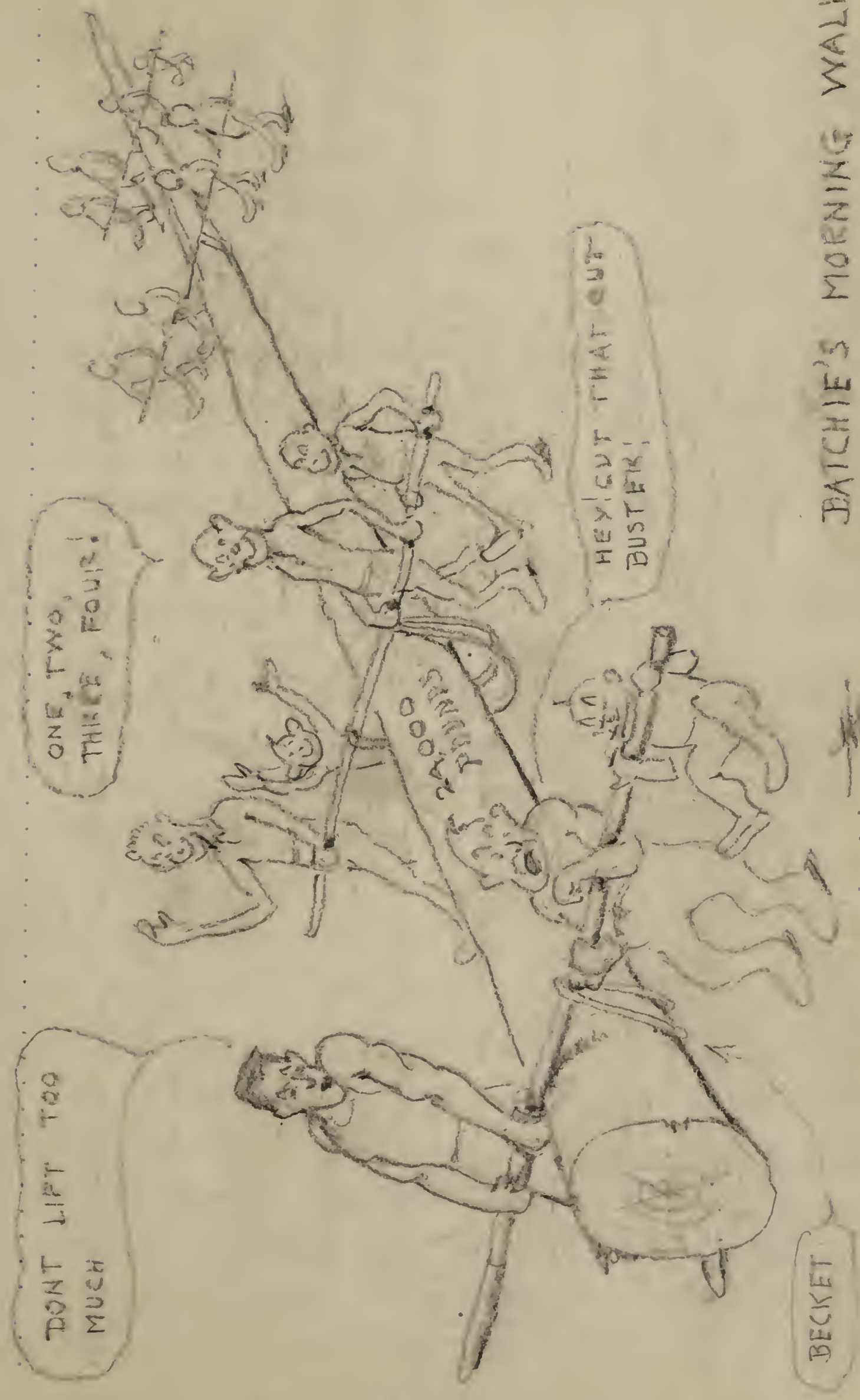
Our numbers have this day been augmented by one arrival, to wit:

*James Mott Halliwell Jr.*

He looks bigger than last year, but just as wicked.



BATCHIE'S MORNING WALKS.



ONE, TWO,  
THREE, FOUR!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT  
BUSTER!

BECKET

DONT LIPT TOO  
MUCH



# MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
J.R.	2	7	2	5	2	0	0	0	1	.714
A.D.A.	3	11	8	7	3	0	0	1	2	.636
J.A.L.	4	9	8	5	4	0	0	1	3	.555
H.D.	4	15	6	7	2	2	1	2	0	.467
Hildreth	2	8	3	3	1	0	0	1	0	.375
S.B.D.	4	14	3	5	1	0	0	4	1	.357
W.R.S.	4	17	6	6	1	0	0	6	0	.353
W. Ripley	3	10	1	3	0	0	0	3	0	.300
Nash	3	11	1	3	0	1	0	4	0	.273
H. Heard	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.250
A.F.V.	3	9	3	2	0	1	0	3	2	.222
Bradford	4	14	3	3	0	0	0	4	0	.214
C. Leland	4	12	2	2	0	0	0	6	2	.166
Hines	2	8	0	1	0	0	0	5	0	.125
N.S.W.	4	9	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	.111
Jackson	3	11	0	1	0	0	0	4	0	.091
F.D.A.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Bigelow	4	11	0	0	0	0	0	8	1	.000
Farnsworth	2	6	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
S. Heard	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Jim Hutchinson	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Ladd	4	12	0	0	0	0	0	11	0	.000
Stone	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
T. Sturges	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Wilmerding	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
W.L.P.	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000
GUESTS.										
H. Corning	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	.200
J. Corning	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	.000

# JUNIOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Nash	3	12	7	6	1	1	0	0	1	.500
W.R.S.	3	14	8	6	0	0	0	1	2	.428
S.B.D.	3	13	5	5	1	0	0	1	1	.385
C. Leland	3	13	3	5	0	0	0	2	2	.385
F.D.A.	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	.333
T. Sturges	3	10	2	3	0	0	0	2	1	.300
Ladd	3	15	3	4	2	0	0	0	0	.226
W. Ripley	3	15	5	4	0	0	0	1	1	.226
Bradford	3	16	6	4	1	0	0	2	0	.250
S. Heard	3	13	2	3	0	0	0	0	1	.230
H. Heard	2	9	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	.222
Stone	2	6	4	1	0	0	0	3	2	.167
Jim Hutchinson	3	13	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	.154
Jackson	3	13	4	2	0	0	0	2	1	.154
Bigelow	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	1	3	.143
H. Woodbridge	2	8	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	.125
Hines	3	13	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	.077
Cushman	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	.000
Farnsworth	2	9	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Jack Hutchinson	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000
Sturgis	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
GUESTS.										
H. Corning	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
P. Curtis	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000

Compiled by A.M.R.



## AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF SPORTS.

### I CHASING THE CHEVY.

This rare bird is found on the slopes of Mutton Hill, Mt. Jelly, and other lofty peaks. It is best chased by Automobile, especially the Rolls-Royce, but skilful sportsmen have used bicycles with success. As the bird has no sense of smell, it may be approached down the wind. Put two pinches of salt on its tail, one on each of the longest feathers, and it will immediately sneeze three times and expire.



### II FOOLING THE DOPESTER.

The Dopester is often so common as to be rather a pest; the fooling of it is therefore not only a sport but a duty. Many methods may be pursued. One of the most popular is to stroll carelessly by its nest with a scouting cap on your head. If you are a captain, the animal will foam at the mouth with excitement, and become so devoid of reason that it will fall readily into any trap that you may have set. Repairs to track and field material will also act as an irresistible bait.





III  
EAGLE'S NESTING.

As eagles nest in wholly inaccessible places, this sport is an exciting one. Start out in any vehicle you choose, wheelbarrow, Wobbler, Moab, or Pie-plant, in any direction. Pursue your course in a bread-line, allowing for the wind, going over or through all obstacles but not removing any cover except the table-cover. You will perhaps not find an eagle's nest, but when, if ever, you return, you will have had a varied afternoon.

IV  
CRABBING.

Some people suppose that this sport can be carried on only by the seashore, but it has been successfully developed inland. Ball-fields and their environs are especially recommended for the purpose. It is an easy game to play, as all you have to do is to growl in tones of varied ferocity

till you or your friends are exhausted. The friends generally give out, or give in, first.

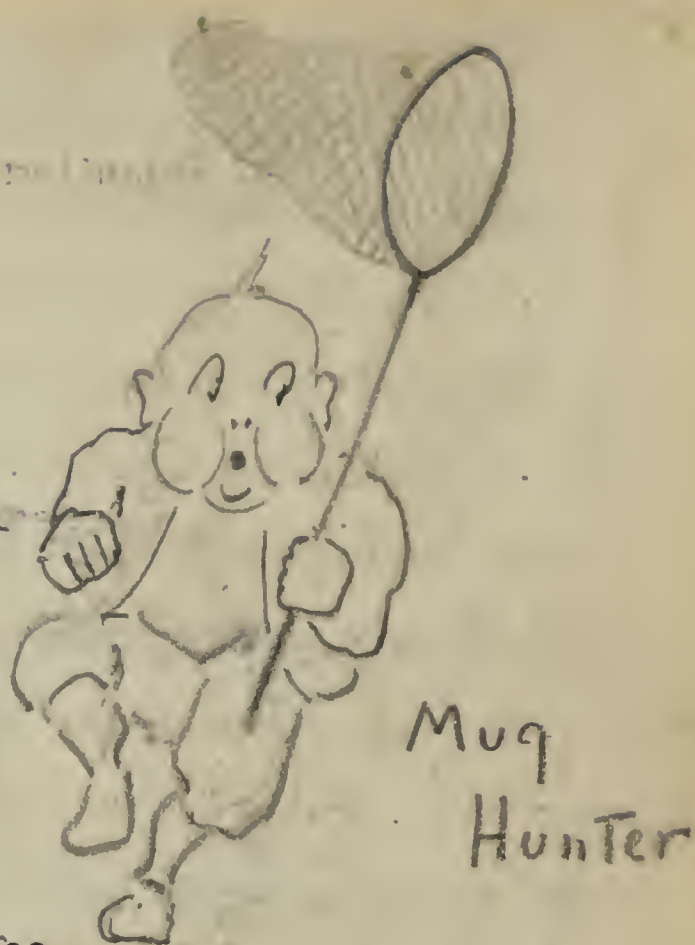
Bread Line





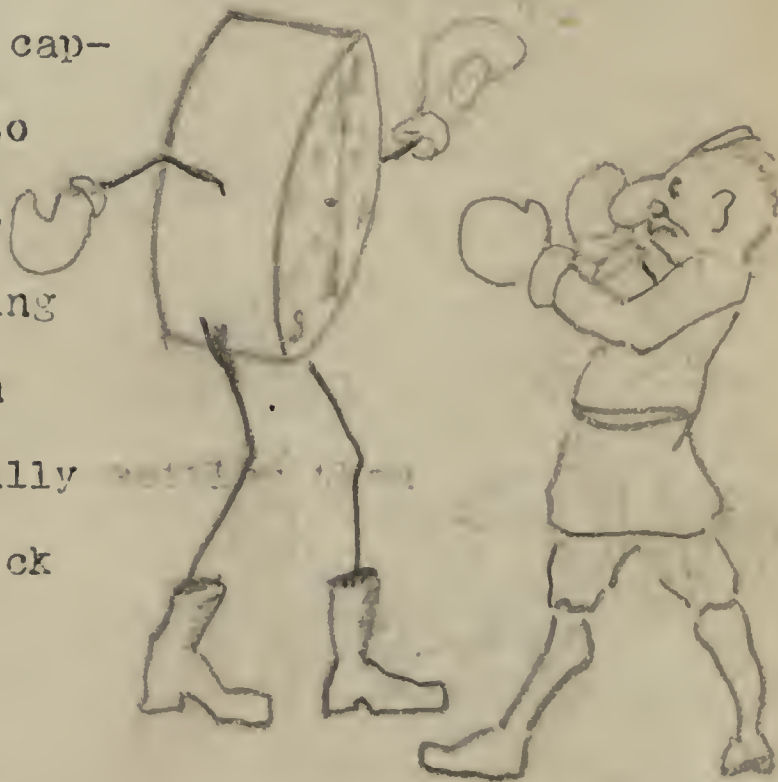
V  
HUNTING THE MUG.

As this animal is elusive, indirect methods are best. You must first collect a good number of handicaps, the bigger the better. If you stroll about with an air of indifference and incompetency, the handicaps will sometimes come and eat out of your hand. One cannot be sure of this, however, for they sometimes shy off unexpectedly and the would-be collector gets left. If your handicaps are sufficiently fat, juicy, and attractive, you need not worry. You will get your mug.



VI  
BOXING THE COMPASS.

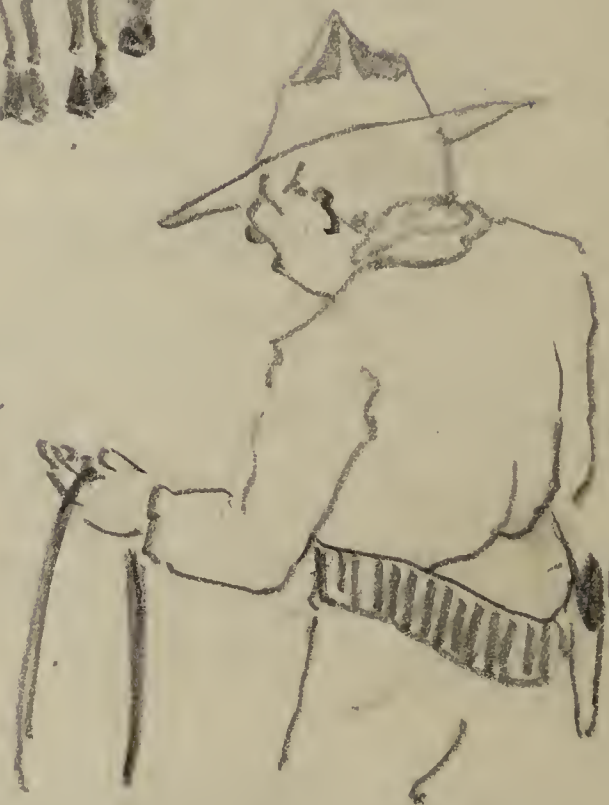
There is no trouble in obtaining a compass, as they are common in captivity. Most of them know how to box, too, except in the cheapest grades. Their attack is startling and sometimes dangerous, but an upper-cut with the left generally settles them. If this fails, stick your knife into the mast and whistle for a wind.





VII  
SLINGING THE BULL.

This rather dangerous sport is carried on chiefly in Ireland, where it has had much to do with the organization of the Sinn Fein. A tame bull will do, but the wilder he is the better. Catch him with a lasso round his left hind big toe, and swing him three times round your head, from left to right, from south to north, with the hands of the clock, with the sun. Then let go. He will shoot through space to a terrific distance, but you had better get up a tree, in case he finds his way back again.



VII  
GIVING THE GAB.

Many of us do not need to be told how to pursue this sport, as it is their daily amusement. Having a large supply of gab on hand, (it is no use to try it otherwise) hand it to everyone who cannot get away. If you opponent gets away, it scores one for him. If you can work off a large dose on him, it scores one for you. If he curses you, it scores two. If he yells, and goes for you with a paddle, you have won the game.



Gab  
Man

Escaper  
Scoring



FRIDAY  
Aug. 1,  
T. 67'  
B. 28.78

Hazy  
S.W.

to  
N.W.

This was the day of departures. All but the two Sturgeses left on the morning train, with more or less stones in their suit-cases. Ogden was sure no one could get the tiniest pebble into his, it was so full, and his amazement was great when, looking at the last minute, he found a huge slab.

It was horrid to have them go, and we hope to see them back again next year. But Jack Degen will be in Holland, so we are not likely to see him till he is a great fierce half-past niner.

Then the arrivals began. We saw a motor-boat approach, and wondered who the distinguished strangers might be. And lo and behold, it was John Sherburne and Jack Leland. They had come to the Mills by motor, spent the night there, and were all ready for swim or anything else that might come along.

The Sturgeses left just before dinner. How many rocks there were in Tom's bag we dare not say. They were put in by the shovel full. H.D. put it into the motor for him, and we hear that it took two negro porters to get it on the train. Rumor says that it weighed a hundred and fifty-seven pounds; but who weighed it we do not know.

Oh, I forgot to say that Mr. Rawle left in the morning, with the boys. We hope he will find better weather in Philadelphia than they were having when he left there.

Jack Phillips arrived by motor in the middle of the afternoon, with his father, and his uncle Mr. Hyde. They could not stay long, as they had to get back to Wenham at the first possible minute.

Just before supper L.E.R. came back, bringing with her



FRIDAY John and Charlie Wiggins to spend the night.  
(Cont'd.)

During the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Simons came for a call, with two or three friends.

The barber was here all day, shaving Shagpat. Some of us look better. But Larry Batchelder, with his head practically shaved, is not improved. We like him better with some hair.

SELECT SUNDRY STUNTS.

TOGUS.	ABOL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
C.F.B.	H.D.	W.R.S.
Sherburne	Hallowell	H. Heard
Batchelder	S. Heard	Bigelow
W. Ripley	Ladd	Williams

The Togus went over to Oak Island with two crowbars, and put in the afternoon clearing boulders out of the little bay, to make a good landing. They left enough of the island to look well, but we understand that a good deal of the back is gone.

The Abol went over to Ellis, and climbed the hill from which you look down on Messalonskee. There was time for a very select game of Skowhegan before they came back.

The Yammerschooner went to the lagoon, and brought back all sorts of fish for the aquarium.

The rest of the crowd had baseball practice, and then a great and wonderful game of pudding-ball. No list of teams was made out, but someone beat someone else 2-1.

I am going to put all the signatures here. The August boys have all come except Rube Lowell, who will be here in a few days. Togo Frothingham didn't arrive till evening, but he might as well go here too.

Jack Leland  
Theodore Frothingham  
John Wiggins  
Charles Wiggins  
Donald Miller  
Rupert Harkley  
John H. Sherburne Jr.  
John C. West  
Wharton Lowell  
Paul Harkley  
Jas Phillips  
Howard Little

FRIDAY            After supper it was Games on the Hill, and then  
(Cont'd.)  
a wild game of Towel. A towel at short range in your eye is  
rather ruinous for a while.

The half-past niners made words out of "supererogation."  
There are so many that it is almost too good.

The report of Camp White Rock is done, and will be found  
in its proper place in the July log.

The July batting averages are also done.

Twinkle, twinkle, Larry B!

Shall we get a wig for thee?

Barber really couldn't stop;

Left you like an egg on top.

I observe that I haven't mentioned the time when the  
boys arrived. It was soon after dinner, so we stopped reading  
to say hello. Stack is now a half-past niner!

Eleonora T. Coolidge.



SATURDAY      It is rather good fun running the float at early  
August 2,  
T.65'      swim when S.B.D. oversleeps. Yesterday the soaping on the  
R.28.85  
N.W.      point woke him. This time, Freddy Reynolds was sent out at  
Fair

five minutes of seven, and found him and Billy sound asleep.  
They wouldn't believe him at first when he told them what time it  
was.--And at afternoon reading we had over and over again, "Joe!  
Damn that boy, he's asleep again!"

J.G.W. went this morning, worse luck. He got some of the rocks  
out of his suit-case, and expected to spend his time on the way to  
the station fishing out the rest.

At morning reading we began "Through the Dark Continent."

A telegram this morning announces that Mr. and Mrs. Twining  
Lynes have a little son. Here's hoping that he will be as delight-  
ful as his parents.

#### Squad Notes.

A new tent was pitched this morning, east of the Mammoth.

The hangmen were a little puzzled as to what they were to  
hang, but it was only screen doors; to put new hinges in place of  
bad ones, and oil all bearings.

The locksmiths began putting rowlocks on the new oars.

And the wind rose, and before dinner Joe and Smeddy passed  
the canoe test. They started at Pickerel, and went round two boats,  
as in shore we got a bit of a lee. We understand that where they  
were lees were not of frequent occurrence. Three cheers for both!

Mr. and Mrs. Ladd arrived late in the morning, and we were glad  
to have Bob on hand for them. Last year he was off on a camping -  
trip, as no one knew they were coming. That is the only trouble  
with a surprise; it does not always work. We kept them to dinner, and  
they were able to stay on for good part of the afternoon. Bob thought



SATURDAY they could make Poland Springs in an hour, but  
(Cont'd.)  
they thought differently.

right after dinner A.F.V. passed the canoe test. So we have three new canoe men in camp, which is a proud thing to have. Hi for the next one!

MAJOR LEAGUE BALL GAME.  
RECALCITRANT SENATORS VS. LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

This game was not quite so close as we might have wished, for the Senators were in a hitting mood, and batted one pitcher out of the box in two innings. That gave them a lead of eight runs. After that they picked up four more, while their opponents could only get round once in all seven innings.

The wind was right behind the bat, and we had three home runs! A.D.A., who batted for a thousand, made two of the, S.B.D. the third.

A.F.V., who took the mound in the third inning, struck out ten men in the next five. Pretty lively, after a canoe test.

### Best Batting Averages.

A.D.A.	1,000
J.A.L.	1,000
A.F.V.	.666
N.S.W.	.666
S.Heard	.333

Saratoga			vs. League of August 2										at								
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	2		1 W. R. S.	5	<del>◇</del>	03		K	<del>◇</del>	P3							5	1	1		
2	1		2 S. B. D.	6	K	<del>◇</del>		P3	K								4	1	1		
2	4		3 J. A. L.	1	<del>◇</del>	<del>◇</del>		<del>◇</del>		<del>◇</del>							2	4	2		
9	2		4 A. D. S.	2	<del>◇</del>	<del>◇</del>		<del>◇</del>		<del>◇</del>							4	3	4		
8	0		5 R. B. C.	3	03	<del>◇</del>		K		(K)							4	0	1		
0	0		6 C. W.	8	K	03			<del>◇</del>	K							3	1	0		
0	1		7 Ladd	4		03	K		<del>◇</del>								4	0	1		
0	0		8 S. Heard	9		<del>◇</del>	K		<del>◇</del>		03						3	1	1		
0	0		9 Harburne	7		<del>◇</del>	K		K		K						4	1	1		
			10																		
			11																		
21	10		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	3	5	0	8	2	1	1	12	0			33	12	12	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
				1	7	1-b. on errors.											3	1	3		



[illegible]

BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
JACKSONS VS. STACKPOLES.

These were not the official names, but the score card does not give them, and at six a.m. on Sunday I do not see how I can ask anyone. After all, the names of the two pitchers identify them.

Both pitchers seem to have been fairly easy to hit, as the score ran up into the thirties for the winners. Jackson's team led off with seven runs in the first inning, and made another string of seven in the fifth. Stack's team did the same in the fifth, and runs came across in smaller bunches at frequent intervals.

Neither game could go more than seven innings, as the canoe test had made us late in starting.

vs.		of										vs.		of							
Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1	Townsend	4										1	Wesley								2-0
2	T. D. ...						K			K	K	2	Edgar	3							
3	...	7										3	Stone	4							
4	Horne	2										4	...	9						1-3	
5	...	1										5	Short ...							3-0	K
6	Big ...	3										6	Holmes	2							
7	...	5										7	...	7							
8	...	8										8	...	5							
9	...	9										9	...	8							
10												10									
11												11									
TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.										TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.							
Hours..... Mins.....												Hours..... Mins.....									



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

C.F.B. took all who were not playing ball off on an expedition by land. They went over east, and followed the Howland Hill road to where it turns north. Then they took a wood-road leading south, and struck McGraw Pond just above the Narrows. Half their time was gone. The question was put: "Shall we go home twice as fast, and have a swim now?" It was unanimously carried, and they swam. And then they beat it. Fifty-five minutes from the head of McGraw to Camp is going some. Three were a little late, but they wouldn't have been if Charlie Ripley hadn't left his wrist watch. All but the three were on hand when the horn blew for supper, hair brushed and neckties on.

#### CHARADES.

TENDERFOOT. The first two syllables went together; A.N.R. as a tender aunt, trying to manage a very troublesome family. They were not to be managed, except by promises of ice-cream. The second scene showed three ladies, Eliot, S. Heard and Haskell. Enter John Sherburne, in quest of a maiden who could wear the slipper he had found at the ball. The two older sisters tried it, but it was no use. Squeeze as they might, the shoe would not go on. Then Cinderella (Haskell) emerged blushing from her corner, and slipped it on easily. (It was his own shoe) So the united lovers went off, to be married at once. For the whole word, Harry Jackson appeared, very dressy, in an out-of-the-way western inn. Sherburne, the proprietor, sized him up, and signaled to some "friends" of his, C.F.B., S.B.D., and F.D.A. They were a trio to frighten anyone, but the victim was ready to settle down to cards with them. Of course they cheated him, picked a quarrel with him, and finally robbed him.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

POTTAWOTTAMIES.

The first four syllables ran in pairs. First R.B.C. appeared as an eastern potter, working at his wheel. As he was engaged in a hot dispute with a would-be purchaser, G. Woodbridge came riding in on a donkey, and upset his whole outfit. The next scene was in a train, in extremely dry weather. And to make it worse, they were going through a dry town. So when J.R. came in with a large supply of bottle<sup>s</sup>, and told them with a very wicked leer of the "delicious spring water" that he had for sale, they all bought largely, at 2.00 per. He cautioned them not to drink till they got beyond the dry town, and left. When the danger point was passed they pulled out the corks. And it was spring water after all. The fifth syllable was superb. J.R. was training a chorus of twelve on a wonderful cantata. The words were simple: "Twelve dirty shirts a-hanging in the Miz." The tune also was not elaborate. But the range of feeling, the variety of expression and time, which the inspired conductor drew from his singers, beggars description. For the whole word we went to history. There lay John Smith, bound and helpless at the feet of Powhatan (A.F.V.) who looked very impressive with a tall hat cocked over one eye. The savages danced wildly round, the fatal axe was on the point of descending, when Pocahontas (Leland) flung herself on the prostrate form of the white man, and saved his life. We had forgotten that this happened among the Pottawottamies; in fact we rather think it didn't. But who is pedantic enough to care?

MYSTIC.

First we saw a country station, with everyone asleep. Stack finally succeeded in waking them up one by one, and getting a ticket, but he missed the train. In fact the porter (Bigelow) was rather surprised to find that he wanted his trunk to go on the train.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

For the second scene, W. Hipley was mixing lemonade. He said he put only two drops of anything stronger in it, but the three ladies who partook of it, J.A.L., A.D.A., and N.S.W., were entirely overcome by the effects, and finally collapsed in three separate heaps. For the whole word we had Belshazzar's feast. The king, A.D.A., reclined among his guests, while dancers entertained them. Suddenly a hand wrote the mystic words on the blackboard, and the wretched monarch <sup>cowered</sup> ~~cowered~~ and cringed.

ARMISTICE. The first scene was extremely dramatic. W.A.G., a Highland chief, was celebrating the betrothal of his daughter, E.C., to H.D. The usquebaugh revolved, Frog piped merrily, and all was gay. Suddenly a wild figure rushed in, holding aloft the fiery cross. In a moment all was changed. The men rushed to the fray, and the lady was left lamenting. For "missed", we had W.A.G. and H.D. trying to catch a train, to go to a convention. They mixed their clothes, they squabbled, and when they finally went out their suit-cases were about as hopeless as Tom Sturges's bag. They missed the train, of course. And when W.A.G. saw what hat he had on, he thought perhaps it was just as well. The third syllable was brief and exciting. A crowd were skating on a pond, where a sign said "Danger." In a moment Welsh fell in, but was rescued by his friends. The whole word was superb. H.D. as Marshal Foch sat, surrounded by his aides, awaiting the approach of the German envoy. At last he appeared, curling his moustache, and cursing under his breath. The mixture of weakness and brutality that W.A.G. managed to convey was masterly. He signed, and stalked away, muttering "A time will come," or words to that effect in German.

And then we began "The Thirty-nine Steps."



SUNDAY      A glorious day, marred only by the departure of W.A.G.  
August 3rd.  
T.62'      and the Wigginses, who left about eleven o'clock.  
B.28.90  
Clear      We hoped for canoe tests, but the wind thought not.  
N.W.

There was some very good practice, however, and at the same time West and Elting passed the swimming test.

At afternoon reading we began "Julius Caesar."

The afternoon list was ingeniously hidden. A sign on the wrong door told us to look on the other door. We looked, but saw nothing but a weather report. Finally someone turned the weather report over, and there on the other side, printed very neat and small, was the list:

At 3-45

SKOWHEGAN!!

in Millard's Pasture

followed by

Supper on

Merryweather Beach.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.

A.M.R.	R.B.
C.F.B.	H.D.
H.H.F.	J.A.L.
A.F.V.	S.B.D.
W.R.S.	F.D.A.

P.R.

G.R.

U.B.

The second and third passengers puzzled some, but finally the idea penetrated.

The games of Skowhegan were very good. In the first no runs were made, but the Chimpanzees won by two shots. Farnsworth made four of the nine shots for his side.

In the second game the runs began to come in. The Chimpanzees won again, nine runs to five. They also had the advantage in shots,



SUNDAY though the account does not balance exactly.  
(Cont'd.)

In the third the Baboons rallied their forces, and beat their rivals three runs to nothing.

The company then adjourned to the beach, and met the Ouananiche just as she landed.

Stackpole			1		Leland		X		
A. D. A.	X	X	..	X	W. R. S.	X	..	X	..
S. B. D.	X	X	..		R. E. C.	..	X	..	..
N. S. W.		X		X	M. P.	X	X		X
E. R. C.				X	Hines		X		1
Bradford		X	1	X	Frothingham			1	..
Jackson	X	X		..	Coolidge		X	X	..
W. P. Pease		X		X	Jim Hutch			1	..
S. Heard	..	..	1	X	Bigelow		X	X	..
H. Woodbridge	X	X	1	X	L. Tower		..	1	X
Stone		X	..	..	Hallowell	X	X	X	..
Jack Hutch.	X	X	..	1	F. D. A.				
F. Miller		X	1	..	Greenberg	X	X	X	..
G. Woodbridge					D. Miller		X	X	..
Richardson		..	1		Haskell	X	X	X	..
Reynolds	..	X	1		West	X	X	X	..
Chapman				X	Eltong	X			1
Chaw		X			Eliot			X	..
W. Tower					C. Ripley		X	..	X
Williams	..	X		X	Matthews	X	X	X	..
Batchelder					Hubbard		X		..
Welsh	X	X			Phillips			1	X
Farnsworth	..	..		X	Sherburne		..	1	..
H. Heard	X	..	1	X	Ladd	..	X	..	..
7 9 0 12 16 9 12 13 2					7 7 0 16 18 5 17 18 2				

We do not often work at a picnic, but the Ouananiche had come armed for the fray, with block and tackle and two crowbars. There seemed no reason why Louville Cook's horrid old motor boat should sit in the middle of our picnic place, especially as he has plenty of beach of his own, so we moved it. We asked Mrs. Cook, and she said certainly we might. Kind of her, when it was trespassing on our land.

They bailed the rain-water out, and then slid her down into the water. She moved along slowly, filling at every seam, to say nothing of a large hole, and when they headed her round to the beach she was pretty well full. "She was a most dis-



SUNDAY            graceful tow."  
(Cont'd.)

Then things were rigged, and with much shoving and hauling she was got clear of the water. He is not likely ever to put her into commission again, anyhow; he isn't that kind. She will probably sit there till she crumbles to pieces; and he will say that we damaged her so that he couldn't use her.

Boat moving and cocoa-making took a good while. Several of the boat-movers were a little damp, and C.F.B.'s trousers had got damp enough to take the crease out of them. But it was warm in the lee of the trees, and the fire was a good one, so no one seemed to mind.

The cocoa boiled over once or twice, but there was plenty left, and it was very popular. We had no time for singing, but went home as soon as the last spoon was found, marching in fours. The road is very dusty, but the lagoon would be a little muddy.

After hymns we had "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat."

MONDAY Thid morning C.F.B. began telling us things about  
Aug. 4,  
T. 61' physiography; that is, about the surface of the earth,  
B. 25.99  
N. and why it is the way it is, especially in our  
Cloudy.

own neighborhood.

Early

rain. M.P. and R.B.C. tried to leave us this morning, but  
as Charles Anderson Jr. had forgotten about the order, there  
was nothing doing. R.B.C. got off on the noon train, but we have  
our July lady with us for another day.

Oh it's sad to go a-Maying, when the may is out of bloom,  
Or other grievous hap may disappoint;

But I'm sure to fill my basket, every pleasant Sabbath  
morn,  
When I gather Ivory Soap along the Point!

R.R.

Speaking of the Point, Skowhegan after swim is the latest  
and some warriors play so late that they hardly get in to  
dinner. Look out, brothers. Don't overdo a good thing.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Bradstreet brought out four  
of the Shaws, en route for Fourway Lodge, and with them Johnny  
Wiggins for a little visit. C.A.S. arrived at almost the same  
moment on his motor-cycle.

R.R. went in by the same conveyance, for a night in  
Gardiner.

But the dopesters were fooled. This  
list was posted after dinner, and they  
started at half-past two! Stack thinks  
there's something rotten in the state  
of Denmark, but is too glad to start on  
a trip to mind.

Camping Trip  
August 4<sup>th</sup>

Batchelder  
Leland  
Ripley, W.  
Stackpole  
Woodbridge, H.

A.T.V.

Williwaw  
Yammerschooner



MONDAY

(Cont'd.)

BOG AND BICKFORD.

Paddle out, Walk Home.

OUANANICHE.

C.F.B.

N.S.W.	F.D.A.
Bigelow	Jackson
D. Miller	Eliot
S. Heard	Jack Hutchinson
W. Tower	Elting
Matthews	
Reynolds	
Smedberg	
Welsh	
G. Woodbridge	

Walk out, Paddle Home.

OUANANICHE.

H.D.

M.P.	E.R.C.
A.D.A.	Bradford
Frothingham	Stone
C. Ripley	Jim Hutchinson
Coolidge	F. Miller
Chapman	
Phillips	
Richardson	
L. Tower	
Williams	

MT. JELLY.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.

WOKROMONTOGUS.

EBENEZER.

J.R.	W.R.S.	S.B.D.
Hines	Hallowell	H. Heard
West	Hubbard	Haskell
Sherburne	Ladd	Farnsworth

The Paddlers-out went without incident as far as Stony Point, where C.F.B. landed, to cut across the fields to Furbush's, and see him about getting some more stove wood over. N.S.W. steered the ship of state as far as Goose Beach, where her captain joined her again. They landed on the bog, and found the log crossing, though it is not so well-worn as it was last year. The blueberry crop on the bog is not up to the mark. On their way up the back of Bickford they met the other crew, and C.F.B. went back with them to show them the crossing, as it is a bit blind. After that some walked home, and some ran.

H.D. and the other squad reversed the process, and made good weather all the way. Whether they would have found the log crossing unaided, who can say? (I doubt it. I couldn't last year, though I had been over it once.)

The three canoes, led by the four Johns in the Abol, went to the Mills, and marched to Mt. Jelly by way of the ice-cream store. It is important to lay in provisions, you know, before a trip. They climbed their lofty peak, and recuperated with more ice-cream on the



MONDAY            way home. They also met the campers, and gave them  
(Cont'd.)  
their blessing.

The stay-at-homes, two of them at least, stuffed eggs. This sounds like a mild sport, but just try it. R.B. was at it steadily for over three hours. A.M.R. had a vacation of half an hour or more, attending to callers, and M.P. and E.R.C. came in on the home stretch. At supper the whole company stuffed eggs, even to tenths and elevenths.

The first caller was Dr. Adams, from Camp Kennebec, who came riding down like Paul Revere. He is a classmate of A.F.V., and hoped to see him, but not having a telescope and periscope combined, he couldn't.

Then came Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, who hoped we might be able to take their boy and his tutor, right off. But we couldn't. So we fed them with doughnuts, and they departed. They might have gone to Jericho (they really live there) but they were going only to York Harbor. As they had taken five hours to get here from Gardiner, they seemed likely to be rather late home.

While we were at supper J.R. slipped off by the evening train, for a little visit at Squam.

After supper came Games on the Hill. This time it was soccer, and so hot a game that some had to retire and repair damages before they could appear.

Quiet Games, and then making words out of supereragation closed the day.



TUESDAY This morning we found that there had been great mortal-  
Aug. 5, ity among the perch in the aquarium, owing to fungus. A  
T. 62' good deal of cleaning was done, more bladderwort put in,  
B. 29.09  
Cloudy N.  
and now we hope all will go well.

This time M.P. really went, alas! But we realize that she has a family, and we are glad to have had her for one month.

At morning reading we finished "Pilgrim's Progress."

A cribbing squad was announced this morning; and across the bottom of C.F.B.'s copy of the list was written, "Keep off the C. & S.C. right of way." People who don't know what that means had better read "Calumet K" and find out.

The Lubbers' Slip, which went adrift in the northwest blow, is now ready for business again.

Just after dinner arrived the last of the August boys. Certainly not the least, for he has grown like Jack's beanstalk.

*Wharton Lowell*

BUMPLEPUPPY BASEBALL.  
BUMBLES VS. PUPPIES.

These games have been so exciting that this time we have a score card. We couldn't seem to number the extra fielders, so a good deal of the fielding is obscure, but hits, outs, and runs are all there. It was a hotly contested game, from start to finish, and the players certainly deserved their swim.

FISHING.

<u>EREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>ARKLET.</u>
F.D.A.	S.B.D.	C.F.B.	Frothingham	Farnsworth
Shaw	D. Miller	West	Hubbard	F. Miller
Richardson	C. Ripley	Haskell		G. Woodbridge
	Phillips	Matthews		1 bass
	2 bass	2 bass		

Total number of fish, 5.

Not a very good afternoon, in spite of the fact that three of the boats stayed out to supper.



Puppie vs. Bumblebee

Buzzbles v. Pupp



TUESDAY      The reason that Chapman disappeared from the game so  
(Cont'd.)  
early was that his family and friends came over; Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Church, and young Church, who is just about Bob's age. They stayed for a swim, and then went back to the Salmon Lake house, where they are spending the night. They will be over tomorrow.

A little later R. R. came back, with Mrs. Robinson, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Henson, and Mrs. Darling. They stayed only a little while, as they were getting back to Gardiner for supper.

After supper it was Boats, to everyone's great joy. As so many boats were out a few of us got left, but we went up the shore, built a fire, and told stories. We also saw how exfoliation may be caused by heat, for three pieces shelled off one stone of our fireplace.

At eight o'clock A. F. V. and his campers came home in good trim. They camped at Beaver Spring, and climbed Rocky Mountain.

The half-past niners went on with "The Thirty-nine Steps."

Bertie Bigelow and Lucky Tower were rather out of repair all the afternoon, and decided not to try supper. Stuffed eggs last night were a probable cause, combined with blueberry pie at dinner; and friend Badger murmurs something about green apples on the way back from Bickford Hill. So we are not seeking far for the cause of their indisposition. They were up for the evening, anyhow, as gay as possible.



WEDNESDAY      This morning the Fays left us. Poor Mrs. Fay has  
Aug. 6,  
T. 69'      been in bed with a nurse for the latter part of her  
B. 29.10  
cloudy      visit, but she is feeling much better, and we hope to  
S.E.

hear good news of her. As for H.H.F., there is no doubt  
that his leg is much better than it was when he came. It is  
stronger, and actually bigger. We hope that he may be back  
later.

With them went L.E.F., to spend a few days at Squam. She  
hopes to get back Saturday, and we hope she will, for when she  
goes away it rather knocks the bottom out of things.

This morning the Chapmans borrowed Bobby for a morning's  
fishing, and returned him after dinner.

The planking in front of the shop has been done over  
thoroughly, and even Pirate Bill can walk along it without  
fear of falling through. The fence is also being reconstructed.

A.F.V. and W. Ripley had a rather strenuous morning, for  
they paddled over to Beaver Springs to look for the two  
hatchets that they left on their camping trip. Unfortunately  
someone else had already found them.

#### SOCCER AND BOAT-BUILDING.

The~~se~~ afternoon divided into halves. From three o'clock  
the seniors built boats, and the juniors played soccer. At  
half-past four they shifted.

Both games were very lively. In the junior game the  
Squashes beat the Pumpkins 3-0. Hubbard shot the first goal,  
Elting the other two.

The senior game was closer, H.D.'s team winning by one  
goal. That was made fairly early in the game, too. It looked as  
if the game might have to be called for supper, but it ended  
properly. And the players managed to get in a swim before



WEDNESDAY supper, too.  
(Cont'd.)

After supper, as we had nearly an hour before sing-song, we had Digestion Club; all of us, that is, who were not rehearsing.

#### SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Songs.....A.D.A., F.D.A.
3. Piano Solo.....E.R.C.
4. Choruses.....Forty Years On, Drink Puppy, Camp Chanty.
5. G.H.S. Trio.....Hildreth, Monaghan, Dudley.
6. Stunt, "Malice in Blunderland,".....Tutors and Tutees.
7. Stunt.....The Prefects.

#### Camp Song.

Our overture was varied this time by a somewhat mystic episode. At the proper moment Frog tip-toed toward the pantry door, but did not open it; and from the pantry we heard the sound of breaking dishes.

The Ashburns gave us "Mandalay", "Daniel", and a wonderful new song, "I'm A-rolling", which set everyone singing or keeping time. Why wouldn't it be a good chorus?

E.R.C. gave us one of the loveliest of the Chopin preludes, with "The Long, Long Trail" as an encore.

The G.H.S. <sup>trio</sup> was in great form. Their first number was the "Flower-song", and then they gave us "The Campbells are Coming", and "The Irish Washerwomen", with great spirit.

The tutoring stunt was a new version of "Alice", adapted to camp surroundings. We began with the mad tea-party, Coolidge as Alice, Bradford as the March Hare, Jackson as the Hatter, Jack Hutch as the Dormouse. Humpty Dumpty, who sat on a wall in the corner, was ably portrayed by W. Tower. He fell off, of course, and it was suggested that he was now scrambled, and might be eaten. So he scrambled.



WEDNESDAY West and Elting were very fine as Tweedledum and  
(Cont'd.)  
Tweedledee, but we did not see the fight, as they adjourned to  
the Tutorium.

Last appeared A.D.A. as Father William, and N.S.W. as his  
son. They recited the immortal verses with appropriate action,  
and how A.D.A. managed to stand on his head so incessantly, we  
we do not see.

The prefects appeared in gorgeous apparel, hats included.  
They were very solemn at first, and then had a good laugh, to  
work off steam. Then they began to sing; a string of songs  
about each of the faculty, each to a different tune. They were  
first-rate, and we shouted for more. We give the words below.

After sing-song we thought of Boston, but as everyone  
wanted the story, we read. Things get more and more exciting.  
And do you realize that there are thirty-nine steps leading  
to the Mammoth Cave? Who knows what strange things may happen  
among us!

The Faculty.

N.S.W.

(Tune, "Frenchy")

Oh! Mr. Walker, Oh! Mr. Walker,

Although your language is new to me,

When you say, "Oui, oui, la, la",

Somehow I feels that you mean me, la, la.

Mr. Walker, Oh! Mr. Walker,

You tutoring is a mystery;

Tenspinks? No thanks! You really can't mean me!

But say, he did, he certainly did,

And Mr. Walker walked all over me.



A.D.A.

(Tune, "Madelon".)

When Mr. Ash is walking down the slope,  
And sees a melon or a cantelope,  
Does he go off at a gentle lope?  
No, his face lights up with hope!  
He says, "I oft have heard of German Rhine,  
But what's Coblenz to Watermelon rine?  
Or any fruits that grow upon a vine.  
Thirds, sir? Yes, sir, oh! Watermelon's fine!

C.F.B. Jr.

(Tune, "Monte Cristo")

Mr. Ba-atthelder says "The world is mine!"  
Just a barren island he thinks is divine.  
Just a lot of rowboats, just a lot of sand,  
Goodness, Mr. Batchy, how on earth could that be grand?  
You'd have no dormitories, kids telling stories,  
You'd have no beackets there;  
You'd have no paddle-stickings, small boy lickings,  
Just a lot of sunshine and Ayer.  
You'd have no morning swim or evening song,  
You'd only shovel sand the whole day long.  
You'd soon be sighing, crying, others would be dying,  
Yet you'd say it would be fine!

H.D.

(Tune, "Casey Jones")

Come on, you rounders, if you want to hear  
All about an engine from a true engineer.  
You'd all better listen, if you don't then jump,  
'Cause there's two opposing forcers what's a-goin'  
to bump.  
Hallowell, two opposing forces!  
Hallowell, what's a-going' to bump.



Mr.D.,two opposing forces,  
Twoq opposing forces what's a-goin' to bump.

He'll tell you 'bout a flivver or a stingaree,  
A Packard or a Simplex or a Chevrolee.  
But if you ask him 'bout the Mammoth Cave at night,  
It's just feeding worms to fishes,  
He's sure to bite.

Hallowell,feeding worms to fishes;

Hallowell,he's sure to bite;

Mr.D.,feeding worms to fishes.

It's like feeding worms to fishes,he's just sure to bite.

J.A.L.Jr.

( Tune,"Carrying On.")

Of course everyone of you here has heard

Of Mr.Dome Lowell,that marvelous bird.

He runs the Camp business,he buys all the food;

When good it's just perfect,when bad it is good.

My word,ain't he carryin' on!

It's wondrous to think upon!

Just the same last Monday morn

Poor old Domey looked forlorn,

But he still kept right on carryin' on,

And he still goes on carryin' on.

A.F.V.

( Tune,"Annie Laurie.")

I once had a little a-ache,

You may have had one too.

And I went to Doc Voshell,

To ask him what to do.



The things he did to me  
They ne'er forgot will be;  
And from Doc Voshell's treatment  
I'll lay me doon and dee.

J.R.

"Tune, "Oh bring the Wagon home, John")  
Oh bring the Ouanny home, John,  
It will not hold us all.  
You used to ride about in it  
When you were very small.  
But now you simply pick it up  
And carry it instead.  
It goes to some place in your hand,  
Comes back on Batchy's head.

H.R.

There's one master yet to whom we haven't sung a song.  
To leave him out would be very very wrong.  
He runs this little camp of ours, has run it all along;  
We make our little bow to the Skipper!  
My word, ain't he carryin' on!  
It's marvelous to think upon.  
If in trouble or in doubt  
We just hunt the Skipper out,  
And the whole blame world goes carryin' on,  
Yes, the whole world goes carryin' on!

F.D.A.



THURSDAY      It was wet enough to put us into rubber or  
 Aug. 7,  
 T. 65'      leather shoes, but there was no rain after break-  
 B. 28.90  
 Cloudy      fast.  
 E.

Captain Miller came over to-day, to see his two. We kept  
 Rain  
 before him to supper, and he is coming over again tomorrow  
 seven.  
 to see the swimming.

FISHING: SUPPERS OUT.

EREBUS.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	IDEBTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
H.D.	F.D.A.	N.S.W.	A.D.A.	Ladd
West	Shaw	Hallowell	Hubbard	F. Miller
Coolidge	Phillips	Matthews	Haskell	Elting
G. Wood.	L. Tower	Smedberg	2 bass	2 bass
	4 bass	2 bass		

YAMMER.	ARKLET.	PROMETHEAN SUPPERS OUT.
S.B.D.	Farnsworth	C.F.B. Jr.
D. Miller	Batchelder	Lowell
Richardson	W. Tower	C. Ripley
	2 bass	Welsh
	1 perch	Reynolds
		Jack Hutchinson

Total number of fish, 13.

The Prometheans went up to the Pine Parlor, pitched a  
 tent, cooked and ate supper, and then cleaned and packed up  
 thoroughly.

The others built boats, and several boats are beginning to  
 look well. But the man who splits his third boat, and then comes  
 down on some pretext and hangs round doing nothing, is a poor  
 sport.

Twinkle, twinkle, little boat!  
 How I wonder if you'll float.  
 If I caulk you with shellac,  
 You will sail to Spain and back.  
 Twinkle, twinkle, little sail!  
 Can you weather out a gale?



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

If I oil you well enough,  
Sure that ought to make you tough.

Twinkle, twinkle, little mast!  
How I wonder if you'll last.  
You are even, straight, and true,  
So I guess you'll have to do.

At five o'clock there was <sup>a</sup> cross country run, in which most of the boat-builders entered. They ran up to Pine Beach, and then came back by the road, stopping their sprint at the culvert, as it is tough work sprinting up the hill. The leaders were as follows:

Sherburne  
Leland  
Stackpole  
H. Heard

As we were a small number at supper we dissolved the Tink, and left out one joint of the big table; so the lady butlers had an easy time of it.

J.R. got home in time for supper, and reports all well at Squam. Pretty good to have him home again.

After supper we adjourned to the Point, and had stories round a fire till nearly half past eight.

Then, as the moon was out, and it was a quiet night, we had half-past nine boats, for the first time this year.



FISHING SONG.

(Air, "Three Jolly Huntsmen.")

There were some jolly Campers,  
As I have heard them say,  
And they would go a-fishing  
Upon a summer's day.  
Look a-there, look a-there!  
Look a-there, my lads, look a-there!

And all day they fished,  
And nothing did they find,  
But a bass undersized,  
And that they left behind.  
One said 'twas big enough,  
And one said nay;  
One said the Warden lived  
Not a hundred yards away.  
Look a-there! etc.

And all day they fished,  
And nothing did they find,  
But a monster pickerel,  
And that they left behind.  
One said the critter'd bite,  
And one said nay;  
One said "I vote we don't give him  
The chance anyway."  
Look a-there! etc.

And all day they fished,  
And nothing did they find  
But a twirly wirly eel,  
And that they left behind.  
One said it was an eel,  
And one said nay;  
'Twas just a great big angle-wum  
He dropped there tother day.  
Look a-there! etc.

And all day they fished,  
And nothing did they find  
But an old horned pout,  
And that they left behind.  
One said it was a pout,  
And one said nay.  
One said it was the devil,  
And they all ran away.  
Look a-there, look a-there!  
Look a-there, my lads, look a-there!

L.E.R.



FRIDAY      This weather report told the truth when it was posted.  
AUG. 8,  
T. 69'      What little wind there was came from the southwest, but  
B. 28.65  
Fog      it was almost calm. The fog was very slow about lifting,  
S.W.

and some thought we were in for a grey day. Suddenly the wind whipped round to northwest, and in a few minutes the pond was running white-caps. It roared all the rest of the day. (I picked the scattered sheets of a hole block of paper up, all the way up the bank to the vegetable garden.)

It did not get up quite to canoe test pitch in the morning, and in the afternoon we had another engagement.

Just before swim Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder arrived. There is nothing more delightful than a surprise, when it comes off successfully. Neither C.F.B. Jr. nor Larry knew they were this side of New Hampshire. We kept them most of the day, and they are coming over again tomorrow morning.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Williams came, and we kept them so supper.

Just how many really bit when H.D. asked how many wanted to fish, we have no means of knowing. A good many hands went up, and some apparently really thought fishing was the dope. The point of the little picture that was posted on the door is plain, we think, to the meanest intelligence.

It was fine scouting weather, and we had still four afternoons. Of course it was scouting.





FRIDAY  
(Cont'd.)

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The first game went to the Algonquins, by one run to none. They also had a slight lead on shots.

The Iroquois won the second game, five runs to none, also with a lead of two shots.

The third game was a big victory for the Iroquois, giving them a lead of three games on the season. It was cancelled by agreement, however, for the following reason: Matthews was shot by S.B.D. He heard his name, but following his excited imagination instead of his sight (things were pretty lively just then) he concluded that S.B.D. was already dead, and that therefore he himself was not dead. Going on this theory he went on playing, and killed two Algonquin guards. Then the runs began piling up.

Of course no one can tell just how much difference there would have been if Matthews had accepted the shot which he heard. Someone else might have killed those same two guards. And it certainly was pretty fine of the Iroquois to cut their lead down to two again, and give up a game in which most of them had played hard and well.

As illustrations of the excitement in the last game, we may mention that one Algonquin murdered a man on his own side, and that two Iroquois committed suicide. The latter may be partly explained by the terrific noise of wind and waves on the shore. It was very hard to tell what you were hearing, anywhere west of the ridge.

N.S.W. and West each scored three runs in the third game, and a good many Iroquois made two.

Sherburne made seven shots in the afternoon, five in



# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.		•		X		
J.R.		•		X		
J.A.L.		•		X		
A.D.A.	X	•		X		
S.B.D.	X	•		X		
A.M.R.	X	•		X		
Bradford	X			X		
Chapman	X			X		
Coolidge	X			X		
Eliot	X			X		
Elting	X			X		
Farnsworth		•		X		
Hallowell		•		X		
Haskell		•		X		
Hines		•		X		
Hubbard		•		X		
Hutchinson, Jas.		•		X		
Ladd	X			X		
Leland	X			X		
Lowell		•		X		
Richardson		•		X		
Ripley, C.		•		X		
Ripley, W.	X			X		
Slone	X			X		
Tower, W.		•		X		
Williams		•		X		
Woodbridge, H.		•		X		
13		16	1	13	11	0

Game cancelled by agreement

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X	•				
A.P.V.		•		X	•	
N.S.W.	X				•	
F.D.A.	X	•		X		
W.R.S.	X			X		
Batchelder	X			X		
Bigelow	X	•		X		
Frothingham	X			X		
Heard, H.		•		X		
Heard, S.		•		X		
Hutchinson, Jno.		•		X		
Jackson	X			X		
Matthews	X			X		
Miller, F.		•		X		
Miller, D.		•		X		
Phillips	X			X		
Reynolds	X			X		
Shaw	X			X		
Sherburne		•		X		
Smedberg	X			X		
Stackpole		•		X		
Tower, L.	X	•		X		
Welsh		•		X		
West	X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X			X		
16		13	0	11	13	5

Game cancelled by agreement

FRIDAY            one game. C.F.B. and Bigelow each made six.  
(Cont'd.)

After supper we had our customary dope talks, and then Dumb Crambo. The words were gait, cling, vow, and gnu. The last was not acted, as half-past eight was called while other parts of the alphabet were being tried.

C.F.B. and Bob Ladd spent most of the evening paddling over to telephone, to see if the former could get an appointment with the dentist and get his tooth put in. He bit a rock in scouting, and the tooth did not like it.

We were pretty weary after scouting, but we were up to one short walk, and we took it; "Thirty-nine Steps". If it had been forty, we should have declined. As it was, we reclined instead. We shall finish it with another reading.



SATURDAY? This morning C.F.B. went in to Aubusta with his  
Aug. 9, family, to get his tooth repaired. They brought him back  
T. 56' tooth and all, so we had another delightful glimpse of  
R. 28.99 N.W.  
Clear them before they started for Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams also came over this morning, and  
were able to stay to dinner, though they had to go right after-  
wards.

#### SQUAD NOTES.

With C.F.B. off, the cribbing job had to wait, but Stackpole  
went out as a prospecting squad of one, to find more dead oaks. The  
twelve are not quite enough.

The fence squad, under H.D., has built a fence that ought to  
stand a charge of cavalry, or even Games on the Hill.

Mexicans sounded a trifle mystic, but when explained it was  
clear enough. Greaser; do you see?

#### Class B Chinning.

S. Heard	11
Elting	9
Frothingham	8
Hallowell	8
Jim Hutchinson	7
Williams	7
D. Miller	6
Shaw	6
H. Woodbridge	6
Chapman	5
Smedberg	5
G. Woodbridge	5

Not having the July Log within reach, we cannot say just what  
improvements have been made, but we know that some have come up.  
There were five zeros.

Just before dinner who should appear but our long-lost Bill?  
W.L.P. himself, looking dreadfully civilized, but ready for pond and  
khaki. He got a week-end off, and came flying down for a day and a  
night. Plots are on foot to encourage the railroad strike, so that  
he can't get away again.



SATURDAY Early in the afternoon came a guest who was  
(Cont'd.)  
at Fourway several years ago, but who has not been here since:

JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.  
CHESTNUTS VS. BROWNS.

The game was marked by plenty of hitting, and plenty of errors, both of which together sent the runs piling up at a lively rate.

### Batting Averages.

W.L.P.	.714	
Ladd	.571	
W.R.S.	.500	Sherburne .500
F.D.A.	.429	
W.Ripley	.429	
Hines	.400	
Leland	.400	
Rigelow	.333	
S.Heard	.333	

As will be seen, it was great day for fattening averages.

Chestnuts vs. Brains of Aug. 9 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batt'ng No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits.
2	2		1. S. Heath	1													6	4	2	
0	0		2. S. Heath	8													5	2	0	
5	2		3. W. R. S.	6													6	5	3	
11	1		4. W. Ripley	3													7	2	3	
6	2		5. Laddy	2													7	3	4	
2	3		6. Laddy	5													6	2	0	
0	2		7. Hollowell	4													5	3	1	
1	0		8. Herbert	7													2	4	1	
0	0		9. Hamner	9													6	3	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	12		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												50	28	15	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
						1-b. on												2		



Brown vs. Chestnuts of Aug. 9 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	3		H. Feast	1	1-3	1-3	5-3		6-3								4	1	0	
13	1		W. L. P.	3	1-3	1-3			6-3	2-3			1-3				7	2	5	
5	4		S. D. J.	2				1-3					6-3				7	5	3	
3	1		Bradford	6						1-3							7	4	2	
1	2		Smith	4	1-3				2-3				0-1				5	2	2	
0	5		Stackpole	5		1-3			1-3	4-3							5	1	1	
0	0		Livingston	7		1-3	K				K	K					5	1	0	
0	0		Bisbee	9			K	K				1-3					6	3	2	
0	0		Leland	8				1-3									5	4	2	
0	0		Woodbridge	5						1-3	4-3						3	1	1	
24	16		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	1	3	4	5	9	3	2	14	5	5	24	54	24	18	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			8	7													2	1	

GREAT GAME OF SOCCER.  
SQUANNACOOKS VS. PINKS.

SQUANNACOOKS.

Elting (Capt.)  
Batchelder  
Chapman  
Haskell  
Jim Hutch.  
Matthews  
D. Miller  
Reynolds  
Richardson  
Shaw  
W. Tower  
West

PINKS.

Hubbard (Capt.)  
Coolidge  
Jack Hutch.  
F. Miller  
Phillips  
C. Ripley  
Smedberg  
L. Tower  
Welsh  
Williams  
G. Woodbridge  
H. Woodbridge

This was really a first-rate game, won by the Squannacooks, 2-0. The first goal was an odd one. Shaw kicked the ball, it hit Hubbard, and bounced between the goal-posts. Thus Hubbard helped to make a goal for the other team. The second goal was shot by Elting in the last moments of play.

S. B. D. and Jackson are both rather on the shelf to-day, the latter with a back, the former with a front.

C. F. B. spent the afternoon with the Hecuba, whose gunwale is in a bad way.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
INSPECTOR.

CHARACTERS.

We have had several kinds of "in" in the course of years. This was one of the most dramatic. H.D., owing to the fact that the banks had closed, had to leave a large roll of bills in his safe. Farnsworth, the watchman, exercised all due vigilance, but what was one Bud against the villainy of Mr. Eustis and W.R.S.? They killed him, and with dreadful skill opened the safe and escaped with their booty. The last two syllables went together. H.D. and his friends were a-walking in the woods, and someone suggested that they stay where they were. H.D. objected, and finally owned to a family ghost, the shade of his great great grandmother, who haunted that particular spot. Before they could withdraw the ghost appeared, in the person of Frog, heavily veiled in white samite, and warned her hapless descendant of his coming doom. "Beware the waning of the next moon; you shall be rotting with the worms six feet deep." It was truly awful. For the whole word, we had H.D. at a desk, inspecting the baggage of incoming travelers. D. Miller's trunk (it was the miz-trunk) revealed a painful outfit of clothes, not at all in keeping with his hat, but among the debris were large and valuable stones. (Some of our friends have had the same experience with their baggage.) E.R.C. and a crying family had lost their baggage, all except a knitting-bag, which seemed insufficient for six. Coolidge's suit-case contained a gold brick. Farnsworth and Hines had bags so heavy that the inspector asked if they came from Camp Merryweather. But the weight was large bottles, presumably of rum, and the wretches were ordered off to jail.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

DEFEND.

First we saw J.R. as Ulysses, stopping the ears of his crew with wax; which did not seem to prevent them from hearing his orders. They rowed along, and presently came in sight and sound of the Sirens, whose songs were so wondrous sweet that the distinguished wanderer struggled madly to break his bonds. No wonder, when H. Heard, Jack Hutch, and Frothingham were pouring out strains of melody. For the second, A.F.V. appeared as Professor Snodgrass, viewing a threatening comet through his megaphone---I mean his telescope. There was no doubt; it was coming fast, and was about to slap us on the ear. It was a matter of only a few hours. West came in great alarm, Leland wailed pitifully "Are we going to die?" and J.R., a skeptical millionaire, was so overcome by the terrible sight that he crawled round and round on his knees, offering ten million to the professor if he could do something. But as the curtain cut off the view, we heard the crack of doom. For the whole word we had the defense of the bridge. Romans and Etruscans fought gallantly, till the bridge fell, and J. Leland Horatius swam boldly across the Tiber.

PARALYZE.

The first two syllablew went together. S. Heard and Sherburne fought a duel, thrusting and parrying fiercely. Finally the red-head prevailed, and Sherburne fell prostrate. For the second scene, C.F.B., a returning sea-captain, told his old neighbors of his wanderings in foreign parts. They chased a whale that traveled at the rate of 170 miles an hour, and ran out 300 fathoms of line in fifteen minutes. Then, with a slighting reference to "feller that talked about some kind of geography, and drawed a lot of picters that didn't mean nothin'," he took to the blackboard, and told us about the island of Ujia; that wondrous land where the river flows in from the sea; where the piny and the laughing umpty roam through



SATURDAY the woods, and where the whales catch birds  
(Cont'd.)  
along the reaches of the river. He ended with a portrait of  
the queen of the island; a wonderfully beautiful person, who  
looked just like the umpty. For the whole word, A.M.R., as a  
witch, was pursued to her cave by an infuriated mob. But after  
an anxious moment she got her sparklet going, and as the rays  
shone on the crowd they were all stiffened where they stood.

By this time we had taken so long that the fourth side  
had to go over to next time. It is very hard to hit the right  
pace, but we must try not to take so long between scenes. That  
is where the delay comes.

Then we finished "The Thirty-nine Steps", and as it was  
early, finished the evening with "Spit-Cat Creek", and "Extra  
Dry."

I should have said before that Jimmy Thayer has sent us  
two books for the camp library; "Captain Macklin" and "The  
Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill."

Late in the evening, when the moon was getting high, the  
Worromontogus put out quietly to sea, manned by H.D. and N.S.W.  
Round the Horn, gentlemen.



SUNDAY Almost anything you might choose to say about the weather,  
 Aug. 10,  
 T. 56' except perhaps a sand-storm, would have been true at some  
 B. 29.10  
 Cloudy during the day. The wind boxed the compass, and though  
 S.

most of the time we were hunting for places in the sun, at one  
 Showers  
 p.m. time in the afternoon, on the road, it seemed almost hot.

The events of the day began early, when the Togus came quiet-  
 ly round the Point at 6-30 to the dot. They had had a wonderful  
 trip, in mist and moonlight. Their only adventure had been seeing a  
 huge salmon, *salmo longilacustrinus*, which jumped so near them that  
 he nearly fell into the canoe.

It was so chilly at swim time that everyone ran a four-forty  
 before going in.

At dinner S. Heard made a forty-word speech, for a considera-  
 tion. We didn't count the words, but he certainly earned his money.

Skipper announced at dinner that we are to go back to the good  
 old way of brushing teeth, in the pond. Cheers from everyone, especial-  
 ly the long-suffering prefects. C. F. B. put in a warning postscript  
 in regard to the horrible fate that awaited any man who should  
 brush his teeth in the aquarium. And now let's see how many are  
 caught on the first tooth-brush raid.

PICNIC IN PINE PARLOR.  
WALKS.

BELGRADE HILL.

J. R.	C. F. B. Jr.
A. D. A.	J. A. L. Jr.
G. M. E.	A. M. R.
Bradford	Farnsworth
Ladd	Leland
Lowell	W. Ripley
Sherburne	Stackpole
Stone	West
H. Heard	H. Woodbridge
S. Heard	F. Miller
Haskell	Elting
Haskell	Bieglow
Hines	Hallowell

FURBUSH'S POINT.

H. D.	N. S. W.
A. F. V.	W. L. P.
F. D. A.	E. R. C.
Chapman	Batchelder
Coolidge	Frothingham
Hubbard	Jim Hutchinson
Matthews	Jack Hutchinson
Phillips	D. Miller
C. Ripley	Richardson
Shaw	Smedberg
L. Tower	W. Tower
Williams	G. Woodbridge

Prefectorial Prometheans.

S. R. D.	W. R. S.
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SUNDAY      The Pointers pursued the even tenor of their way,  
(Cont'd.)  
without, so far as we know, any untoward incidents.

The Hillers mislaid Hines and H. Heard, and didn't get connected with them till they were almost home again. They also lost Bigelow, who developed a sore foot, and waited by the roadside till the bunch came back. The walk was warm, but the well at the top is cool, and we also had a cake of chocolate to divide.

Supper was in the Pine Parlor; at least most of it was. The Prometheans had got a splendid fire going, and the cocoa circulated merrily. But when the doughnuts got going, we began to feel doubtful. J.R. and C.F.B. went down to the beach to observe, and ordered all hands in. So home we ran, the rain chasing us along the path. We had chocolate and jam on the piazza, also some of Rascal's box of marshmallows, which we meant to toast over the fire.

After supper we had rounds for a bit, and then H.D. told us the story of the unicorn, which is a wonder.

The half-past nine story was "In the Rukh."

The evening was marred by the departure of W.L.P., who has to get back to his widow. "Samivel," says Mr. Weller, "be vaware of vidders." But he hopes to get down again for a week-end some time. We hope so too.



MONDAY  
Aug. 11,  
T. 60'  
B. 29.20  
Clear  
N.W.

This morning A.F.V. told us about the  
game of lacrosse. It sounds like a  
lively one.

Right after reading C.F.B. and  
his second camping trip, according to the  
accompanying list, sailed away, or rather  
pulled away northward. Meadow Brook again? It  
looked like it.

At dinner we had our first frog dumplings  
of the year. Skipper explained that H.D. and  
N.S.W. caught the frogs on their trip round the  
Horn the other night. To the cries for a speech, H.D. responded,  
saying that the real praise was due not to them, but to the  
squad who removed the skin and bones. W.R.S. wonders if that  
is where the bull-frog he put in the aquarium went.

We had afternoon reading in the pine boudoir, where we  
were suddenly disturbed by strange sounds. Was it a crowd of  
noisy children? a circus? a bagpipe band? And lo and behold, it  
was only Mr. Furbush's wood-cart, which had not had its wheels  
oiled. We had better send a Mexican squad over to attend to it  
for him.

Before I begin on the afternoon's dope-sheet, let me enter  
here the arrivals for the day, which were several, and very joyful.  
L.E.R. came back (it seems as if she had been away a month),  
escorted by H.H.R. and H.H.R. Jr. With them came F.G.B., to see how  
prefects are coming along these days.

H. H. Richards  
Hal Richards

Gregg Benis

## Camping Trip August 11<sup>th</sup>

Chapman  
Frothingham  
Hallowell  
Hubbard  
Sherburne

C.F.B.

Williwaw  
Yammerschooner



MONDAY      BOAT-BUILDING AND BUMBLE-PUPPY.  
 (Cont'd.)

A double-header      sides to be chosen on the field.

BUMBLE-PUPPIES.. 2-45.

Batchelder

Coolidge

Haskell

Matthews

D. Miller

F. Miller

Phillips

Reynolds

Richardson

C. Ripley

Shaw

Smedberg

W. Tower

Welsh

West

Williams

G. Woodbridge

BUMBLE-HOUNDS.

J. R.

H. D.

A. D. A.

N. S. W.

J. A. L.

A. F. V.

G. M. E.

S. B. D.

W. R. S.

F. D. A.

BUMBLE-WOOD-PUSSIES.

C. F. R.

Sherburne

Frothingham

Hallowell

Hubbard

Chapman

BUMBLE-COMES.

L. E. R.

H. H. R.

H. H. R. Jr.

F. G. B.

C. J. A.

M. B. H.

H. R.

BUMBLE-DOGS. 4-00

Rigelow

Bradford

Elting

Farnsworth

H. Heard

S. Heard

Hines

Jim Hutchinson

Jackson

Ladd

Lowell

W. Ripley

Stone

H. Woodbridge

Leland

L. Tower

Jack Hutchinson

BUMBLE-BUMS.

Stackpole

Eliot

" These long-winded bumble-

hounds will take part in both

Bumble-bums

engagements..

will report to A. F. V.

for dog-biscuit.

Here was a merry list, and it was a merry afternoon. The two games were played and the Bumble-hounds played in both, except H. D., who ran first boat-building, and S. B. D., who ran second.

In the first game, the Millers beat the Rippers 7-6. It was to have been a six-inning game, but was so close that a seventh was played. That tied the score, so an eighth was needed. The Millers led for three inning. Then the Rippers ran four runs in, and led till the seventh, when the tie was made, to be untied by the Millers in the eighth. It was a fine game.

Batteries,

Millers, Welsh, J. A. L. Jr.

Rippers, F. Miller, N. S. W.

Haskell, "



MONDAY

The second game was not so close, for the Ashes beat the

(Cont'd.)

the Cinders 12-1 in six innings and a half. Nine of the twelve

runs were made in the first and sixth innings. There was much heavy hitting.

Batteries, Ashes, W. Ripley, Ladd

"

J. A. L. Jr.

Cinders, Lowell, A. D. A.

After supper came Games on the Hill, and then three wild rounds of Going to Jerusalem, won as follows:

1. Jim Hutch, Smedberg runner-up.
2. Batchelder, F. G. R. runner-up.
3. Bigelow, W. Ripley runner-up.

The half-past niners went out in boats, as the night was calm and the moon full.

About ten o'clock there was a wonderful aurora. The sky was full of great sweeping wings and curtains, not only the familiar pale green, but now and then soft rose-colour. Even the full moon could not dim it much.

By the way, does everybody know what M. B. H., over Skipper's initials, means? Master of Bumble-hounds, to be sure.



TUESDAY      A fine day in every way, though cool. The first  
 Aug. 12,      tooth-brush raid caught boys, one prefect (and Joe  
 T. 56'      and Smeddy looked very proud), two of the faculty, a  
 B. 29.30  
 Clear      lady, and one honored guest.  
 N.W.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.  
ROYAL AND HORNBEAM.

9-45 sharp.

<u>AROL.</u>	<u>EREN.</u>	<u>CORKER.</u>	<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE,</u>
J.A.L. Jr.	A.F.V.	W.R.S.	H.D.	S.P.D.
H. Heard	S. Heard	Haskell	Stone	W. Ripley
Jim Hutch.	H. Wood.	Shaw	L. Tower	Matthews
G.M.E.	A.M.R.	Leland	Ladd	Smedberg

EREBUS.  
F.G.B.  
 Farnsworth  
 Richardson

OUANANICHE.  
J.R.  
 E.R.C.      R.B.  
 Bigelow      Eiting  
 D. Miller      F. Miller  
 Lowell      C. Ripley  
 Williams      Jack Hutch.  
                 Phillips  
                 G. Woodbridge

TERROR.  
F.D.A.  
 Bradford  
 Batchelder  
 Welsh

There was a larger home guard than usual, owing to tutoring and ailments, and the absence of the campers took out six.

We made our start very near on time, sending the rangers ahead to get their carry made. It was rather a different crossing from the time we went to Beaver Spring, and we made good time. For the carry we took the wheels to help the Ouananiche over, and they must have halved the work and the time.

We all kept together, and landed below the Narrows, in the meadow near Eagle Pond. It is a handy landing, and gives a good point of attack for both objectives. The two crowds started together, and went along the road till we came to the first turn to the left. Here the Hornbeam Hillers branched off, the Royalists keeping straight on.

The Hornbeam Hillers followed the road across Broadjump Brook, and in due time reached the house where the coons live;



TUESDAY not colored people, but real raccoons. One of the four (Cont'd.) that some of us saw last year, Adam, got hurt in a fight with the Devil last winter and had to be killed, but there is a new one, Victory, named because she was caught on the day the Armistice was signed. She lives in a tree, the others indoors. All were shy of so many strangers, but it was very interesting to see them. The people who own them, and who are so very hospitable, are Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

We finally tore ourselves away from the charms of the coons, and soon were on top of our hill. It isn't a hard climb, but it was hot in the sun, and most of the company rested; indeed two went to sleep, whereof more hereafter. A.M.R. went down the west side, and found two little caves, big enough to sit in.

We found a trail down, so we went fast till we got out in the field. There we found a little spring in a brook six inches wide, and a big spring in a swale, where the sand at the bottom kept boiling up in little geysers. As we were drinking and having a good time, we heard a shout from the top, and there were Tom Bradford and Bill Ripley. They had been asleep, and had just waked up. We waited for them, and then all started for home. Our advanced guard reached the corner first, and by dint of beating up the stragglers, our rear-guard just beat the Royalist rearguard.

The Royalists went west from the corner, and found a farm with nice people and a pump to match. Here they got water, and directions for an old road up the mountain. The road gradually dwindled to a path, but they had no trouble in following it to an upland pasture at the top of the south side, full of birches and blackberries. The party helped to diminish the blackberry crop, and then followed a stone wall which ran right up to the top. The top being wooded, they finally all climbed trees, mostly pine, and saw all the kingdoms of



TUESDAY        the earth; from one tree they got the full circle  
(Cont'd.)  
of the horizon! It was a little thick in the west, but they  
made out Washington, Madison, and Jefferson, besides the nearer  
peaks. After drinks all round from H.D.'s canteen, which were  
very welcome, they started down.

Their best landmark on the way down was a very dead  
horse. This had been noticed only as a smell on the way up, but  
now they had a glimpse of the grewsome remains, half dug up  
by foxes or some such beasts.

They stopped at the farm again for drinks, and on their  
way explored a schoolhouse, where a window was not fastened.

All hands reached the landing in good trim, and grub was  
peaceful and plenty.

When we came to push off, we found that the Cuananiche  
had been slid up over a very small rock, and had torn a piece  
of canvas off her bottom as big as a table-cloth. The rock,  
("twarn't even a decent-sized hog; 'twere a shoat") though  
rough and mischievous, had been entirely hidden in the grass.

In spite of this we went merrily up Long Pond before a  
strong south wind, which had the kindness to die down a good  
bit when we reached home waters.

After passing Oak, we tried a new formation, which was  
very pretty. The canoes led in single file, then came the big  
boat, followed by the rangeleys in single file. In this manner  
we went down to the point, and then came up to the float in  
style.

The home guard had a peaceful day. The invalids improved  
and the students did likewise, we hope. The great event was  
the arrival of Mrs. Wiggins-- or Miss Betty, as it still seems



TUESDAY      natural to call her-- who landed just at dinner-time.  
(Cont'd.)  
Only for the day, alas, but so much better than nothing.

Camp Wind-Twisty-Smithy came home as they went out, against a strong head wind, but they had camped on East Pond, so they didn't care whether school kept or not. Also C.F.B. had interviewed the man that owns the second bridge on Meadow Brook, and he doesn't mind a bit how much clearing we do. So one of these days it will be axe and saw, block and tackle, up Meadow Brook.

When the expedition came in it had a swim; not long, but very good. After that most people went to bed, as it was half-past eight. But some of us sat up, and began "The Vanished Messenger", one of Oppenheim's very best.

THE ALL-DAYER.  
(Air, "Bonny Dundee.")

I

To the Faculty bold Captain John he did say,  
Methinks it is going to be a fine day.  
Now let none speak of scouting, of bal' or of fishin',  
We're going to have an all-day expedition!"

Chorus:      Now some bring the bread, and some bring the meat,  
And anything else you can think of to eat;  
Pack butter and jam and fishballs together,  
For it's up with the baskets of Merryweather!

II

Now with rosy-cheeked boys see the float over-run,  
All shputing and yelling with frenzy and fun;  
All agog for the start, for all hands had been wishin'  
For weeks they might have an all-day expedition.

Chorus:      Come fill up my boats, come fill my canoes!  
Be cautious, my captains, be valiant, my crews!  
The Quanny your guide, give way all together,  
For it's up with the paddles of Merryweather!

III

They rowed and they paddled right boldly and well;  
They ran and they scrambled, they climbed and they fell;  
Till at length one and all felt the need of nutrition,  
As often befalls an all-day expetition.

Chorus:      Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can!  
This way with the milk, Joseph Davidge, my man.



Camp Twisty Windy Smithies.

on Monday, August eleventh, one of the finest of the 1919 Camping trips started on its way for East Pond. The weather was superb - clear and warm, with a fresh northwest breeze. The crew of the "Identical" was (at the start) Johnny Sherburne and Togo Frothingham rowing, with Squash Hubbard steering. The "Williwaw" was rowed by Jim Hallowell and C.F.B.J., and steered by the great Chapman.

We toiled as far as the mouth of the brook, but had no luck. After a short rest we started right along up the brook, not breaking the speed limits, but not loafing. All was fine. The two boats kept near each other, and little time was lost in carrying by the second bridge, which is "up" (or down, whichever you may choose to call it). The sun was bright, but a liberal use of olive oil kept us from sunburning too viciously. We reached the head of the stream before one-thirty, and there a few of us swam, or wallowed, and all of us ate. The lunch was fine, and we all felt that it was well earned.



With our lunch eaten, we paddled slowly over to Smithfield. We toured the town while looking for the "wheels" to carry the boats with. No one seemed to know where they were, and every one told us to look "at the other end of the carry." They were discovered at last, in front of the blacksmith shop, where they had been repaired. We took them, loaded on one boat, toted it over, came back, got the second boat, and had our carry made in very short order. Then we invaded the new ice cream shop, and added a dessert to our luncheon.

Greeley's Mill Stream is very pretty and very easy to navigate as far as the water gap at the edge of the woods. From there up to East Pond it is a coxswain's paradise for practice. We were racing, trying to cut across the points of the turns which had the most water. It is a very exciting game, as the leading boat takes all the risks of getting stuck, whereas the second boat can always profit by the leader's experiences.

We reached East Pond before four, and skirted along the back of the two islands nearest the head of the stream, looking for a place to camp. We found no good place,



but we stopped to swim at one that we landed to look over. We had nearly decided to try a hemlock covered point that stood out on the east shore of the pond when we came to the last and smallest of the islands. This proved to be ideal for us — a good landing, a nice clearing, a moss bank for our bed, enough wood — and all to ourselves.

We landed, pitched the tent, and started supper. The last occupants left us a carbundum stone which was very handy for keeping the camping axe sharp. We had a good supper, interrupted only by Togo and Squash who were suffering from repeated attacks of hysterics. Chappy raced himself to see whether he could eat faster than he could talk. He won.

Supper finished and the dishes washed, we lay round the fire and watched the wondrous northern lights which were shooting up from the eastern horizon way round to the western to meet at the zenith in a glorious spot of whitish greenish light. It was a cool night, clear and brilliant. A short and cold swim, and a good warming before the fire ended the evening.

We slept as hard as we had worked while snaking our way through the two streams. In the



morning we made quick work of swimming, getting breakfast, and packing up. Those not so sugaged tried to catch some of the many small kivies which crowded about our boats. Soon we were starting back for the stream to Smithfield. The second day was even more glorious than the first—clear, warm, with a brisk northwest breeze. The olive oil again came in handy for those who turned easily. We took our time in getting to Smithfield, and made the carry as soon as we got there.

Then we set out on a brisk walk to Smith Pond, which looked very appealing on the map. It is pretty, very like Hamilton Pond before its heavy woods were cut. We swam, and wandered back to our boats. We embarked, and loafed over to the head of Meadow Brook. Hallowell made the most of this opportunity to intrigue C.F.B. into a discussion of the theories of cosmology and its related sciences. Once in the brook and the welcome shade of the woods we drifted along on the current and ate our luncheon. It was hot, and we had not worked hard, so we were not very hungry. At the second "bridge" we met the owner of the obstruction and of



the surrounding land. He was very friendly, and told us that we were very welcome to do whatever clearing out of the brook that we chose, and that we could clear the bridge out in the bargain. When we came out into the great Meadows, we found that the wind had shifted to southwest, so there was a head wind for us to make us feel at home. A steady and slow row brought us in to camp in time to swim and clear up before supper.

Most of the camp were out on an All Day. We put our truck away, and after supper polished the kit. We had all had a wonderful trip, and I think that our name of "Twisty, Windy Smithies" will explain itself.

C.F.B. jr.







Hip!hip! give a rouse for us-all together,  
For 'tis up with the picnic of Merryweather!

IV

They are full to the brim;it is time to give o'er  
When even Tom Bradford can't eat any more.  
No sixth doughnuts,I say,for 'tis still my ambition  
That all should survive an all-day expedition.

Chorus: Come wash out my cup,come wash up my knife!  
Leave nothing behind,as you value your life!  
Come on! All aboard,and oars on the feather,  
And home let us hasten to Merryweather!

L.E.R.



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 13,  
T. 56'  
B. 29.30  
Smoky  
Calm.

We had three wrestling bouts this morning. The first, between Stone and F. Miller, was a draw, first one being on top and then the other.

The contest between Leland and Lowell was one of the best we have had this year. Leland finally downed his man, but he had to work his prettiest to do it.

The third was a bit of an anti-climax, as D. Miller downed Shaw without any very great trouble.

-----  
Having finished lacrosse, A.F.V. is now telling us about infections.

Squad Notes.

H.R. and C.F.B. finished the Hecuba this morning, and she is ready for business. The Squannacook is a more serious job.

H.D. mended twenty chairs, and has two more serious cases in the shop for special treatment.

-----  
Mr. Eustis left by the noon train. Too bad he couldn't stay over for sing-song.

Just after afternoon reading Dr. and Mrs. Monks came down from the head of the pond in their big boat. With them were Bill Ripley's father, mother, and sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Marden. They stayed for a while to watch the ball game, and we hope to see them again.

Later in the afternoon Dr. Merrill came to see Skipper, and tell him about an important meeting. Mrs. and Miss Merrill came with him, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore owns a whole mountain up near Greenville, and has a fish hatchery and a fox farm. Wouldn't it be fun to return his call?

Those who did not play in either league this afternoon were posted under the heading "Trees." George Smedberg got very much excited, and said, "Captain John, what are trees?" He was told that they were tall things with leaves on them.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
R.B.C. VS. W.B.C.

This has nothing to do with our honorable secretary of last year. The teams were named after the red blood corpuscles and the white ditto, about which A.F.V. was telling us this morning.

For six innings the game was very one-sided. J.A.L. had the opposing batters at his mercy, only three of them getting on bases, and those by errors. In three innings, two of them consecutive, he struck out three batters in succession, without any others getting up. In the seventh he weakened a bit, but fanned six more men in the last three innings, making a total of seventeen for the game.

F.D.A. fanned twelve men, but there was a little group that hit him pretty regularly, which ran the score up.

In the first inning the Reds cut the Whites off from scoring by good fielding. There was a man on second and another on third, and no one out. Then A.F.V. flied out to catcher and a neat double play landed the batter and the man on second, retiring the side.

In the fifth, the Whites blocked what looked likely to be a series of runs with a double play; Heard was out at first and F.G.B. got the ball home in time to catch Ladd at the plate.

<u>Batting Averages.</u>	
J.A.L.	1.000
Bradford	.750
H.D.	.500
A.F.V.	.333
A.D.A.	.333
F.G.B.	.250
N.S.W.	.250
Lowell	.250
Ladd	.250
Stackpole	.250



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

A.D.A.'s was a triple.

Both H.D.'s hits were long two-baggers, and one of

R. B. C. vs. W. B. C. of Aug. 13 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		1 W. R. S.	6	P3	92		K		K							5	0	0	
2	0		2 S. B. D.	5	43		K	K				K					5	1	0	
0	1		3 J. L. L.	1													3	3	3	
18	1		4 H. D.	2				K									4	2	2	
4	0		5 Bradford	3					6-9								4	1	3	
0	0		6 W. Ripley	7			K										4	1	0	
1	1		7 Ladd	4	K		93		33		43						4	0	1	
0	0		8 Macpherson	9		K						K					4	1	1	
0	0		9 H. Heard	8		93						K					4	1	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	3		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												37	10	10	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				4	17													2		

W. B. C. vs. R. B. C. of Aug. 13 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
9	1		1 F. G. B.	3			K			K							4	0	1	
0	3		2 F. D. A.	1	43			43		K		93					4	0	0	
0	2		3 A. F. V.	6	92			95									3	2	1	
13	1		4 A. D. A.	2	94												3	1	1	
1	0		5 V. C. W.	5		K		K			K						4	0	1	
0	0		6 Shaburne	7		K			93		K						3	1	0	
0	0		7 H. H. H.	9		K			93			K					3	0	0	
1	2		8 Ladd	4			K		K				K				4	1	1	
0	0		9 Bigelow	8			K			K		K	K				4	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	9		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												28	5	5	
			Hours.....	Mins.....																
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				1	12													1		

BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
MEXICANS VS. GREASERS.

This was very exciting game, the score being tied at the end of the fourth, and again in the sixth. In the ninth it grew pretty loose, and the Mexicans waltzed round the bases to the tune of seven runs.

The Mexicans made nineteen of their put-outs by fanning, Jackson proving too much for nineteen batters. The red-topped battery, S. Heard and Hallowell, was not so hard to get at, but their team did lively fielding.



.833

- 714
- 666
- 571
- 571
- 500
- 500

Mexicans vs. Greasers of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

Greasera vs. Mexicans of W.

[illegible]



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The tree-hunters, under C.F.B., began with half an hour indoors and the blackboard. Then they went out into the field, and ~~was~~ identified trees, getting specimens. They identified about thirty, and were very keen at it. They ought to show up well when it comes to the tree game later.

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Songs.....H.H.R.
3. Quartette.....A.D.A., N.S.W., J.R., F.D.A.,  
H.H.R.
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell, Gaudeamus, I'm A-roll-  
ing.
5. Violin Solo.....L.Tower.
6. Stunt, "Ben Allah Achmet".....Ladd, Lowell, Farnsworth.
7. Stunt, "Aband<sup>don</sup>ino the Bloodless" H.D., J.R.

Camp Song.

Our overture always has some new feature. This time, at the usual place, there was a sudden <sup>crash</sup> on a number of concealed tin pans. We cannot give the names of the pannists, as they were invisible.

It was fine to have H.H.R. singing for us again. He gave us "Oddfellows' Hall", and "Three Doughty Men."

Let no one be surprised at a quartette with five in it. Of course there are pedantic sticklers who say that a quartette means four. But in camp a quartette means a group of people singing more or less in harmony. We had "Kentucky Babe" and "Schneider's Band", and hoped for more, but time pressed.

We give the chorus list as it was sung, not as it was posted. The third was announced as "October", but C.F.B. had the copies of "I'm A-rolling" up his sleeve, and gave them out instead. Our surprise worked perfectly, and L.E.R. liked the new chorus as much as all the rest of us do.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Lucky Tower gave us a selection by Wieniawski, but declined an encore on the ground that he didn't know any more. Perhaps we may have another some day.

"Ben Allah Achmet" is one of the more tragic of the Bab Ballads. Ladd in the title role was a splendid figure, in scarlet. He was equally convincing when he rolled on the floor in agony, and when he mistakenly murdered the wrong doctor.

Lowell gave an extremely subtle reading of the part of Dr. Brown; and when he lay pallid and transfixed, half supported by the arm of his supposed rival, the effect was almost too pathetic.

Miss Isabella Sherson, the cause of all the trouble, does not appear much, but Farnsworth delineated the character with a masterly touch. The quiet scorn with which the lady expressed her utter indifference was superb.

The second stunt, "Abandoning the Bloodless", is perhaps the masterpiece of its author, Henry Byron. It is as simple as a Greek tragedy, but full of grim force from the first word. H.D. was great in his portrayal of the sinister inn-keeper, and J.R.'s rendering of the part of the Mysterious Individual was beyond praise. The denouement was one of the finest dramatic scenes that our boards have known.

And then we went on with "The Vanished Messenger."



THURSDAY Today is the anniversary of the one death we have had in  
Aug. 14,  
T. 58' in Camp; the day when Moulton Bartlett, whose portrait hangs  
B. 29.15  
N.E. under the scouting cup, left us. At morning reading L.E.R. read us  
Cloudy.

from the Log the words that were written about him, as she  
Rain  
from has done every year since 1907. There is no one in camp  
noon  
on. now, outside the Richardses, who were here with him, but we  
hope that the boys who have been with us longest, who have heard  
that memorial read year by year, feel as we do that he is always  
one of us, and that Camp is a better place for the weeks that he  
was a camper.

-----  
There was a great contest this morning of a wholly new kind.  
When it was first observed, S. Heard was up a tree, holding a rope,  
and Jack Hutch was at the bottom, trying to pull it away from him.  
At the moment Steve seemed to have the upper hand. Then Jack got it  
almost all away. Suddenly Steve came down, and after a few manoeuvres  
got the whole rope, coiled it up neatly, and put it away.

The two H.H.R.'s left for Squam this morning. We should like  
to keep them a great deal longer, but Mrs. H.H.R. might miss them  
after a while.

To-day the Squannacook was put into thorough repair, ready  
for canoe tests when the storm clears away. The Grayling retired  
into dry dock.

By afternoon it was raining steadily, so we had a good half  
hour of singing after reading.

#### OLD JUPE PLUVIUS REIGNS!

Orpheus turns in his Grave (half an hour )

Kaffee Hag Karnival  
Boreas vs. Prehistoric hairy  
Pachyderms!

Ethiopes & Pygmies  
construct yachts.

Kaffee Hag Karnival.  
Ethiopes vs. Pygmies

Boreales & old Elephants  
design wind-jammers.

Finals of Kaffee Hag Karnival.



THURSDAY      Captains of Teams.  
(Cont'd.)

Boreas	Ladd
Ethiopes	Farnsworth
Prehistoric H.P's.	Stackpole
Pygmies	S.Heard.

We hope that Orpheus didn't mind. We thought it rather pleasant, but he may have been fussy.

Kaffee Hag? Everything extracted from the bean, of course. Yes, inter-dormitory bean-bag tournament.

After preliminary practice, to pick the teams, we settled to business.

BOREAS.				PACHYDERMS.			
	1st.	2nd.	Total.		1st.	2nd.	Total.
Hallowell	1	4	5	Richardson	1	3	4
Jackson	3	2	5	Hines	2	3	5
L.Tower	3	0	3	Stackpole (C)	4	1	5
Haskell	2	1	3	H.Heard	1	3	4
Jim Hutch	3	3	6	Shaw	0	3	3
Ladd (C)	1	4	5	Hubbard	0	2	2
	<u>12</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>27</u>		<u>8</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>23</u>

A very spirited contest, with improvement in the second round, especially among the Pachyderms. The Boreales in several cases did not do so well in the second round, but Ladd and Hallowell rallied finely, and with the lead from the first round gained the victory.

PYGMIES.					ETHIOPIES.				
	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Total.		1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Total
G.Wood.	2	1	3	6	Farnsworth(C)	0	3	4	7
Frothing.	3	0	3	6	H.Woodbridge	1	1	1	3
Elting	3	4	0	7	Lowell	2	4	3	9
S.Heard(C)	1	0	5	6	West	0	3	2	5
Bigelow	1	2	1	4	Leland	4	2	2	8
Jack Hutch	4	2	2	8	Stone	2	1	1	4
	<u>14</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>37</u>		<u>9</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>36</u>

A hair-raising contest, with many surprises. At the end of the second round the score was tied so a third round was played. Farnsworth and S.Heard rose to their responsibilities splendidly, and made their best scores. When there was only one man left to play on each side the score was tied again.



THURSDAY Stone put one in, and Jack Hutch two, so the Pygmies won  
(Cont'd.)  
37-36.

BOREAS.			PYGMIES:				
	1st.	2nd.	Total.		1st.	2nd.	Total.
Hallowell	0	1	1	G. Woodbridge	3	1	4
Jackson	5	2	7	Frothingham	2	4	6
L. Tower	5	4	9	Elting	2	1	3
Haskell	2	3	5	S. Heard( C)	1	4	5
Jim Hutch.	5	0	5	Bigelow	1	1	2
Ladd( C)	6	4	10	Jack Hutch.	0	0	0
	<u>23</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>37</u>		<u>9</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>20</u>

The Boreas team surpassed themselves in the first round, Ladd capping the climax with 6 out of a possible 7. The Pygmies could not rise to the occasion; and though their total in the preliminary round was 37, they could not make more than 20. The North therefore stands victor for the afternoon. Ladd has the best score for one round, and for one heat, being the only man that got into two figures. Lowell and L. Tower each made a total of 9.

Earlier in the day there was a good little foursome, in which W. Tower and H. Woodbridge, representing the South, beat Richardson and Shaw, representing the Mammoth, 26-25. There were five rounds. Shaw made the best score, 15 for the five.

Just as the finals of the tournament were being run off, three foolish people in a motor-boat ranged alongside of the Pie-plant. One tried to board that noble vessel, and if her shipmates had not been quick, would have sought a watery grave, or at least had a good bath. Then he hung on, tinkering with their engine and refusing all offers of help. Then another boat came up, and tried to reach them by paddling stern first against the wind. They finally got away, but they certainly were not fit to travel alone.

After supper came Digestion Club, followed by half-past eight Boston, and Mythology.

It was our first real rainy day, but it went off very gaily. For Twinkles, see next page.



Twinkle, twinkle, Miller Minor,  
Don't at swimming be a whiner.  
Blubbering is for infants,  
Not for boys encased in pants!

Twinkle, twinkle, fish enormous,  
Messrs. Batch and Davis storm us  
With the dope—but you're a dream-o,  
Like the ships of Captain Nemo.

Twinkle, twinkle, little grease,  
Will your bubblings never cease?  
Mexicans are awful sore,  
They have got to bail some more.

Twinkle, twinkle, all who dope,  
Baffled oft, but full of hope.  
We are going to fool you soon,  
With a bran-new afternoon!<sup>#</sup>

Twinkle, twinkle, white corpuscles,  
In your microscopic tussles,  
Who is victor in the fray?  
Listen to the Doc. to-day!

<sup>#</sup> Yes, sir!

-----  
Twinkle, twinkle, Reuben Low'll,  
At last I put you in a hole.  
Splash into the pond you went,  
And I chuckle, well content.



FRIDAY, Still pretty wet, but looking better. We had half an  
Aug. 15, hour of singing after reading, and there was a great deal  
T. 58' of boat building in squad time.  
B. 28.90  
Rain  
a.m.  
N.W. by N. This morning C.F.B. got the Grayling ready for bus-

iness again, and after dinner he began on the Yammerschooner.

To-day a new arrangement goes into effect for those who are studying or reading by themselves. Instead of working in squad time, or reading time, they are to retire to their cubicles at seven p.m., and work till half past eight.

This morning the board was decorated with a fine picture of Robinson Crusoe, and mysterious hints to the effect that it was coming. Some of us thought that it was just a faculty joke, but the afternoon list announced

It Has Come!

Robinson Crusoe.

The players will hunt for buried treasure under the supervision of J.A.L. Jr. and H.D.

Crusoes A.  
Stackpole (capt)  
F. Miller  
H. Heard  
Coolidge  
Jackson  
H. Woodbridge

Crusoes B.  
Sherburne (capt)  
Farnsworth  
S. Heard  
Jack Hutchinson  
Reynolds  
Ladd

Each team had eight clues to follow, and the supervisor went with them as they rambled.

Crusoes A, whose clues were marked by a skull and cross-bones, were given a picture of a log, with 1914 on it, and July 17 below.

They ran to the Log shelf, and at the right date they found the following:

Bonfire  
12 paces west.  
4 1/2 feet above ground. Dig.

As one cannot dig in the air, they soon tried the only dirt above the level ground, which was the pile of screenings. Soon they



FRIDAY brought to light their next paper, which read  
(Cont'd.)

Infirmity;  
We'll be prood to hear frae ye.

This took time, but after about ten minutes F. Miller tried the ink-stand, and there was the next:

Guard well the northern ridge.

It was suggested that this might refer to the scouting ridge, but as no one on the team wanted to go so far, they tried the ridge of the north dormitory roof. After a vain search here, and a good deal of aimless wandering, they went up to the scouting ridge; where, after a great deal of hinting from J.A.L., they found on a white pine,

See sinister citizen off Cardiff.

He knows.

Miller knew where Cardiff was, and that gave them the clue to Harry Welsh. He had the next paper;

White pine, twenty-six paces south.

This roused much discussion. It couldn't be south of Welshy, as he was not a fixed point. They finally got up as far as the Mammoth Cave, and there Miller suggested that it might be south of the white pine where they had been before. The rest of the team scoffed; and finally Stackpole said that those who thought it was there might look there. Miller went, and there it was. Just after he had found it the rest came up, and looked pretty foolish. The paper read,

Where the Crows fly when day is o'er,

When you get there you'll find some more.

That cheered them up, and they found their treasure, which was crackers and jam, under the floor of the Crows' Nest.



FRIDAY      Crusoes B were touched off by a picture puzzle; an eye,  
(Cont'd.)  
a furniture moving van, and a hoe, with "p. 142<sup>1</sup>" written below. They  
promptly bolted for the Waverley novels, and found,

Spare the Birch and spoil the child.

They did not notice the tiny picture of a canoe at the bottom,  
but Reynolds had the right idea. They hunted in vain at first, but  
Farnsworth found the mystic note:

Come one, come all! This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

N.B. It's fishy.

There were various theories. The perch rock was not tried, but  
they hunted the fish-cleaning place, and then the aquarium. At last  
Stone suggested Pickerel Rock. There was some opposition, but Ladd  
rowed out, and found on the back of the buoy,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

"Home plate!" cries Reynolds, and off they went up the hill.  
The bug league plate being nearer, they tried that first; no go. But  
tacked in the middle of the big league plate was

20 paces east to Pittsburgh.

Dig! and let us know when you've dug to London.

The pit was easily identified, and a shovel brought. After  
some digging by Sherburne and Ladd, Ladd got to London; that is, to  
the next clue:

See Woodbridge. There's many a slip

Twixt the cup and the lip.

They were not misled, but tried the slip, which is certainly a  
bridge of wood. As for the cup, it was on a chair on the float, with  
a sign, "Don't move this cup." Both sides did, and found underneath  
"We told you not to." The lip was harder to find, but was discovered  
on the boat-house door; a picture showing a negro's thick lips.



FRIDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
read,

The note on the slip, the last one of the series,

LOST.

One Pot of Jam.

. . . 1 440.

They tried the 440, and wondered what a base on balls could mean. Then Jack Hutch remembered that three dots means therefore, and that lost articles for which you run a four-forty are in the mix trunk. They bolted for the trunk, and sure enough there was their treasure.

This team did good work right through, and was full of pep from the word go.

Early in the game Team A found Team B's treasure, but were told to lie low, and luckily no one knew about it.

The rest of the company worked on boats till four, when there was a brisk game of soccer. One or two Robinson Crusoes joined, in spite of hunting and jam. The score was 1-0, in favor of Hubbard's team.

The afternoon brought us a most welcome guest. We have no diphtheria this time for him, no mumps, and no board of health, but we are just as glad to see him as if we had small-pox and the plague.

*Loring J. Swain*

After supper it was Games on the Hill, except for those who wanted to work on boats.

Then came Earth, Air, and Water, in two circles. E.R.C. was the sole survivor of her circle, but in the other, L.F.R., C. Ripley, L. Tower, and Hubbard were still playing when "half past eight" was called.

J.A.L. thought he could get by without anyone noticing his birthday; but at supper A.F.V. made a neat speech, and then



FRIDAY brought in a cake with candles, escorted by all the faculty. (Cont'd.)  
So even the wariest birds get caught.

Besides the cake he was presented with a package, which we understand contained brain food, to help him next time he wants to fool the faculty.

J.A.L.'s own speech in reply was extremely neat, and if we had been able to write short-hand we should give both in full.

Late in the evening, as the faculty were going to bed, the noisiest motor-boat we have ever heard, with the noisiest crew on board, came down from Pine Beach to borrow a doctor. They didn't sound as if they were much alarmed, and they returned him fairly soon, but at the time of going to press we have not found out what the trouble was. Let's hope it was nothing serious.



SATURDAY      Johnny West's weather reports are very picturesque  
Aug. 16,      when he give the temperature as the height of the  
T. 62'      barometer, and vice versa. It seems almost a pity to  
B. 28.95  
Cloudy  
Calm

change them, but we do it for the sake of accuracy.

We hear this morning that the people who made such a noise getting A.F.V. last night were the same who stuck at the Pie-plant yesterday. The patient, who had fallen out of a hammock and cracked her elbow, was apparently the lady who thought the Pie-plant was an island. She seemed like the kind that would fall out of hammocks, for she nearly fell out of the motor boat.

The squad list to-day had a newspaper clipping on it, "To Lay Mexican Outrages Bare." The drain has been acting badly, and C.F.B. and his squad worked at it till nearly dinner time, with H.R. and L.T.S. as auxiliary diggers. And the end was not then, for during charades H.R. and C.F.B. went out and buried a particularly vicious smell that had set up its Ebenezer out behind Sunshine Alley. We don't like Mexico; never did.

A little breeze came up in the middle of the morning, and gave us hopes of scouting. In fact A.F.V.'s hopes got to the point of betting six four-forties that we would scout. But it fell calm and hot, and at three o'clock we went up for track and field practice.

Bradford and H. Woodbridge were not competing, as the former had recently been in bed with a sah, and the latter had just retired. Welsh did not run, and Bigelow ran only in the four-forty.



SATURDAY

THIRD TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

(Cont'd.)

Class A.

(Bradford)  
Frothingham  
Ladd  
Leland  
Lowell  
F. Miller  
W. Ripley  
Sherburne  
Stackpole

Class B.

Bigelow  
Coolidge  
Elting  
Farnsworth  
Hallowell  
Haskell  
H. Heard  
S. Heard  
Hines  
Jim Hutchinson  
Jackson  
D. Miller  
C. Ripley  
Stone  
West  
(H. Woodbridge)

Class C.

Batchelder  
Chapman  
Eliot  
Hubbard  
Jack Hutchinson  
Matthews  
Phillips  
Reynolds  
Richardson  
Shaw  
Smedberg  
L. Tower  
W. Tower  
Welsh  
Williams  
G. Woodbridge

Class A Hight Jump.

Leland	4'4"
W. Ripley	4'2"
Ladd	3'11"

The two leaders both failed at 4'4", but jumped till Leland cleared it, thus breaking a tie.

Class A Broad Jump.

Stackpole	14'8"
Lowell	14'5 1/2"
Leland	14' 1/2"

No one else was within several inches of these three.

Class A Shot Put.

Lowell	22'3 1/2"
Stackpole	21'10 1/2"
Leland	21'3"

Lowell's best put was his last one, which looks as if he were coming.

Class A Hundred.

First Heat.

Stackpole	12 1/5 s.
Leland	
Lowell	

It was almost a dead heat between the two leaders.

Lowell was about six feet behind, with rather more space between him and Ripley.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
F. Miller  
Sherburne  
Ladd

Second Heat.

13 3/5 s.

This really was a dead heat for first place. Ladd was about three yards in the rear.

Final Heat.

Stackpole  
Leland  
Sherburne

12 2/5 s.

A very good heat, though the time was not quite so fast as that of the first one. Stackpole led Leland at the tape by less than two feet, and Sherburne was a very close third.

Class A 440.

Sherburne  
Stackpole  
Leland  
Lowell

1 m. 7 s.

Lowell led at the start, but Sherburne passed him about third base. Stackpole sprinted at the beginning of the hundred, but could not make up the lead. The gap after fourth place was a big one.

Class B High Jump.

Elting	3' 11"
H. Heard	3' 11"
Jim Hutchinson	3' 10"

A tie for first place is always exciting. The notes of the officials say that several men can do better than they did to-day.

Class B Broad Jump.

S. Heard	14' 1 3/4"
Rigelow	13' 10 1/2"
H. Heard	12' 11"

S. Heard's best jump was better than that of third place in Class A. Jackson was the only other man to get beyond twelve feet.

Class B Shot Put.

Farnsworth	25' 2"
S. Heard	22' 6"
Rigelow	21' 4"

Of course this looks better than the Class A shot put, but it is the other shot. No one else went over twenty feet.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd)

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

H. Heard	14 2/5 s.
D. Miller	
Hines	

A very close heat. Heard had only a yard over Miller, Hines was not more than half a yard behind, and Coolidge very nearly tied for third place.

Second Heat.

Farnsworth	14 2/5 s.
Stone	
Jackson	

Not so close. Stone sprinted into second place, passing Jackson, who was not extending himself.

Third Heat.

S. Heard	14 3/5 s.
Jim Hutchinson	
West	

Rather more open order, especially between second and third.

Final Heat.

S. Heard	13 4/5 s.
H. Heard	
D. Miller	

This was real business; not just trying for a place. The time was three fifths better than the best preliminary heats, and the Heards were not more than two feet apart at the finish. In fact there were no long gaps.

Class B 440.

Bigelow	1 m. 15 s.
Jim Hutchinson	
H. Heard	
Farnsworth	

Coolidge jumped to the front at the start, but went at a pace that he could not hold, and dropped to the rear. Jim Hutch pulled ahead at third base, and held the lead till the very last. Bigelow began to overhaul him forty yards from the finish, and won by a good margin.



SATURDAY

Class C High Jump.

(Cont'd.) Williams	3'5"
Eliot	3'4"
Jack Hutchinson	3'4"
Matthews	3'4"

Williams did not try a higher jump. All down the line we find, "Can do better." Is anybody mug-hunting? It is not a nice sport, friends. Buck up and do your best.

Class C Broad Jump.

Shaw	11'9"
Williams	11'7"
Richardson	11'6"

A close contest among the leaders, and several others passed the eleven foot mark.

Class C Shot Put.

Eliot	21'3 1/2"
Shaw	19'10 1/2"
Hubbard	18'1 1/2"

Eliot's best put was an early one. Shaw, on the other hand, did best on his last one.

Class C Hundred.

First Heat.

Williams	15 s.
Richardson	
Jack Hutchinson	

Not a very close heat except at the end, where Smedberg ran Chapman hard for fourth place.

Second Heat.

Eliot	14 2/5 s.
L. Tower	
Reynolds	

Here again the gap between first and second was fairly wide. Matthews didn't finish.

Third Heat.

Shaw	Time lost.
G. Woodbridge	
Hubbard	

Woodbridge was a yard behind at the tape. Hubbard was a good way behind. The time was lost in the excitement over the contest between W. Tower and Batchelder for fourth place, in which the Pirate won, by a good margin.



SATURDAY

(Cont'd.) Williams

Eliot

Shaw

Final Heat.

14 1/5 s.

Eliot was only a few inches behind Williams when they breasted the tape. Richardson very bearily tied L. Tower for fourth. Shaw was a good third.

Class C 440.

Eliot

Jack Hutchinson

Williams

Shaw

1 m. 20 2/5 s.

Eliot had a long lead at the finish. Williams nearly had second place, but did not realize how close Hutchinson was, and the latter passed him by about the length of a nose; not a Roman nose, either. After that things were more open again.

Altogether it was a very satisfactory afternoon, and the long-suffering handicap committee can now go to work.

A thrilling event not on the schedule was A.F.V.'s four-forty running. He had six to do, which makes a mile and a half. He ran round and round, and fitted his last round to pace Class C.

During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, and other friends of Ted Frothingham's, came down to borrow him for Sunday. He stayed to finish the meet, of course, and will be back early Monday morning.

Miss Dorothy Peabody arrived by the afternoon train for a little visit.

CHARADES.

METAMORPHOSE.

We are not sure whether the first syllable was met or meet, but it was a wonder. A.F.V. entered, cloaked and stealthy, with a lantern. To him gathered other cloaked figures, and in strange gestures and mystic signs conferred with each other. We could not tell what they were up to, but it looked very exciting. The second syllable was the immortal scene of the Tar-baby; J.R. as Brer Fox, A.F.V. as Brer Rabbit, and H. Heard as the baby. It was one



SATURDAY of the best scenes we have had this year. The  
(Cont'd.)

last two syllables went together. L.T.S. and his men held the  
pass of Thermopylae against the Persians, led by Ladd. They  
fought gallantly, but were cut down to the last man when J.R.  
came upon them from behind with more foes. For the whole word  
Leland, a really splendid Circe, entertained the rest of the  
side with wine, and then turned them into swine.

MISFORTUNES. For the first syllable, A.M.R. was trying to  
make out batting averages. Enter C.F.B., wild-eyed and in a  
hurry. "Have you seen Skipper?" Well, Skipper had just gone up  
to Fourway. Exit C.F.B. Enter S.B.D., also in a hurry. "Have you  
seen Mr. Batch?" And so on, each one in a desperate state to  
find the one just before him. The last two syllables went to-  
gether, A.M.R. telling the fortunes of various people by cards.  
The whole word was on the same plan as the first syllable.  
C.F.B. was at work with note-books and dope sheets, and one by  
one each came in with a tale of woe; boat split, voice gone,  
stomach-ache, red hair etc. He was not very sympathetic; and  
when Georgie Smedberg came in weeping because W.R.S. had  
paddled him round the four-forty, he cheered.

MYSTERY. First J.A.L. came in, with a rather crabbing ex-  
pedition. They counted noses, and found that Shaw was missing.  
They called, but as he did not appear, they went on. Then Harry  
appeared, very vague, and wondering where they were. He followed  
them, and then they came in again, still missing him. The third  
time they went round he went slowly enough so that they  
connected. The last two syllables (teary!) were combined into  
a lovely scene, with N.B.W. as the Walrus, and A.D.A. as the  
carpenetr. How they wept! They could hardly speak for tears,  
and the Walrus was further hampered by his tusks. Tusks must



SATURDAY be difficult when you are not used to them. We did not  
(Cont'd.)  
see them eat all the oysters, but they made a good beginning. The  
whole word was a Robinson Crusoe stunt, with J.A.L., A.D.A., and N.S.W.  
following clues. We have not the dope-sheets, but they were very fine.  
The treasure was an onion!

CHAUFFEUR. The show was brief, but very spirited. H.D. acted as  
director, and Miss Peabody and E.R.C. danced round W.R.S., with the  
chorus capering in the rear, to a drum accompaniment. In the next  
scene W.R.S. and Farnsworth appeared as bear-hunters, bargaining  
with Stone. Then they stalked their bear, but Larry growled so loud  
that they ran away. (Personally we should not be willing to give  
much for Larry's fur just yet.) The whole word was intensely drama-  
tic. W.R.S. and his party got out of their car, leaving Stone, the  
chauffeur, in charge. No sooner had they disappeared than H.D., a  
picture of villainy, fell upon the hapless man, gagged and bound him,  
and took his place, in cap and coat. When he had run the car into a  
lonely place, he held the occupants up, and went through them in  
systematic style.

After charades, as some of us were aware that we had been run-  
ning, we went on with our story. Mr. Fentolin really is a beast.

And late in the evening, when things were pretty quiet, S.R.D.  
and W.R.S. started round the Horn in the Hecuba.



SUNDAY At 6-25 the Hecuba came in, and her gallant crew  
 Aug. 17  
 Cloudy, turned in for a nap. They got good moonlight as  
 Calm  
 a.m., soon as they reached Long Pond, and altogether had a  
 Southerly  
 p.m. very successful trip.

During service Miss Tower arrived, with Mr. Tower, a cousin, and Philip, who is Bill and Luckys small brother. We tried to keep them to dinner, but they could not stay.

About the same time Mr. Ware and his son came down from the head of the pond to see H.D. and Johnny Sherburne.

Tom Bradford and Jack Leland rowed up to the head of the pond, to have dinner and supper with the Bradford family. They had no wind going up, but had the full benefit of the south wind on the way home.

During the morning the Williwaw was got ready for business, and so was the Yammerschooner, though the latter is not tight yet.

The great job was the patch on the Ouananiche, which was put on after dinner. It measures 3'6" by 9".

PICNIC TO LORD'S WOODS.					
TOGUS.	EBEN.	CORNER.	ABOL.	RIP.	EREBUS.
A.F.V.	C.F.E.	J.A.L.	L.T.S.	H.D.	F.G.B.
Coolidge	H. Heard	Hubbard	Jack Hutchins		W. Ripley
Williams	West	Shaw	L. Tower	Hallowell	Eliot
Sherburne	H.R.C.	Stone	A.M.R.	Jackson	Richardson

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	OUANANICHE.		TERROR.
S.B.D.	A.D.A.	H.R.		F.D.A.
W.R.S.	Farnsworth	R.B.	D.P.	F. Miller
Reynolds	Haskell	Ladd	Rigelow	D. Miller
Chapman	Smedberg	S. Heard	Stackpole	Phillips
		Elting	Jim Hutch.	
		C. Ripley	W. Tower	
IDENTICAL.		L.F.R., R.R.		
N.S.W.		H. Woodbridge, Welsh		
Lowell		G. Woodbridge		
Ratchelder		R. Darling, E. Shaw		
Matthews				

We didn't picnic actually in the woods, but on the shore, just south of the little cottage. It is lighter than the pine



SUNDAY      grove, and a safer place for a fire, which the bow paddlers  
(Cont'd.)  
needed pretty badly.

We began Wolf in the old place, close to the house; but it is  
inhabited this year, and out of consideration for the feelings of  
the inhabitants, we adjourned to a little distance.

Supper was taken charge of by the half-past niners, and they  
dispensed the food with grace and impartiality. There was much toas-  
ting of marshmallows, for Rascal's box seems inexhaustible.

We came home easily before the wind; in fact we could have  
sailed all the way without being very late.

This evening Mis Bachelder left us, to our great regret. She  
begins her school work the day after Labor Day, and has various  
things to see to before then. We shall miss her very much.

About half-past eight Tom and Jack came back, after a delight-  
ful day.

Our story this evening was "The Gift Horse", by Owen Wister.



MONDAY Gregg Bemis left this morning, which was a pity.  
Aug. 18,  
T. 62' Sorry we could not have had a scouting game for him,  
B. 29.18  
Cloudy but it was the weather's fault.  
S.W.  
Rain This morning Skipper began to tell us something  
at about water supplies and filtration.  
night.

Togo Frothingham was returned to us in good condition during the morning.

The grease-digging squad was headed mystically by W.A.G. Now he is far away, and we doubt if digging grease has ever been his specialty. It was Walter Gleason, and the A is for Athens, because it is in the middle of Greece. Do you get it?

Great excitement up along the path this morning. Chapman slid down over the bank, and Frog and a wheelbarrow came over on top of him. It is not often that a gentleman gets a wheelbarrow on his head. It meant four stitches, and Bobby is going about in a neat white turban, which makes him look like Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

Mrs. Henson and Miss Ruth Richards came out this morning, and spent a good part of the day.

At dinner we had a letter from Sumner Roberts, telling about his volcano. We shall copy it entire for the Log as soon as we have time.

Just after dinner Miss Ida Pritchett, who was with us fifteen years ago as a little girl came over from Camp Runoia for a call. Barring the fact that she has grown up, she looks very much as she used to.

It was cool day with a fair breeze, and even the dopesters could not go far wrong. Third helps were not popular, and various members of the faculty had a dreamy far-away look in their eyes. No one was surprised when Skipper appeared



# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Runs	Killed	Runs	Killed	Runs
H.D.	✓				×	
J.R.	×	••	×	••••	×	
J.A.L.		•••	×			•••
A.D.A.	×		×	✓	×	
S.B.D.	✓			•		•
A.M.R.	✓		×	•	×	••
L.T.S.	×		✓		×	
Bradford	✓		×	••		✓
Chapman		••	✓		✓	
Coolidge	✓		×	•		✓
Eliot	×	•	✓		×	
Elting	✓		✓		×	
Farnsworth	×		✓		×	••
Hallowell	✓		✓		×	•••••
Haskell		••	✓		×	
Himes	✓		×			•
Hubbard	✓			•	×	
Hutchinson, Jim	×	•	×		✓	
Ladd	×	••	×	•		•
Leland		•••••	✓			••
Lowell	✓		✓		✓	
Richardson	×		✓		✓	
Ripley, C.	✓			•		
Ripley, W.	✓				✓	
Stone	✓		✓		×	
Tower, W.		•	×		×	
Williams					×	
Woodbridge H.	×		✓		×	

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Runs	Killed	Runs	Killed	Runs
C.F.B.	×		×			
A.F.V.		•		••		
N.S.W.	×	•	×			
F.D.A.	×		×	✓		•
W.R.S.	×	••	×			••
Batchelder	×		×			
Bigelow	✓		×			
Frothingham	×			✓		
Heard, H.		•				
Heard, S.	✓			✓		
Hutchinson, Jno.	×		×		×	
Jackson	×		×		×	
Matthews	×		×			••
Miller, D.	×		×		×	•••••
Miller, F.		•	×		×	
Phillips	×					•
Reynolds	×		×		×	
Shaw	×				✓	
Sherburne	✓			•		•
Smedberg	×	••				••
Stackpole	×				✓	
Tower, L.	×			✓	×	
Welsh	×				✓	
West	×				✓	
Woodbridge, G.	×				×	



MONDAY with the scouting board.  
(Cont'd.)

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The Algonquins have bucked up on their shooting, and for the first time this year outshot the Iroquois in every game. The Iroquois won the first game, however, by one run, made by F. Miller.

The next game was the closest of the afternoon, with one run on each side, made by the Ashburns. The Algonquins won by three shots.

In the third game there was heavier firing than in either of the first two. One Algonquin party got through, however, and won the game with five runs. This cuts the Iroquois lead down to one.

George Snedberg did a fine piece of work in the third game. He had a safe guarding place, and let an Algonquin party get far enough for him to see them all before he fired. Eight shots in one game is pretty near a record. P. Collins got nine once last year, but as it was after they had made their runs, it did not help his side so much.

J. R. and Leland each got five in one game, and Hallowell got six; but the last-named was pretty reckless, and made stray shots. Don't shoot until you are sure.

The most remarkable thing about the afternoon was that all three scores balanced. This is the first time this has happened this year. And J. A. L. settled down to his supper in peace, instead of chasing shots for half an hour.

Phil Chae came this afternoon, but of course he could hardly scout. He is bigger than he used to be, but he says that Johnny is as small as ever.

*Philip M. Chase*



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

After dope-talks we finished Fascal's box of marshmallows, toasting them in great comfort. It has been a wonderful box.

Then we sang for half an hour, and by that time the half-past eighters were ready for bed. Skipper had announced Games on the Hill, but we knew he didn't really mean it.

Then came pillows, apples, and "The Vanished Messenger."

Twinkle, twinkle, marshmallow,  
In the fire's ruddy glow.  
Hot and sticky, soft and sweet,  
There's no better food to eat.

Twinkle, twinkle, tree is tall;  
Georgie Snedberg's rather small;  
But he got them all the same.  
Surely he can play the game.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bobby's head.  
Some folks would have gone to bed.  
But he's up and hopping round,  
Scouting in the Underground.

When the faculty got the table set, it was raining. Didn't the storm treat us kindly, to hold off? For though there were a few spatters in the afternoon, they didn't amount to anything.



TUESDAY      This morning we cursed the flag man for forgett-  
AUG. 19,      ing his lantern. But a second look showed that he  
T. 56'      was innocent. He had put up the lantern as usual, but  
B. 29.00      N.E.

the halyards had parted, and the whole thing had come down with a run, to the great detriment of the lantern. After breakfast H.D. went up the tree, while C.F.F. manned the tackle, and lowered the mast. It is too long, or the earth is not flat enough, so the only way to get the new halyards through the block was to shin the top of the mast. It bent a bit, but the job was done.

This morning Miss Peabody left us. It was a short visit, but she has a family, and they like to be together.

The Lie-abed squad didn't expect much sleep, and they were right. They took the pine logs that had been rafted down, and began the construction of steps from the boiler up to the corner of the fence. The path has been washing badly there and if we don't look out will go as the Mammoth path did before the steps were built.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford came to dinner to-day, arriving by automobile from the head of the pond.

In the afternoon Mrs. Bradstreet and Mrs. Darling came out to get Rachel Darling, who has been up at Fourway for a week. Dr. Swain went in with them, to have a glimpse of the Wigginses and come back tomorrow morning.

As the afternoon was very damp, and we had scouted yesterday, and the boat-race is near, we had boat-building and two games of soccer.

The junior games was a close one, the Woodbridges beating the Hubbards 1-0.

Then the seniors went in, and had an even closer game;



TUESDAY a scoreless tie, even though they played an extra quarter,  
(Cont'd.)  
of five minutes.

Most of the afternoon W. Athens Gleason and W. Ellis were at work on our Mexican outrages, and most of the time C. F. B. was also a Mexican. Skipper supervised, and various others took a hand from time to time. Result, the drain is done. We hope to hear no more of it, and smell no more of it.

After supper there were several rehearsals, and Digestion Club. Then came Spin the Platter, which we have not had since July. When it came to forfeits, W. Ripley and G. Woodbridge distinguished themselves as wooden soldiers.

G. Woodbridge and Stackpole did finely in a blindfold waltz.

The match race was a very slow one. H. Woodbridge finally won, after boxing the compass with his nose. Batchelder went back almost as fast as he went forward, and did not finish.

In the crab race Richardson beat Frothingham by a length.

Lowell and Hallowell had an exciting contest, standing on one foot and trying to knock each other over by bumping. Each won one round.

The nasal piano duet between Batchelder and H. Woodbridge was equal to the most ultra-modern composers in its weird harmonies.

Half-past nine Boston was distinguished by the difficulty in distinguishing Bill Ripley from anyone else. He was called Davidge, and Bradford and Ladd were both called Ripley.

Twinkle, twinkle, Satellite,  
Finished in the dead of night.  
Or was morning showing red  
When your captain went to bed?

FOOTWEAR.

(Air, "Bidalia Jane McCann.")

It's rubber or leather boots,

This morning that fairly suits!

Though not quite so spry in them,

Better keep dry in them,

Free from all sneezing

And coughing and wheezing;

In leather or rubber boots!

Whenever the horn it toots,

Come jumping and stumping

And thumping and clumping

In leather or rubber boots!

L.E.R.



WEDNESDAY

AUG. 20

T. 61'

B. 25.14

Foggy

S.

This morning a branch squad trimmed off the overhan-

ging boughs along the road, so that we shall not get our

hair combed quite so hard when we go in or out in auto-

mobiles or other conveyances.

A track and field squad, under H.D., put an edge to the take off of the high jump. It is now of clay, with a board to make it perfectly definite.

In the middle of the morning L.T.S. came back, with good news of all Wigginses, great and small.

At dinner the Tink, by heroic self-control, kept silent till it was time to change the plates, thereby getting the faculty to act as butlers.

#### FINAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

<u>Class A.</u>	<u>Class B.</u>	<u>Class C.</u>
Bradford	Bigelow	Batchelder
Frothingham	Coolidge	(Chapman)
Ladd	Elting	Eliot
Leland	Farnsworth	Hubbard
Lowell	Hallowell	Jack Hutchinson
F. Miller	Haskell	Matthews
W. Ripley	H. Heard	Phillips
Sherburne	S. Heard	Reynolds
Stackpole	Hines	Richardson
	Jim Hutchinson	Shaw
	Jackson	Smedberg
	D. Miller	L. Tower
	C. Ripley	W. Tower
	Stone	Welsh
	West	Williams
	H. Woodbridge	G. Woodbridge

#### Class A Running High Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
Bradford	scratch	4' 3"
Leland	scratch	4' 2"
W. Ripley	scratch	4' 1"

Leland and Ripley have both jumped higher. Bradford was not competing last time. The handicap men all dropped out too early to get a place.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class A Running Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Stackpole	scratch	15' 1/2"
Bradford	3"	14' 1"
W. Ripley	6"	13' 6 1/2"

Bradford would have made second place from scratch.

Ripley, however, owed something to his handicap.

Class A Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Lowell	6"	23' 6"
Stackpole	1'	23' 2"
Bradford	scratch	22' 7 1/2"

Lowell made the best put, without any handicap. Under the same circumstances Stackpole and Bradford would have changed places.

Class A Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Stackpole	scratch	12 4/5 s.
Lowell	1 yd.	
Bradford	1'	

Stackpole finished about a yard ahead of Lowell, but was evidently not working his hardest. Bradford was about five feet farther back.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Leland	scratch	12 4/5 s.
Sherburne	scratch	
W. Ripley	2 yds.	

Here the distance between first and second was a little greater, that between second and third a little less. The time was the same, but Leland was working harder than Stackpole.

Final Heat.

Leland	12 2/5 s.
Stackpole	
Lowell	

A very exciting race. Stackpole led almost to the last yard, and Leland won by an eyelash, and not a very long eyelash at that. Lowell was a scant yard behind. A very pretty finish.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class A Four-Forty Yard Run.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Sherburne	scratch	1 m. 7 s.
Stackpole	scratch	
F. Miller	1'	

Sherburne jumped to second place at third base, and took the lead about at third base. Stackpole stuck to him like a good one, and earned his second place if ever a man did. Miller was so hard pressed for third that it is doubtful if he would have made it if he hadn't fallen across the line.

Class B Running High Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
S. Heard	scratch	3' 11"
H. Heard	scratch	3' 10"
Jim Hutchinson	scratch	3' 9"

H. Heard and Jim Hutchinson have both done better than this.

Elting, who showed up well last week, did not qualify.

Class B Running Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
H. Heard	4"	14' 3 3/8"
Bigelow	scratch	13' 8"
S. Heard	scratch	13' 7 1/4"

H. Heard made the best jump in the class. Last time S. Heard did over fourteen feet.

Class B Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
D. Miller	1' 6"	24' 6"
Bigelow	1' 6"	23' 10"
S. Heard	1'	23' 5"

Handicaps made a good deal of difference here, for Farnsworth, who was scratch man, made a better put than any of the place-winners.

Class B Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
H. Heard	scratch	14 s.
Jim Hutchinson	1 yd.	
Stone	2'	

The close contest here was for second place, Stone being a very good third.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Bigelow	scratch	14 s.
S. Heard	scratch	
Farnsworth	1 yd.	

Not quite so close. S. Heard was four feet behind Bigelow, with Farnsworth two yards in the rear.

Third Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
D. Miller	scratch	14 1/5 s.
Hines	1 yd.	
C. Ripley	5'	

A close heat again, with Hines about two feet behind Miller, and Ripley a sometime greater distance behind, in spite of his handicap.

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Bigelow	13 2/5 s.
H. Heard	
S. Heard	

Bigelow had about a yard over H. Heard, with S. Heard a very close third. A capital race.

Class B Four-Forty Yard Run.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Bigelow	scratch	1 m. 11 s.
H. Heard	4 yds.	
Stone	12 yds.	

H. Heard took the lead before third base, with Bigelow close at his heels. They held this position till about the start of the hundred, where Bigelow sprinted into first place. H. Heard was a good second, Stone and Hutchinson a close third and fourth.

Class C Running High Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
Williams	1"	3' 5"
Hubbard	1"	3' 4"
L. Tower	3"	3' 4"

The tie for second place was not jumped off, as with the difference in handicaps it was only legally a tie. Matthews, who did well at the beginning of the season, went out early in the day.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class C Running Broad Jump.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Richardson	scratch	11'5"
Shaw	scratch	11'4 3/4"
Phillips	10"	11'3"

This came very near being a tie for first place, though Richardson and Shaw have both done better. Phillips had a good handicap, but won third place without it.

Class C Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Shaw	6"	20'5 1/2"
Richardson	2'	20'2"
Hubbard	1'6"	20'1"

These three made the best actual puts, without counting handicaps.

Class C Hundred Yard Dash.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Williams	scratch	15 1/5 s.
Reynolds	1 yd.	
Jack Hutchinson	4'	

A good heat, the leaders spaced about a yard apart.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Eliot	scratch	14 4/5 s.
L. Tower	1 yd.	
Smedberg	3 yd.	
Welsh	3 yd.	

Eliot had a lead of about three yards. Smedberg and Welsh were tied for third, which was exciting, as their handicaps were the same.

Third Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Richardson	1 yd.	15 s.
Shaw	1'	
Hubbard	2 yds.	

Shaw was only a yard behind Richardson at the tape. Hubbard was not so close, in spite of a longer handicap.

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Eliot	14 s.
Williams	
Shaw	

Eliot led by two yards, and Williams had about half that distance over Shaw.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class C Four-Forty Yard Run.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Eliot	scratch	1 m.17 4/5 s.
Williams	10 yds.	
Hubbard		

Welsh led past third base, but Eliot passed the field at the pit, and held his lead. The three place-winners were close all through.

Point Winners.

Class A.

Name.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100.	440.	Total.
Stackpole	5	3	3	3		14
Bradford	5	3	1			9
Leland	3			5		8
Lowell			5	1		6
Sherburne					5	5
W. Ripley	1	1				2
F. Miller					1	1

Class B.

Name.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100.	440.	Total.
Rigelow	3	3	5	5		16
H. Heard	3	5	3	3		14
S. Heard	5	1	1	1		8
D. Miller			5			5
Jim Hutchinson	1					1
Stone					1	1

Class C.

Name.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100.	440.	Total.
Williams	5			3	3	11
Eliot				5	5	10
Shaw		3	5	1		9
Richardson		5	3			8
Hubbard	2		1		1	4
L. Tower	2					2
Phillips		1				1

Altogether it was a very satisfactory meet. In most cases the handicaps worked well, and the handicap committee may feel pleased at the results of its toil.

Almost everyone was out for business, and worked hard. The only man not competing was Chapman, who has his head still in a turban, and has something unpleasant on his shin besides.

What made the afternoon particularly exciting was the fact that no one could tell how it would come out in any class till the last event, the four-forty, was over. All sorts of

WEDNESDAY            things might have happened had the four-forties  
(Cont'd.)  
turned out differently, and all three four-forties were close races.

Hearty congratulations to the three cup-winners, and to every runner, jumper, and putter who worked like a man; and that is a very big majority of the Camp.

The officials were out in great styl. We are used to straw hats; but slik hats are an agreeable novelty.

## Sing-Song Programme.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Drum Duet.....Coolidge, Reynolds.
3. Song.....F.D.A.
4. Specialties.....L.T.S.
5. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands, Merry-  
weather Races, Reubensville.
6. G.H.S. Trio.....Hildreth, Dudley, Monaghan.
7. Stunt, "Lord Ullin's Daughter".J.R., L.T.S., H.D., Chase,  
A.F.V., A.D.A., N.S.W.
8. Stunt, "Tam O'Shanter".....Sherburne, Bradford, F.D.A.,  
S.B.D., Bigelow, Haskell, Hallowell,  
Richardson, Eliot.

Camp Song.

A lively sing-song, from the very start. The interlude in the overture was rendered this time by an "O'Grady" class, who performed in great style.

We have never had a drum duet before, and this was extremely spirited. The first part had a cornet added, in the pantry; we suppose John Dudley was the performer. In other parts F. A. C. played a piano accompaniment.

F.D.A. gave us the Admiral's song from "Pinafore"; one of the best solos in the whole delightful opera. For an encore he gave a medley from the same opera, of four different airs. We wish we could have the whole opera.

L.T.S. sang us the circus song, and then did the story about the



WEDNESDAY      poor man's tiger, and the scene, if one can call  
(Cont'd.)

it a scene. Where practically nothing is seen, of the lunatic trying to escape from his keeper. It was a delightful taste of old times.

Our trio was in great form. They gave us an extremely pretty waltz, and then the Fisherman's Hornpipe. Doesn't some one of our fishermen know how to dance it?

"Lord Ullin's Daughter" is always dramatic and soul-stirring. J. R. showed the change from wrath to wailing with a power that made us shudder. L. T. S. was a most gallant chief, and Phil Chase a lovely vision as the hapless lady. H. D. did full justice to the sturdy courage of the boatmen, and the armed followers of the stern parent were all that armed followers should be.

"Tam O'Shanter" is a ballad that we have never acted before. The difficulties are great, but they were surmounted magnificently.

First appeared Sherburne as Tam, mounted on what we do not hesitate to call the best horse we have ever had in camp. S. B. D. and F. D. A., who composed the noble animal, deserve great credit. Bradford was truly Satanic as Old Nick, and the witches danced, skirled, and flashed their lights with great effect. Bigelow as Nanny certainly was a "cut y-sark", and pulled off the tail with superb dash.

After such a splendid sing-song, nothing but the Vanished Messenger could keep up the excitement.

Mr. and Mrs. West came just in time for sing-song, and spent most of the evening.

THURSDAY, Our weather-man put it down cloudy, but there was only  
Aug. 21,  
T. 63' a very slight fog. It was perfectly lovely.  
R. 29.00  
Foggy, At half-past nine tutors,  
Calm.

tutees, and one or two others, went  
off for a great double camping trip.  
They headed due west, which means Long  
Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. West came over bright  
and early, to see John before he started.

This morning a start was made on cos-  
tumes for the fancy-dress party. It is  
getting pretty near.

The race also is getting pretty near,  
and indications are that we shall have an unusual number of  
good boats. The breeze came up enough to try them, and all day there  
were trials going on. Will people ever learn that it is a poor plan  
to start a boat off the corner of the float, and let her run down  
in the lee?

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE.

All the morning we had wondered about the picture on the  
blackboard; a barometer, with its hands pointing to storm, and a wild  
and disheveled student in the corner. When the list was posted,  
Skipper explained. The storm was a brain storm, and the seekers  
were expected to have storms in their brains so that they might  
find their clues.

The teams were chaperoned by J.R. and J.A.L.. The former had  
marked his clues with the Abbot tree, the latter with a double  
cross. The teams were large enough to divide, so that when two or  
three possibilities came up they might be investigated simul-  
taneously.

#### Camping Trip August 19<sup>th</sup>

Bigelow Jackson  
Bradford Ladd  
Coolidge Lowell  
Elting Tower, W.  
Hutchinson, Ino. West

N.S.W - A.D.A.

Williwaw  
Yammerschooner  
Erebus  
Terror



THURSDAY      We give the two teams in full.  
(Cont'd.)

J.R.	J.A.L.
Stackpole (captain)	Sherburne (captain)
Batchelder	Eliot
Farnsworth	Frothingham
Hallowell	Haskell
H. Heard	S. Heard
Hines	Jim Hutchinson
Hubbard	Leland
F. Miller	Matthews
Phillips	D. Miller
Richardson	Reynolds
W. Ripley	C. Ripley
Shaw	Smedberg
Stone	L. Tower
Williams	Welsh
G. Woodbridge	H. Woodbridge
Chase	

The Abbot tree party were started with

"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"

Pandora cried in accents wild.

This was doped correctly almost at once, though they were thrown off the track more or less by not searching the Box thoroughly. Finally Hines found the rod under the tent. Round it was the next clue:

"The ark is ready; let in the elephants", said Father Noah.

After a shot at the Arklet, F. Miller found the clue, in the toy Arklet on the wall. (In the real Arklet it said "Try again.")

"The skin of the big fish was somewhat damaged, but he was a fine specimen nevertheless."

Here they went off the trail a bit, on the big pickerel caught in Hamilton Pond. Various dopesters hoped the skin is still intact. Finally Ripley thought of the Ouananiche, with her three foot patch, and there it was:

"He ripped his pants on a hickory stick,

And fled to his tent and changed them quick."



THURSDAY

This was correctly doped at once, but the search was (Cont'd.) not thorough. A mysterious connection with L.T.S., whose pants were certainly ripped in scouting, took them to the Box, but the clue was finally found in Ripley's tent:

"Three times he waved his good right arm, and all the hillside sprung into life."

This was correctly doped, by Ripley, and a party set out for the boneyard. Meanwhile another bunch pursued Skipper, to look at his strong right arm, a third hurried up to the start of the hundred yard dash, and Farnsworth, not to leave a stone unturned, hunted for the signal towel. The bonyard party soon returned successful, with

"And David was herding his sheep by pleasant water, and he left his sheep and went unto King Saul."

There was much deep dope over this. Someone remembered that Saul was Paul's original name. The Heard family were suspected. The suggestion that a party be sent to find sheep at the Abbot tree was not followed up. Someone remarked that A.D.A. might be herding his sheep on the camping trip. Mr. Davis herds the people in the Mammoth; there is a possible connection between David and Davis. Mr. Walker is called King. Ham Heard's cubicle was given a thorough search. Finally Stack got the right track, and the clue was found behind the old Dutchess trousers sign, "from the sheep to the man." It read,

"Keep the home fires burning."

The fireplace was searched in vain. Hallowell suggested the incinerator, and when he drew a blank there, kerosene. Stack sent him to look at the kerosene barrel, but that was no go. Farnsworth searched the wrong woodpile. Stack thought of home plate. Ripley hunted up the cigarette lighter in the tutorial. Woodbridge guessed that it might be the woodpile up in the hill-house, but his search



THURSDAY was not thorough. A hint from H.D. set them all  
(Cont'd.)

after matches. Harry Shaw tried fire extinguishers, which  
seems a funny theory. Killer looked in the paper barrel. Bud  
suggested that the Doctor's thermometer told us when we  
needed a fire, and Woodbridge went one better, and looked  
behind the barometer. Finally Stone got the clue, after the  
whole party had got to work on the hill woodpile.

"Poor dear Mary is old and infirm. She sits on the  
porch all day."

Hines guessed the Infirmary porch at once. Someone asked  
if the rocking-chairs had special names. Richardson found the  
paper:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme grows."

All went away to search the embankment in the hope that  
they might find wild thyme growing on it. Finally, after fifteen  
minutes, Harry Shaw found the next clue, a map, under the old  
clock on the mantelpiece.

The map stumped them for a long time. No one realized  
how long ago "Pomander Walk" was given, or that so many boys  
did not know the name of the little faculty tooth-brushing  
place. The word kopek was a sticker. Finally, after more or less  
assistance, the treasure was found and consumed.

The Double Cross party were touched off with

"Shoot if you must this old grey head,

But spare your country's flag", he said.

The flag on the pole was immediately lowered, and then  
the flag in the corner under the photograph books was un-  
folded. There was some investigation of grey heads. Finally  
the old flag over the fireplace revealed the desired clue

THURSDAY in the form of a tooth-paste box. The inscription read  
(Cont'd.)

Antiseptic, economical, cannot roll off the brush.

The infirmary was carefully searched, but George Smedberg found the clue, tacked to a brush in the game closet. (It wouldn't roll off, but we doubt its being antiseptic.) This one was

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be.

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea."

Many things were tried, from sails on boats to "silent C" on the piano, and the sails of the Bob White in the boat-house. One man tried the aquarium for the "sea", but didn't look thoroughly. Finally Haskell found the paper, in the turf on the island, after a good many hints.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,

The ice was all around.

It cracked and growled and roared and howled,

Like noises in a swound."

The ice-house was tried at once, with a side expedition to the ice-cream freezers. The clue was found by Leland and Frothingham, on the under side of the cover to the milk box.

U--14

4--5--R

G--18--0--21--n--4

R--1,9,1,2--Rowed.

C. Ripley soon doped that this was a cipher message. "Rowed" mixed the dopesters, who hunted for all manner of rails at, on, or near the boathouse, but the deputies deputed to visit the under-



THURSDAY      ground railroad brought home the bacon, as  
(cont'd.)  
follows:

"What is the difference between a blase coon and a  
sable plank?"

This took the master minds but a fleeting moment to  
unravel; but the next was a sticker:

"Now the Fourway Lodge is opened,  
Now the smokes of council rise."

A band of Tom Longboats burned the trail to Fourway,  
where they were greeted by

"No, it's not here! Try again!!"

Meantime S. Heard matched his auburn locks against the  
red brick of the Infirmary chimney. Haskell looked up the  
quotation. The Shrubbs came back to Faculty Coffe and thought(?)  
while H.D., A.F.V., and J.A.L. uttered more or less veiled hints.  
The "smokes of council" rose directly over the clue, but the  
treasure-seekers were indeed stumped. Finally H. Woodbridge  
got it, and it was another hard one:

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward through the night."

This  
needed a bit of finding, and there was a hint or two. The clue  
was above the wall where the heights are recorded.

"Ask Richardson for the clue."

Sherburne asked Richardson, just to prove that it was not  
the right thing, and then went to J.R., this being his theory. He  
was right, and they were soon puzzling over their map. It  
needed a little helping, but they finally got their jam.

Stop! Look! Listen!

See!

Here is Gold

Gather in the kopeks  
and hunt the box office

Singery

Frowlery

The show's the thing!  
Note it well!

Box

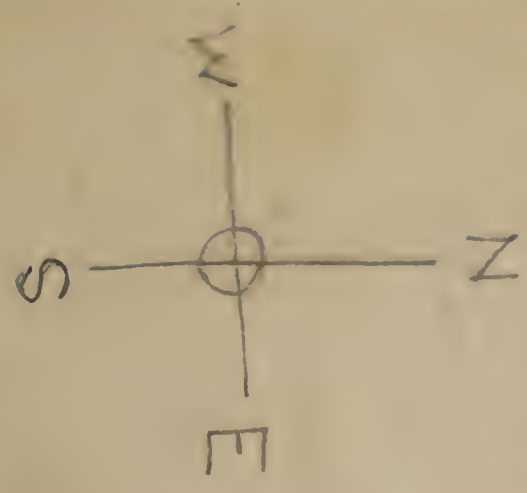


small the blood of an  
Englishman

100 yds



16 yds



Note the Joyous  
Bullet!  
Observe the meter  
and bounds  
and hunt the fire-  
avails!  
Where does he  
live? — where?

How many nations does my father lie?

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

There was to have been bumble-puppy after the treasure-seeking, but there was not time.

After supper came Games on the Hill, with boat-building on the side.

The half-past eighters finished the evening with Towel, and the half-past niners made words out of "supererogation." T was good, but N was horrid.

We should have said before that L.T.S. left us this noon, to our great regret. It has been wonderful to have him here.



FRIDAY Between fog and shower, and again after the shower, it  
Aug. 22, .  
7.64' was a lovely day.

8.28.82

Foggy This morning A.F.V. and a fence squad put in a  
Calm.

strong fence along the path up to the shop, where we have  
Shower  
p.m. been cutting the corner.

Professor and Mrs. Ripley came to dinner to-day. We hoped  
that they might spend at least part of the afternoon, but as  
a big shower was piling up they did not dare to risk it, over  
bad roads.

#### Dialogue at dinner.

A.M.R. trying to give a hint: "What happened at Concord?"

Hubbard: "The Battle of Lexington."

Just after dinner we heard a very powerful noise, and  
someone came rushing down from the field with the news that  
there was an aeroplane in sight. Sure enough, there it was, and  
very close. He circled, swooped, and did all kinds of stunts,  
while we stood staring. He then went down toward Pine Island,  
and came so low that it looked like an eagle fishing. At last  
he scudded off to the east, perhaps to get out of the way of  
the shower.

Reading began on the Point, but we were driven in by the  
rain. We read in the main room till the rain on the roof got  
too loud, and then we sang till the sun came out. We can make  
more noise than any shower.

The first plan was boat-building and ping-pong, but when  
it became plain that the weather had really cleared off for  
good, lists were posted for Boat and Canoe Practice.

Just before the work began, our campers hove in sight.  
They had got the shower worse than we did, and were so wet  
that they had come home a trifle early. They were also more



FRIDAY or less dirty, but very cheerful, and quite sure that  
(Cont'd.)  
Camp Nyada (if that is the correct way to spell it) was the best  
ever.

#### BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNV.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>
W. Ripley	W. Ripley	Stackpole	Frothingham	Sherburne
Frothingham				
Stackpole	Coach, H. D.			
Sherburne	Coaching in 4-paddler.			
	Coaching and race in standing singles.			

<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>CORKER.</u>
H. Heard	S. Heard	Farnsworth
Shaw	Hallowell	L. Tower
Jim Hutch	Hines	Smedberg
F. Miller	H. Woodbridge	Stone.

Coaches, C. F. B., J. A. L.. Coaching and race.

<u>IDENTICAL. VS. PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW VS. YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
D. Miller	Williams
C. Ripley	Reynolds
G. Woodbridge, c. Richardson, c.	Phillips, c.
Coach, J. R.	Coach, A. F. V.
Elliot	Haskell
Hubbard	Batchelder
	Matthews, c.

The four seniors practised first in a crew, and then took to single boats. The race was from Pickerel in. The Grayling won by about five lengths, Pink second. The Squannacook was a fair third, with the Hecuba very close.

The rangeley races were over the same course. In the first, the Pantasote beat the Identical by about four lengths.

The second race was planned for white boats, but as the campers had brought their boats in, the crews were shifted to rangeleys. It was a very close race, the Williwaw winning by only a few inches. The Yammerschooner, in spite of rather doubtful steering, sprinted in great style.

It was suggested that these winners row off a final heat, but as they were not quite in the same class, each rested on its laurels.

The four-paddle race was likewise from Pickerel in. The Abol got a flying start, which gained her half a length, and crossed the



FRIDAY first. The Eben was a good second, the Corker third,  
(Cont'd.)

After supper it was too lovely to stay ashore, so most of us took to the water. One crew came back from Oak with specimens of stratified rock, and a wonderful collection of red and yellow fungi. They had also helped nature along by two good cases of exfoliation, caused by their fire.

The monkey was visible till half past eight, and then we pursued the fortunes of the Vanished Messenger. Just now all the respectable people seem to be rather in the N.F. class, but we know that Mr. Fentolin will get come up with some time.

Lobsters for faculty supper! We felt rather greedy, but this was the way of it. The Ripleys brought them, for the Monkses. But they said that if the Monkses did not appear, we were to be residuary legatees. They didn't, so we did. And there were not enough to go round the whole crowd, you see.

Twinkle, twinkle, off the float;  
That's the way to bust your boat.  
Dance and prance along the beach,  
But she's over, out of reach.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bobby Chap,  
Leg in poultice, head in cap.  
But he never fails to smile,  
Gay and cheerful all the while.

-----  
From the Revised "Ancient Mariner."

"Oh soap, thou art a lovely thing,  
Beloved from Stack to Pole."

SATURDAY      The southwest wind did not last, but changed to north-  
AUG. 23,  
T. 66°      west, and pretty strenuous northwest at that.  
F. 28.90  
Clear      At breakfast C.F.R. announced that the Tink had revived  
S.F.

a good old custom, and named itself. Having china cups instead of glasses, it would now be the Chinkubator.

We have now two nice buoys, retrieved from the north end of Oak Island this morning by A.M.R. They were awkward to tow in the wind.

The navigation squad went round the Point, and manoeuvred in the bay by the lagoon, where there was just enough wind to make it interesting. Then J.R. lined them up in single file, and they headed for home close to shore, till they came to the beach in the lee of the Point. There three beached their boats, while the first in the line paddled round the Point and landed at the float. It was solid work for such light crews, but they all did it in turn. The Grayling, being higher, and therefore having more freeboard to catch the wind, had the hardest time, but all stuck to their guns, and fetched it. It was pretty to see. We give the boats and crews:

PECUBA.	GRAYLING.	SOUANNACOOK.	PINK.
Shaw	Williams	Hubbard	Haskell
F. Miller	H. Woodbridge	Hines	Hallowell

Just after swim R.R. went in to Gardiner for the night.

The automobile that took her brought back W.L.P., for another flying visit. His Widow did not want to let him go, but his arguments prevailed. So much the better for us, and we hope, for Bill.

We read in the Pine Poudoir, and were disturbed by frogs. (No disrespect to Brother Hines.) A big leopard frog, after visiting two or three people, finally jumped into A.M.R.'s lap, and as soon as we got rid of him, a pretty little brown wood frog tried it. In fact he came twice.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Just before reading ended, C.H.C. dropped in for a call, with a friend. They were on their way to Gardiner, and could not stay long, but C.H.C. hopes to be here for a couple of days in Old Home Week!

#### FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

There had been some uncertainty in the morning as to whether it would be scouting or the boat-race; both important and both the better for a wind. But by dinner-time we felt pretty sure.

The first game was a very conservative and careful one. No runs were made, and the Algonquins won, ten shots to seven. This tied the score for the season.

In the second game the Iroquois came back hard, winning on runs and shots both; two runs to none, eighteen shots to ten.

The third was an even more marked victory for the Iroquois, eight runs to two, and nineteen shots to twelve. This gives them a lead of two again.

The most conspicuous shooting of the afternoon was done by Bigelow, who killed six in one game.

Dope-talk and charades make a lively combination to get in, but we did it, and charades began on time.

#### CHARADES.

RAMPAGE. The first scene showed a Sunday-school class off on a picnic, strolling in the fields and talking about Ezekiel. They were delighted to see a dear little lamb; but their joy was changed to terror when the lamb went for them, and scattered them to the four winds. The second scene was from "The Hand of Glory". The old gentleman (Jackson) sat in

# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	✓			✓			✓		
J.R.	×			✓			×		
J.A.L.	×	••		×			×	•	
A.D.A.	✓			✓			×	•	
S.B.D.	✓			×	•		×	•	
A.M.R.	×			×	•		×		
Bradford	✓			×	•		×		
Coolidge	×	••		✓			×	•	
Eliot	✓			✓			×		
Elting	✓			×			×		
Farnsworth	✓			×	•		×		
Hallowell	✓			×			×		
Haskell	×			×			×		
Hines	✓			×	•		×	•	
Hubbard	✓			×			×		
Hutchinson, Jim	✓			×	•		×		
Ladd	✓	•		×	•		×	••	
Leland	✓			✓	•		×	••	
Lowell	✓			✓	•		×	•	
Richardson	×	••		×	•		×	•	
Ripley, C.	✓			×			×		
Ripley, W.	×			×			×		
Stone	✓	••		✓	•		×	••	
Tower, W.	✓			×			✓		
Williams	✓			×			✓		
Woodbridge, H.		•		×			×		

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.		•		✓				•	
A.F.V.		•			••		×	•	
N.S.W.	×				••			••	
F.D.A.					••		×		
W.R.S.	×	•		×	•		✓		
W.L.P.	×			✓					
Batchelder	×			✓					
Bigelow	✓	•		✓				•••••	
Chase	✓			✓				•	
Frothingham		••		×			×		
Heard, H.	✓			×			✓		
Heard, S.	✓			×			✓		
Hutchinson, Jno		•			••		×		
Jackson	✓			×	•		✓		
Matthews	✓				••			••	
Miller, F.	✓			×				•	
Miller, D.	×			✓			×		
Phillips	×			✓			×		
Reynolds	✓				••				
Shaw	✓			×				••	
Sherburne	×			✓					
Smedberg	✓			✓			×		
Stackpole	×			×				•	
Tower, L.	✓			×	•		×		
Welsh	×			×			×		
West	✓			✓			×		
Woodbridge, G.	×			×	•			•	



SATURDAY dressing-gown and slippers, counting his money.  
(Cont'd.)

Haskell, the little page, peeked through a crack watching him.

Suddenly there came the words of the spell that fixed them in their places, and the murderers, headed by C.F.B., stole in. The knife flashed, there was a a choking cry--and the curtain his the scene. A moment later we saw the murderers eating their dinner at the tavern, when in burst the page, followed by the constables. (We hadn't time to do the conclusion, with the three gibbets. It would be hard to rig, too.) For the whole word, we went to a mining town. It looked like a pretty hard crowd, and S.B.D., who came in with the tale of his misdeeds, was the worst of the lot. But the tale was cut short by C.F.B., who rose from his corner and arrested him; or at least choked him and dragged him off.

BLACKBOARD. The first scene was in a gambling den, W.R.S. presiding. H.D. came in, escorting E.S.C., a siren of the most dangerous type. She started him betting on red, and they won several times. She shifted him to black, and still they won. Then, by following her lead, and still going black, he lost all he had, and staggered or crushed, while she smiled a most odious smile. The second scene was in a boarding-house, presided over by E.S.C., where the boarders were not satisfied with their food. One thought the soup was dishwater, another suggested that the chicken of which it was made be run through the hot water again. For the whole word, H.D. did a very puzzling dope picture on the board, and then explained it to the dopesters.

UNICORN. First J.E. appeared as a professor, out on an excursion with his geology class. They found trilobites, and then a very old ledge. They dug carefully, and unearthed a



SATURDAY Fossil monster which proved, after careful investigation (Cont'd.)

with a telescope, to be the five-legged brontosaurus, a unique specimen. The second scene was evidently laid on the Cooks' farm. Lowell hewed his corn, and then lay down to sleep. Immediately the cows came in, and ate most of it, as we have seen them doing at intervals this summer. The whole word was terrible. A group of spiritualists were seated in the dark, waiting for manifestations. Suddenly a greenish light appeared, and a moment later "Something is in the room!" Horror! The Unicorn!

BETRAYED. We began with J.A.L. as Saul, fanned by slaves. He inquired for David, and presently Stackpole appeared, and announced his readiness to fight Goliath. The giant (L. Tower and W.R.S.) was made more terrible by having extra hands and feet, but a well-aimed shot laid him low. The second scene was in a gambling den again. This time it was cards instead of rouge et noir. A whistle, the crash of a breaking door, and the police were in possession. The whole word showed the garden of Eden; N.S.W. as Adam, A.D.A. as Eve, and J.A.L. as the front half of the serpent. We couldn't tell who was the tail as he was hidden in the blanket—I mean the skin.

We got through at exactly half past eight, which is rather remarkable.

And then came pillows, and physical peace, while we listened to the Vanished Messenger. Mr. Fentolin is getting the worst of it now.



SUNDAY            It was so dark at ten o'clock that we had service  
Aug. 24,  
T. 65'            by lamp-light; a thing that does not often happen.  
S. 28.98.

Cloudy,            The dessert campaign began early in the day,  
wind  
variable..            and by dinner-time the doors were pretty tho-

More            roughly plastered with documents of all kinds. There  
or  
less            was little speech-making at dinner, most of the speakers  
rain.

                  confining themselves to what the modern reporter likes  
to call slogans.

                  H.R. pointed out the dangers of partisanship, and said  
that if the Rice Pudding Party, the Pie Party, and the Frog  
Dumpling Party joined forces, they could sweep the board.

                  H.D. suggested Rice Pie as an addition to the ticket.

                  A.D.A. was loud in his support of "eight pies and ice-  
cream."

                  "Rice Pudding" was then spelled; after which its opponents  
pointed out that the last two letters were N.G.

                  C.F.B. pointed out that jam-tails, frog dumplings, and  
Roman nose were really forms of pie.

                  H.D. emphasized the resemblance between ice-cream and  
rice.

                  After much cheering the company went to the polls. We  
gave the ticket as finally elected:

Blueberry Pie.  
Frog Dumpling.  
Jam Tails.  
Apple Pie.  
Gingerbread and Whipped Cream.  
Roman Nose.  
Cherry Pie.  
Lemon Pie.  
  
Vanilla Ice-cream with maple cow.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

During the excitement W.R. returned from Gardiner.

#### GRAND PROMETHEAN COMPETITION.

<u>J.R.</u>	<u>C.F.B.</u>	<u>H.D.</u>	<u>S.B.D.</u>
Sherburne	Ladd	Leland	Bradford
Farnsworth	Frothingham	S.Heard	Jackson
F.Miller	Stone	Jim Hutchinson	H.Heard
Hallowell	H.Woodbridge	Bigelow	Jack Hutchinson
Haskell	Batchedler	Phillips	Shaw

As usual, the faculty were simply observers. It was not a very hard day, for the rain had stopped.

Bradford's party made the best time. They went to work on the hillside, with their kettle slung on a pole supported by two forked sticks. They got fire on the fifth match, having spoiled the others by scratching on wet surfaces. Powerful lungs helped, and their kettle was boiling in twenty-two minutes.

Sherburne was also on the hillside, not quite so far out. He got a blaze going on the third match, and worked with dry white pine. The water boiled in twenty-two and a half minutes.

Ladd went down on the beach, beside a big stone, fasteneing the pole for his kettle with smaller stones. He got a fire going in eight minutes, on the fourth match, and the kettle on in fourteen. His fire was white pine. The kettle boiled in twenty-three and three quarters minutes.

Leland was on the hillside, where a fallen birch supplied fuel. In fact this party did practically the whole thing with birch bark. They boiled, or the water in their kettle did, in twenty-five minutes.

#### INDOOR SCOUTING.

Three games were played, and all were close and exciting. The Umbezooksci(?) won the first two, but their rivals came back hard in the third and turned the tables on them. There were too many murders, and the scor in shots and killed did not balance, but one



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SUNDAY expects that S. Heard made a brilliant record in shots,  
(cont'd.)  
with a total of twelve, and Hines, Phillips, and F. Miller each made  
three runs in one game.

By invitation we picnicked at Fourway. The grub was taken up  
by boat, and the rest of us walked. We had supper on the piazza, for  
the most part, and it was very jolly.

After supper we had a wild time with rounds, especially "Little  
Bo-Peep", which we have never tried before with the whole crowd. It  
may not have been harmonious, but at any rate we made a fine lot  
of noise.

Just after hymns W. L. P. had to go back to his Widow. We wish  
him the best of luck in the coming exams.

Soon after we had an addition to our number, in the person of

*Philip W. Simon.*

He came by automobile from Rye Beach. He gives glowing accounts of  
his small son, now eleven weeks old. We should like to see him.

Our story for the evening was "Timberline."

#### DESSERT DOCUMENTS.

Twinkel, twinkle, Rice Pudding,  
Who could eat that awful thing?  
From its effects you'd surely die,  
Think again and vote for Pie.

EXTRA!

#### Latest News from Europe.

Peace Conference

Renewed!

President Wilson summoned in haste. Great Britain, France,  
Italy, Belgium, Greece, Switzerland, Roumania, Serbia, Japan,

all demand RICE PUDDING!



Twinkle, twinkle, little David,  
Old King Saul you sure have saved.  
'Twas because of Rice Pudding  
That you so well used your sling.

---

Right royal repast  
Inexpressibly inviting  
Cures coughs and cramps  
Eternally excellent

Pure past praising  
Undeniably unique  
Delights dreamers and doers  
Demanded by Doctors  
Imitations inevitable  
Necessary and nourishing  
Gloriously good.

---

A pudding of rice  
Is a noxious device,  
It's tasteless as turnips, and heavy as ice.  
The Hindoos admire it,  
The Chinese require it,  
But Hindoos eat dog-meat,  
And Chinese eat mice!  

---

Rice Pudding --the Ford car of desserts!

Is life worth living? Yes, so long

As Pie so sweet and dear,

With odors fragrant and divine

Reminds us it is here;

So long as Ricelike Pudding takes

Mid joy its glad farewell,

And Mr. Small in kitchen bakes

Those pies of luscious smell.

So long as berries rich and ripe

In pastry walls he'll spill,

Olympian nectar's prototype!

Life is worth living still!

-----  
A Prayer.

O Mr. Small,

To you I call,

Make us a thousand pies,

With crustings swell

You know so well,

And of enormous size.

Oh heed my prayer .

With kindly care,

Use apple, squash, and berry,

While those who sing

For rice-pudding

Go home upon a ferry!



THE PUDDING OF MERRYWEATHER.  
(Air, "Bonny Dundee.")

To his merry cookees the bold chef he did say,  
"Come, lads, and we'll give them a treat for to-day!  
Obey my directions, and we will see whether  
They appreciate dainties at Merryweather.

Come pour out the milk, come stir in the rice,  
Come fill up with raisins and sugar and spice;  
Now mix with a will, and bake all together,  
And it's up with the pudding of Merryweather!

For jam-tails and junkets much praise I receive;  
No fault has been found with my pies, I believe;  
But were my taste consulted--I'll not be deluding--  
My vote should be cast for delicious Rice Pudding!

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my plate!  
'Ive kept one all hot lest we chance to be late.  
Sit down, now, my boys; we'll feast all together,  
For it's up with the pudding of Merryweather.

-----  
RICE PUDDING.

(After Sydney Smith; some way after!)

To make the Queen of Cakes your poet begs  
A stated quantity of milk and eggs;  
With plumpy raisins, whose be-wrinkled skin  
Holds all the richness of the grape within;  
A dust of cinnamon, a waft of spice,  
A touch of butter--then,--ah! then--the Rice!  
Food of the Orient; grains of fragrant snow,  
On which the babe may thrive, the giant grow;

Bland and emollient, wholesome and nutritious,  
Strengthening, pleasing, and --in short-- delicious!  
Mix these ingredients, and place them where  
The friendly oven breathes its ardent air;  
Bake, till the snowy mass doth now unfold,  
A surface smooth of brown y-tinted gold;  
Bring it to table; fetch, ah, fetch the plate,  
Nor let the guiding spoon be small--nor late!  
I taste; I feast; at peace with all mankind,  
The body satisfied, I ask the mind;  
"Say, though for sons of earth the Pie is good,  
Is not Rice Pudding, sure, the Angels' food?"

---

VOTING SONG.

(Tune, "We'll All Go A-Scouting To-day.")

"What ho!" says J. Richards, "the voting is on,  
And the pie votes are rising so free;  
All hope for rice pudding is now surely gone,  
And so what better day can there be?  
Come all ye pie-eaters, I say!  
And cast this foul rice-dope away!  
Better dessert than this trash  
Would be two plates of hash,  
So we'll all fill on all pie-crust to-day.

Chorus: Ye South and Ye Mammoth, ahoy!  
This vegetable noxious destroy!  
North and Short, say, will you  
This vile pestilence chew?  
No!! To-day is the day of PIE JOY!



The dopesters' hawk eyes scan the list in surprise  
To see that ---- rice mixture there.

From eating Small's pies they can just barely rise,  
But are sure there was never such fare.

Frog Dumplings and Jam-tails, hurray!

We're voting for you in full sway!

Not a chance for that food

That the Hindoos call good,

So we'll all fill on pie-crust to-day.

Cho. Batch, Archie, and Davidge, oh boy!

Pray don't with that medicine toy!

Eat your blueberry pie

With a gratified sigh,

For to-day is the day of PIE JOY!

MONDAY

T.64'

B.28.74

Fair

S.W.

A tooth-brush raid this morning devastated the ranks.

It was such a pleasant day no one expected it.

We have started on knots and splices; that is, we

have got as far as whipping the ends of our ropes. It is shocking how much one forgets in nine months.

Phil Chase left this morning. We should like to have him longer, but we know what Mrs. Chase meant when, speaking of the boys' coming up for another summer, she said, "You can't have all the fun."

More logs for the steps were brought down to-day.

The fence squad is putting a fence along north of the Infirmary that looks likely to last, even if we do sit on it to watch wrestling. Not a piece of grey birch in it.

It was uncertain all the morning whether we should have the yacht race or the boat races, but after dinner the south wind seemed to be flattening, so the buoys went out, and at three the races began. Then, of course, the wind rose, but not enough to do much real damage. Those who tipped over would probably have done it anyway, except in a flat calm, and the breeze gave much more of a test in seamanship.

We give the order of events as they really occurred, but in the full report we put finals in each event right after the preliminaries, for the sake of clearness.

#### BOAT AND CANOE RACES.

1. Senior Singles, First Heat.
2. Senior Singles, Second Heat.
3. Kid Fangeleys.
4. Junior Doubles, First Heat.
5. Junior Doubles, Second Heat.
6. Senior Singles, Final Heat.
7. Junior Doubles, Final Heat.
8. Senior Doubles.
9. Diamond Sculls.
10. Junior Four-paddle crews.
11. Senior Four-paddle crews.



MONDAY With three exceptions, the course was out round (Cont'd.) Pickerel and the buoys, and back. The Kid rangeleys and the Diamond Sculls simply came in from Pickerel, and the Senior Fours went out and back twice.

SENIOR SINGLES, STANDING.  
FIRST HEAT.

<u>PINK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Leland	Ladd	Bradford	Stackpole	3 m. 34 2/5 s.

The Pink got the jump, with the Grayling second. The Hecuba steered widely. The two leaders kept their order on the turn and all the way in, but the Hecuba went over. Bradford got in again, but was naturally not very close to second place at the finish. The Pink won, with the Grayling a close second.

SECOND HEAT.

<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Sherburne	W. Hiple	Frothingham	Lowell	4 m. 23 4/5 s.

The Grayling soon got a long lead, and kept it. The Hecuba came up on the home stretch, and finished second with a good sprint, passing the Pink, which had been second all the way out and at the turn. The Squannacook went over, and did not finish.

FINAL HEAT.

<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>Time lost.</u>
Leland	Ladd	Sherburne	W. Hiple	

The Squannacook headed up to windward going out, and was a bit wild in steering throughout. The Pink lost her captain overboard on the way out. The Squannacook made the best turn, but the Hecubab won by two lengths, Squannacook second, Grayling third. It was too bad the time slipped up, but that is the way of stop watches.



MONDAY

MIDGET FANGLEV DOUBLES.

(Cont'd.)

<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>FREBUS.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
C. Hopley	Coolidge	D. Miller	Eliot	1 m. 46 s.
Jack Hutch.	Hubbard	Haskell	Williams	
Reynolds (cox)	Phillips (cox)	G. Wood. (cox)	Welsh	

The course, as we said above, was from the rock in. It was a good race. The Identical sprinted well at the finish, and crossed the line first, with the Frebus a good second. The Williwaw was a very creditable third, and the Terror, though fourth, was not far behind.

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

First Heat.

<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Eiting	Hines	Hallowell	Smedberg	3 m. 46 1/5 s.
Farnsworth	H. Heard	H. Wood.	S. Heard	

The wind was freshening, and the Hecuba was very slow in getting into line. The Squannacook got the best start, but the Grayling turned first. All were close on the turn. The Grayling led all the way in, and won the race, with the Pink and the Hecuba close behind, second and third. The Squannacook was disqualified, for turning the Hecuba's buoy and fouling her.

Second Heat.

<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Jim Hutch.	Shaw	West	L. Tower	3 m. 45 2/5 s.
Stone	Jackson	F. Miller	Bigelow	

The Squannacook got the best start, the Hecuba paddling all round her starting flag before she got away. The Pink headed for home first, but tipped over just as the Squannacook overhauled her. The Hecuba fouled the Grayling just after the turn, but not enough to affect the result. The Squannacook was first, with a long lead; Grayling second, Hecuba third. The Pink did not finish.

Final Heat.

<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Eiting	Hines	Jim Hutch	Shaw	3 m. 54 s.
Farnsworth	H. Heard	Stone	Jackson	

The Pink made a poor start, and was slow all the way. The Gray-



MONDAY ling made the best turn. The Squannacook, getting off (Cont'd.)

her course, was fouled by the Grayling, but the blame was about even, and as it did not materially affect the result of the race, neither was penalized. The Hecuba won by two lengths.

#### SENIOR STANDING DOUBLES.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNA COOK.	PINK.	Time.
W. Hipley	Sherburne	Bradford	Ladd	3m. 58 2/5 s
Leland.	Frothingham	Stackpole	Lowell	

White caps were running, and the Squannacook had great difficulty in getting to the line. She was finally towed to place, and they started, the Grayling leading. The Squannacook and the Pink were both unsteady from the start, and capsized. The Hecuba led in a very close turn, the Grayling almost neck and neck with her. On the home stretch the Grayling lost her bow paddler overboard. The Hecuba was first, Grayling second. The other two did not finish.

#### DIAMOND SCULLS.

IDENTICAL. TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	Time.
Batchelder	Matthews	W. Tower	Richardson
			2 m. 4 4/5 s.

This race was from the rock in. The Identical won by four lengths, with a good sprint at the finish. The Terror had a good lead over the Williwaw, and the Erebus was some distance in the rear.

#### JUNIOR FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

CAUGH COM GOMOC.	WONKROMONTOGUS.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.	Time.
Jackson	S. Heard	Bigelow	Farnsworth	3m. 17 1/5 s.
Hallowell	West	Hines	Jim Hutch.	
L. Tower	Elting	Shaw	Smedberg	
H. Woodbridge	Stone	H. Heard	F. Miller	

The Corker had to be towed to place, or the race would never have started. The Togus made the best start. The Eben was slow, but all the others made a practically simultaneous turn. The four crossed the line in the order given, the first three very close. It was a pretty race.

MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

SENIOR FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

<u>ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.</u>	<u>EBENEZER.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Leland	Sherburne	6 m.14 1/5 s.
Frothingham	Stackpole	
Ladd	Lowell	
W. Ripley	Bradford	

The race was twice over the course, so it was not a sprint. The Abol gained a little on every turn, and won by about four lengths.

So ended a very good set of races; eleven events in a little less than two hours. Congratulations to all who participated, including the officials.

Just before the races Tom Bradfor's older brother dropped in, and spent part of the afternoon. We tried to keep him to supper, but he couldn't stay.

After supper we had Digestion Club for those who were not rehearsing, followed by Quiet Games.

Then we finished "The Vanished Messenger"; and as that did not fill the time, we had "A Young Man in a Hurry."



TUESDAY  
Aug. 26,  
T. 60'  
B. 28.71'  
Fair  
S.W.

This morning we picked another mess of our own beans. Considering the dry season, and the fact that they were eaten by cows, they are doing well.

This morning Mr. Barber came out from Gardiner, and put screens on the big room, the back piazza, and the kitchen.

All the morning we hoped for a racing wind, but it stayed light and variable. So we settled down to junior ball.

JUNIOR LEAGUE BALL GAME  
FROG DUMPLINGS VS. JAM-TAILS.

For three innings this was a close game. Then the Dump-  
lings took the bit in their teeth, and put seven runs across,  
with eleven men at bat. It looked like one of the hopeless  
merry-go-rounds that sometimes happen. But in the seventh and  
eighth the Tails took their turn, four runs to an inning, and  
the first half of the ninth saw the score tied, 14-14. Then Hip-  
ley knocked a two-bagger, and an error brought him in, winning  
the game for the Dumplings, after several innings of thrills.

S. Bradford, who appears at first, is Tom's big brother. He  
came down to dinner, and we kept him for the game. He had to  
leave at the end of the eighth inning, having four miles to  
paddle home alone.

In the third inning T. Bradford made an unassisted double  
play, catching W.B.S.'s fly, and also catching S. Heard off base.

In the fourth W.B.S. made a running catch, a good way  
outside third base.

In the seventh S. Bradford made a neat running catch, when  
Hipley knocked a foul fly.

S.B.D. was a conspicuous feature of the game all through.  
He heads the batting list, .666, with a home run by way of cli-



TUESDAY max, made four put-outs, and four assists. A good after-  
(Cont'd.)  
noon's work.

### Batting Averages.

S.B.D.	.666
W.E.S.	.400
S.Heard	.400
Lowell	.400
T.Bradford	.250
W.Ripley	.250

For Dunning vs. Geo. Gable of Jan. 26 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	0		1 S. Head				03				K		23				5	2	2	
6	0		2 W. P. *.	6	003		23	03									5	2	2	
8	2		3 S. D. J.	2	26		53				03		26				5	1	1	
11	0		4 J. P. M.	3				03					403				4	2	1	
1	4		5 J. P. M.	1	K				03			23					4	2	1	
2	0		6 J. P. M.	5						03	K						5	2	2	
2	0		7 J. P. M.	7													4	2	1	
			8 J. P. M.	8		K				26							2	1	0	
			9 J. P. M.	9								24					3	1	0	
			10																	
			11																	
37	6		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	1	2	3	10	10	1	1	1	14	15		40	15	10	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	S. Head										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				6	7													2		
						1-b. ou errors.														

Wm. L. G. vs. The People of Ind. 26 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.			
1	3		1 H. Heard	4	03	26				13								5	9	1				
4	4		2 J. B. D.	6						94			4					6	4	4				
15	1		3 S. B. D.	3						1				04				5	2	0				
4	1		4 add	2	1-3		30			03	K	03						5	0	1				
0	1		5	1				03		2-6 04	2-6 04							4	1	0				
0	0		6 Black hole	5				01			K			K				5	1	1				
0	0		7	7	03			96				3						4	2	0				
0	0		8	9		13		1					1					3	1	0				
0	0		9 H. W. D.	8		26		13					13	K				5	1	0				
0	0		10 P. W. D.	3																				
			11																					
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																			
Hours..... Mins.....					2 2 2 1 2 4 4 4 4 8 4 2 14																			
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.															Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
1		1		4	5	1-b. on errors.																2		1



TUESDAY                      There was also a lively soccer game, Snookums  
(Cont'd.)

vs. Skookums. The former won, 2-0. Both goals were made in the  
first quarter. Coolidge shot one, C. Wipley the other.

While we were at supper a little squall gave us a won-  
derful double rainbow; one of the finest we have ever had.

After supper came Games on the Hill, followed by Dumb  
Crambo. The words were clan, numb, din, fane, drip, and whin. Clan  
and drip were guessed on the first shot.

And then we went down to Andy Coggin's to get a plate  
of beans. It was high time. As that priceless tale does not fill  
the evening, we finished with "Bargain Day at Tutt House."

WEDNESDAY

Aug. 27,

T. 63°

B. 28.74

Fair,

W.

This morning a toothbrush raid caught all but twenty-

six. H.D. brushed his teeth as he ran up the slip.

We picked a good mess of our own corn to-day.

In Class A, "O'Grady" caught everyone except Billy

Rain

p.m.

Rip. "Bill is a bright boy."

Donald Miller swam in from the Pie-plant to the float. He is coming along fast.

The afternoon was devoted to the boat-race. The wind was so light that we had to wait a good while. Then a shower that had gone down Long Pond backed round, and for a while it blew hard. Then came rain. We ran off eight preliminary heats, but will not report them here, as it is better to have the account of the regatta all in one piece.

#### SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"..... Jackson, Hines, Reynolds.
2. Merryweather Quartette..... A.D.A., F.D.A., N.S.W., J.R.,  
P.W.S.
3. Violin Solo..... N.S.W.
4. Choruses..... Camp Chantey, Water-rats, October.
5. G.H.S. Trio..... Hildreth, Monaghan, Dudley;  
Reynolds.
6. Stunt, "Prehistoric Merryweather... J.E. and Co.
7. Stunt..... A.D.A., F.D.A., and Co.

#### Camp Song.

When the overture was announced, Ham Heard said that Jackson and Hines had refused to play. Volunteers were called for, and three figures appeared, masked and cloaked. Two took the piano, the third produced a xylophone, and they went at it. And we have an idea that after all it was our usual team, with Freddy Reynolds. At least, we mean to risk the guess on the programme. The usual interlude was



WEDNESDAY given from the pantry by a cornet.  
(Cont'd.)

The quartette numbered five tonight. They gave us "The Pope", "Schneider's Band", and "Kentucky Babe." We wanted more, but time pressed.

N.S.W. gave us Rubinstein's "Melody in F", and the charming serenade that he has played once before.

After a quartette of five, it is reasonable to have a trio of four. Freddy doesn't belong to G.H.S. (I should be charmed to have him there), but his drum was a great addition. We had a pretty waltz called "Rose Dreams", and then "Money Musk" and "The Campbells are Coming."

J.F.'s stunt, "Prehistoric Merryweather", was a memorable one. It took us through the day, from J.F.'s waking call, "Co-casebermmquassabemsis!", to which H.D. responded from the prehistoric Mammoth Cave with "Pottawottamie Memphramagog!" to Taps.

First came breakfast, very primitive, with much gnawing of bones. We couldn't follow the conversation entirely, but it was plain that "Umbezookscus" meant "Go and brush your teeth." We are informed that "Cuttyhumk" was a comment on table manners.

Then came the making up of the prehistoric cubicle, with its bed of boughs and pillow of stone. H.D. and Ham Heard inspected, the former with a flaring torch, and after a heated dialogue, a pig was posted. (We give him later. He was a portentous pig.)

Prehistoric addy-humps were worse than O'Grady. Rubbing the forehead with the big toe was one exercise, and there was a good scratch all round.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Prehistoric methods of scouting would simplify the task of the umpire, scorere, and secretary, for as everyone would be killed with axes or clubs in the first game, there would be nothing left to settle, and nobody left to argue.

Last came Taps, and the noble savages retired. The full list of performers was as follows: J. F., H. D., W. Pibley, Sherburne, Ladd, W. Tower, H. Heard. They wore Indian dress, all except the Pirate, who wore a chaste costume of burlap, with a tail.

The last stunt was an athletic exhibition. The fall of the curtain revealed Smedberg standing on A. D. A.'s shoulders, G. Woodbridge apparently carrying Welsh on his shoulder, and S. Heard standing on his head. Then came various pyramids, and somersaults, with standing on hands besides. It ended with a wonderful four-story "squash pyramid", which at a given signal went flat as a pancake. It was a delightful stunt. The performers were A. D. A., F. D. A., Sherburne, Stackpole, C. Pibley, H. Woodbridge, G. Woodbridge, Smedberg, Welsh, L. Tower, Phillips, S. Heard.

The half-past niners, except those who had gone to bed to recover from stunts and apples, played Telegrams. The subject was the Landing of the Pilgrims, the word "mercantile".

One Indian Chief to Another.

Mischievous emigrants raining Cain. Angry natives turbulently incite lawless enterprise.

May each reverent churchman and not the Indians live evermore!

Most eatables rotten; cabbage and nice turnips in last extremity.

Many excitable rovers cause apoplexy, nervousness, terror, in lonely expedition.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Indian Chief to his Chief Squaw.

Meat! elderly runagates come ashore. Nice tidbits! I lick easily.

Elder Brewster to Brother in Holland.

Marvellous escape! capture aborigines neatly, tumble in, landlubbers excepted.

Captain of Speedwell to Captain of Mayflower.

Many excellent reasons compel a new technique in leaving England.

Mrs. Miles Standish to George Standish.

Miles easily reached coast, and now talks in luxurious ease.

Massachusetts easily recognized. Came ashore noon Tuesday in eagerness.

Parson White, to Rector of St James' Parish, London.

Many eagerly reach coast and now triumph in Lord's errand.

Mother earth received cannibals at Nantucket till it lived elegantly.

Misogynists, ecstatic, royally cherish Alden's nobility. Tempestuous inroad levels enmity.

Mayflower engages redskins. Campers anticipate nautical tactics. Inveterate lobster escapes.

Priscilla to her Aunt.

Materials excruciating; rough calico, antiquated nainsook. Totally impossible live elegantly.

A Geographer to the Royal Society.

Mediaeval errors revealed. China a nightmare tale. Inventor lied egregiously.

---

A.F.V. left this evening, to our great regret.





PORCUS PRIMORDIUS



THURSDAY,      Sorry I lost the weather report, but at this hour  
 Aug. 28,  
 Fair      in the morning I don't think I had better go a-hun-  
 Cool,  
 S.F.      ting for it. The day was in the main fair; but at  
 Slight      seven o'clock it was so dark that we had to have  
 shower  
 p.m.      the lights going to see our way to our mouths.

This morning Dr. Hardy came over, to look at our three  
 colds. They are all doing nicely, but as any kind of throat is  
 inclined to spread, we are keeping them by themselves and in  
 bed; Joe in his tent, Bobby Chapman and Everett Stone in the  
 infirmary. I may as well say here that Ralph Williams joined  
 the infirmary squad at supper time. We thought he might have  
 mumps, but it was in the wrong place.

After morning reading only the most necessary squads  
 were posted, and as soon as they got through, we adjourned to  
 the float for the rest of the yacht race. The report follows,  
 beginning with the heats that were run Wednesday.

MERRYWEATHER YACHT RACE.  
FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Prefects' Pride.	S.R.D., W.H.S.
In It.	Williams
Happy-go-Lucky.	G. Woodbridge
Siva	Matthews

We waited and whistled for a breeze till after four o'  
 clock, filling up on apples till it really looked as if some  
 might be unable to move. Finally, at 4-15, with a light wester-  
 ly breeze, the first boats started. The In It led, with the  
 Prefects' Pride gaining slightly. No one could tell whether  
 the Siva was right side up or upside down. The In It almost  
 turned round, and the Pride passed her, winning the heat. The  
 In It was a good second, the Happy-go lucky a very close third.  
 The Siva, being very slow, was finally withdrawn.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Dart	L. Tower
Saracen II	Farnsworth
Satellite	C. F. B. Jr.
Mother Cary's Chicken	

The wind died, then came up a little from the south-east. We waited a bit. Then the shower that was going south and west sent a kick in our direction, and it rose to a high wind and white caps. Before the boats were started, the M.C. Chicken blew out of the starting boat, and got half way down the course, skipping like a well-aimed pebble, before she could be caught. When the real start came she did not do so well, and the Satellite refused to stand up. The race between the Dart and the Saracen was a fierce one, both boats tearing down the course at terrific speed. The Dart won, with the Saracen right at her heels. The latter eluded the pickers-up, and if she had not tipped over some distance beyond the line, would have landed on the north beach.

THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Bobolink	Smedberg
Firefly	Jackson
Prefectorial Perfection	S. B. D., W. B. S.
Fad	Sherburne

Now the rain struck us, the shower having backed up the pond. Wind still high. All boats but the Bobolink went over. The Firefly, after being set up, went well and came in a good second. The other two did not finish.

FOURTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Polly-wog	Jim Hutch., H. Woodbridge.
Sand-shark	Frothingham
Gum-drop	Shaw
Whim	Stone

More rain, less wind. All over, but set up again. The Polly-wog won, with the Sand-shark a fair second. The Gum-drop was disabled by pulling out the tack that held her stays. The Whim proved unreliable.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Mexican	H.D.
W.&S.	C.A.S.
Bumblebee	Batchelder
Navigator	Hallowell

Wind lighter again. At one time the W. & S. was the only boat standing up. When the Mexican got squared away, however, she led across the line in good shape, with the W. & S. second. The other two were less stable.

SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Can't Be Beat	Chase
Tutti-frutti	Leland
Meat-Meat	Welsh
Lollypop	West

The Can't Be Beat lived up to her name, as at one time she was the only boat standing up. The Tutti-frutti did well till her rudder came out, and was given second place.

SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Marine King	Chapman
Caesar	W.D.S.
Bullfrog	Phillips
Hiram Q	Richardson, Hubbard

The Marine King, with her low sail, was the steadiest boat in the heat, and thereby won first place. The Caesar did well for a while, but filled, and became unmanageable. She had however done so well that she was qualified for the next round. The others were out of it.

EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Lita	S. Heard
Frolic	Bigelow
Sumaki II	Farnsworth

The Lita was the steadiest boat, and drove on to her goal. The Frolic took a good deal of setting up, but finally came in a conservative second. The Sumaki couldn't make it.

(Here ended Wednesday's heats, as it was pretty wet, and some of us were pretty wet too.)



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

FIRST HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
P. & C.	Bradford
Brutus	W. F. S.
Buckshot	Ladd
Grasshopper	H. Woodbridge, Haskell

In these heats, which took place Thursday, a good many of the boats had drawn byes, and had not raced before. Where this is the case, the owner's name is given. Where no owner is mentioned, the boat raced in the preliminaries.

The wind was light, from the southwest. Grasshopper and P. & C. went over, Buckshot leading, Brutus second. The P. & C., set up, went well, overhauled the others, and crossed the line a good winner. The Brutus came in second. A shifting wind caught the Buckshot, and she turned round. The Grasshopper didn't finish.

SECOND HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
Brave Attempt	E. R. C.
Cinch	Sherburne
Umbezookus	J. R.
Sea-King	Coolidge, Reynolds

The shifting wind made judging very difficult, as the boats changed their course. The Brave Attempt won by a good lead. The Cinch and the Umbezookus went well, in almost opposite directions, and were put into the next round.

THIRD HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>
Saracen II
In It
Prefects' Pride
Dart

The wind was now due west. After much upsetting and setting up, the Saracen won, In It a good second, Pride third. The Dart did not finish the course.



THURSDAY FORTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

(Cont'd.)

Boats.

Firefly

Pollywog

Sand-shark

Bobolink

Shifting wind still bothered. The Firefly got a start of the others, owing to shifting her course. The Pollywog came up well, and took second place, in spite of going over. The Sand-shark was a close third.

FIFTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

Boats.

Can't Be Beat

Mexican

Tutti-frutti

W. & S.

Wind very light. The Can't Be Beat justified her name, with the Mexican a close second. The Mexican alone qualified for the next heat, as the Tutti-frutti wouldn't stay up, and neither of the others was eligible for the cup.

Boats. SIXTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

Frolic

Marine King

Caesar

Lita

All went over more or less, but were set up again. The

Frolic finally took first place, with the Marine King second.

SEVENTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

Boats.

Fleetwing

Peewee

Merry Jane

Lady Alice (section A)

Owners.

Frothingham

Jim Hutchinson, H. <sup>Heard</sup> Foodbridge

S. B. D.

Stackpole, Hines

The Merry Jane led at first, but was overbalanced by her high sail. The Peewee fouled the Fleetwing, but got clear before any damage was done. The Fleetwing finally passed the Peewee, sprinting in great style, and crossed the line first. Peewee second.

THURSDAY  
(Continued)

EIGHTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>	<u>Owners.</u>
C.U.Later	Sherburne
Pegasus	F. Miller
Mary Jane	W. Ripley

There were only three boats in this heat, and at one time all three were at the mercy of the waves(?). But setting up did them good, and the C.U.Later showed great speed, crossing the line with the Pegasus not far behind.

At this point we adjourned, to continue after dinner. The wind tried to go back on us again, but the word was given, and several passing showers, finally gave us a good wind.

FIRST SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats,</u>
Brutus
P. & C.
Umbazookus
Brave Attempt
Buckshot

The Buckshot was given another chance, as she had had hard luck in the previous round. The Brutus won, with the P. & C. a good second, and the Umbazookus a fine third. The others didn't finish.

SECOND SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>
Firefly
Saracen II
In It.
Pollywog
Prefects' Pride

The Pride was tried again, as her stern tacks had pulled out in her previous race. The Firefly won, the Saracen almost tying her for first place. The In It came in third.

THIRD SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

<u>Boats.</u>
Mexican
Marine King
Frolic
Cinch

All four were fast. The Cinch led, but lost her chance by an untimely capsize. The Mexican was steady as well as fast, and led the



THURSDAY      field in fine style. The Marine King, though she  
(Cont'd.)  
yawed badly, owing to water inside, was a good second, Frolic  
third.

#### FOURTH SEMI-DEMI-FINALS.

##### Boats.

Pegasus  
Fleetwing  
Peewee  
C.U. Later

Wind more southerly, but still good. The Pegasus led from  
the start, tipping over just after crossing the line. The  
Fleetwing was a good second. The C.U. Later lost her rudder,  
and was given a chance in the next round.

#### FIRST SEMI-FINALS.

##### Boats.

Saracen II  
Firefly  
P. & C.  
Brutus

The Firefly and the Saracen had a hard struggle, changing  
positions more than once. The Saracen was the steadier boat,  
and finally won, with the Firefly a spirited though wobbly  
second. The Brutus got a bad start, and to everyone's surprise,  
tipped over about the middle of the course.

#### SECOND SEMI-FINALS.

##### Boats.

Mexican  
Pegasus  
C.U. Later  
Marine King  
Fleetwing

A dead heat between the first two boats, with C.U. Later  
close behind, and the Marine King a good fourth.

#### FINAL HEAT.

##### Boats.

Mexican  
Firefly  
Pegasus  
Saracen II  
C.U. Later

The Mexican won in splendid style, tearing along before  
a first-rate wind. The Firefly and the Pegasus both showed  
fine form and speed. The Saracen got a leak in her deck, and



THURSDAY the C.U. Later was also unseaworthy.  
(Cont'd.)

So ended a fine series of races. It is a long time since we have had such a large proportion of good boats, and so few silly ones. It is also several years since so many boats have been finished.

At supper, when the cup was presented to him, H.D., the master of the winning boat, said that it was not accurate to call her a one-day boat. She was built in a day, but after trying out a good many times, was modified and altered. So let no one think next year that the way to win is to wait till you have one day left, and then slap a boat together.

After the race there was much Skowhegan on the Point, between the Mexicans and the Second Saracens. (That sounds like better grammar than the other way round.) We give a summary of the score:

First game,	Saracens win, 11 shots-7.
Second game,	tied, 10-0.
Third game,	Mexicans win, 12 shots-7.
Fourth game,	Mexicans win, 15 shots-10.
Fifth game,	Saracens win, 4 runs-0.

There was also a match race between the W. & S. and Mother Cary's Chicken, won by the former.

After supper came Games on the Hill, which was Skowhegan again.

When the crowd came down, there was trouble brewing for them; forty-two different kinds of trees, or at least branches of them, laid out on the big table and the Tink, all tagged, and waiting to be identified. There were two sets on the big table, to save time.

The work done by tree squads shows very plainly, in the improvement over last year. Then only one boy, Davidge, was over twenty. This year there are ten, and two of them are above thirty. Last year's poorest scores were also lower than this year's. Let's do better still next year.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

We give the leaders, and then the complete list.

Stackpole	32
Sherburne	31 1/2
J.R.	28 1/2
Frothingham	27 1/2
Ladd	27
Shaw	24
Batchelder	23
Leland	23
Bradford	22 1/2
H. Heard	22 1/2
Hines	22
Bigelow	18
Jim Hutchinson	18
H. Woodbridge	16 1/2
F. Miller	14 1/2

Half points were scored where the genus was given right but the species was either omitted or given wrong.

Full List.

- |                           |                                  |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Witch Hazel.           | 22. Grey Willow.                 |
| 2. Hazel.                 | 23. Linden.                      |
| 3. Shadbush.              | 24. Rock Maple.                  |
| 4. Red Maple.             | 25. Hornbeam.                    |
| 5. Striped Maple.         | 26. Silver Poplar.               |
| 6. Maple-leaved Viburnum. | 27. Yellow Birch.                |
| 7. Large-toothed Poplar.  | 28. Hop Hornbeam.                |
| 8. Quaking Asp.           | 29. Red Spruce.                  |
| 9. Canoe Birch.           | 30. White Spruce.                |
| 10. Grey Birch.           | 31. Hackmatack.                  |
| 11. Elm.                  | 32. Var, or Balsam Fir.          |
| 12. Red Oak.              | 33. Beech.                       |
| 13. White Pine.           | 34. Arbor Vitae, or White Cedar. |
| 14. Red Pine.             | 35. Black Cherry.                |
| 15. Hemlock.              | 36. Red Cherry.                  |
| 16. Alder.                | 37. Choke Cherry.                |
| 17. Juniper.              | 38. Apple.                       |
| 18. Mountain Ash.         | 39. Arrow-wood.                  |
| 19. Black Ash.            | 40. Staghorn Sumach.             |
| 20. White Ash.            | 41. Plum.                        |
| 21. White Willow.         | 42. Balsam Poplar.               |

The half-past niners began "The Mystery".

While R.R. was off on a business trip this evening, she saw a will o'the wisp in the swamp beyond Cook's farm. This is the swamp where the house sank, you may remember. It seems a good place for such things.

FRIDAY      This morning Skipper went over the specimens of trees:  
 Aug. 29,  
 T. 58'      from last night's contest, and told us about each one.  
 R. 29.09  
 Fair  
 W.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.  
YORK HILL.  
HAMPSHIRE HILL.

<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>	
H.D.	J.H.	P.W.S.	
Jim Hutchinson	Hallowell	S. Heard	Rigelow
Shaw	Smedberg	Ladd	W. Ripley
F.W.C.	Farnsworth	F. Miller	Stackpole
	W.W. (pass.)	Hubbard	Jack Hutchinson
<u>CONKER.</u>		L. Tower	C. Ripley
J.A.L.		Welsh	
H. Heard		Matthews	
Haskell		Phillips	
Frothingham		Richardson	
W.W. (pass.)			

<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>
F.D.A.	J.H.S. Jr. P.T.	C.F.R.
Leland	Bradford	Lowell
Batchelder (c)	Hines (c)	Eliot (c)
C. Woodbridge	Reynolds.	D. Miller

The colds, the turtoring, and the expectation of guests (who didn't come after all) made the stay-at-home squad an unusually large one, but it was a fine fleet that sailed away. It was cold, so flannel shirt, sweater, and coat was the rule; and there were a few extra wraps taken along, for small passengers and coxes.

But when they reached the field by the northwest brook, the hills cut off the wind, the sun was out, and they felt much more like hunting for shade than putting on coats.

As both walks were long, dinner was prompt, and the start ditto. The two parties went along together till they came to the fork in the road. Here the Hampshires took the right, while the House of York turned to the left.

The Hampshires footed it along merrily till they came to the place where the nice house used to be. They had heard from the campers that it was gone, but they realized it painfully when they thought how good the water of the well would have tasted had it



FRIDAY            been in commission.  
(Cont'd.)

The grey birches have come up thick on top of the hill, as grey birches do when they are not severely set upon, but by hunting about to the east, the party finally reached a point whence they saw everything, and Katahdin besides. At least, it looked like Katahdin. (I saw that same mountain from the same point once, and I agree with them.) A little shower drove them to cover under the piazza of a little cottage, so they played Skowhegan there, with one or two enterprising souls doing rubber ghost along the piazza roof. They also had a talk with the man who has bought the place. Here's hoping he will get the well going again.

The followers of the White Rose (who knows what that means had a longer walk, and were complicated in their movements by another hill which they christened New York. On the way they went through a farm, where the farmer and his men were trying to catch an old sow, and making very heavy weather of it. The pig-hunters appealed for help, and C.F.B. and H.D. joined the fray, and finally landed the bacon.

From the top of the hill you get a splendid view to the west, and to the east you get the backs of all our more familiar hills. But it was thirsty work, and the canteen-line was glad of every drop.

While the reunited friends were at supper, Mr. Bert Turner, who owns the field where they were supping came down. He was inclined to be crusty at first, having had unpleasant experiences in the past with baseball games in his hay, and neglected fires that spread; but when J.F. told him that he had been a guide, he mellowed, and departed all friendly. People



FRIDAY            generally are friendly, if you treat them half decently.  
(Cont'd.)

The chocolate had been mostly eaten on the trip, but a little was left for supper. This was competed for in a grand crab race, down hill, which was won by Jim Hutch.

And after supper there was much playing of Skowhegan, E.R.C. sleeping peacefully against the canoe, while the braves ramped and crawled round her.

The party came home under a lovely sky; and we who were watching on the slip hope they realized how pretty their line looked, the Ouananiche leading, the three canoes following, and the rangeleys bringing up the rear.

Well, the stay-at-homes had a peaceful day. There were five in addy-humps, under charge of N.S.W. Pirate though he didn't want to go in swimming, but he was dragged down the bank by the leg, and put forcibly into his bathing-suit.

At afternoon reading we had "A Red-haired Cupid", and then some went fishing. The rest played more or less Skowhegan, and then did four four-forties, to earn a swim.

Infirmary scouting is going on finely. Also Infirmary singing, as follows:

S.B.D. from his tent:--"I have a song to sing you."

The Infirmary:--"What will you sing me?"

And so on.

It was good to see our hill-climbers back. Camp is empty with only seventeen, and four of those in bed.

We continued "The Mystery."



SATURDAY P.W.S. left this morning. We hoped he might stay  
Aug. 20,  
T. 56' for the party, and go off, as he once did, at some late  
B. 29.06 hour of the night, but it has been fine to have him  
Cloudy calm.  
so long.

Rain  
p.m. A large squad went out this morning to get pine  
boughs for decorations.

A logging squad went collecting lumber beyond the lagoon.  
They hadn't time to get their raft home, but left it anchored  
in a sheltered place, to be called for later.

Dr. Hardy came over this morning, and approved of our four  
invalids to such an extent that they got up for dinner, though  
they didn't come in.

The afternoon was largely occupied with rehearsals, and  
bumble-puppy, till four o'clock, when the decorators went to  
work. The whole job was done, pine boughs, cat-tails, and all, in  
an hour, and then we were ready for the fun.

As it rained the latter part of the afternoon, most of  
those who were not decorating retired to the dormitories for  
Skowhegan in one form or another. The Mammoth Cave variety  
seems to be very severe. You can shoot only on face; and when  
a man gets inside a rubber coat, and uses the sleeve as a  
periscope, you haven't much chance against him, if your only  
cover is a trunk.

Fortunately the rain was not heavy, and the wind, which  
was really a gale at one time, died down, so when dressing-time  
came the strangely-cold--and unclad--figures that roamed  
through our precincts didn't really get wet. A bear, of course,  
has his fur; but a lady in a ball-gown does not like to face  
a storm, and a Roman is but ill-prepared to encounter the fury  
of the gale, especially when his cross-garters won't stay up.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

THE FANCY DRESS PARTY.

At eight o'clock we were ready to the last safety-pin, and the march began. The "receiving line" consisted of H.F., L.F., R.F., J.W.S., and the three Infirmary half-past eighters. As for S.B.D., he marched with the rest of the crowd. Just as proud!

Julius Caesar	H.D.
Cassius	J.R.
Brutus	N.S.W.
Casca	J.A.L.Jr.
Jerry	C.F.R.Jr.
Joe	S.B.D.
Jim	Coolidge
The Queen	Bigelow
The Blue Devil	Lowell
The Red Devil	Frothingham
Little Sivlerhair	Smedberg
The Big Bear	F.D.A.
The Middle-sized Bear	Jackson
The Little Bear	L.Tower
Sam Weller	Stackpole
Mr.Weller	Farnsworth
Mr.Stiggins	Hubbard
Noorna bin Noorka	E.F.C.
Shibli Bagarag	A.D.A.
Shagpat	Ladd
Karzz	W.Ripley
Karaveejis	Batchelder
Veezravoosh	F.Miller
Prince Agib	Leland
Aleph	Haskell
Beth	Eliot
The Listener	West
First Myrmidon	Elting
Second Myrmidon	Jim Hutchinson
Third Myrmidon	Jack Hutchinson
Fourth Myrmidon	Richardson
Fifth Myrmidon	C.Ripley
Sixth Myrmidon	Welsh
Seventh Myrmidon	H.Woodbridge
Eighth Myrmidon	G.Woodbridge
Ninth Myrmidon	Matthews
Tenth Myrmidon	Reynolds
Eleventh Myrmidon	Phillips
Robin Hood	Sherburne
Little John	W.R.S.
Will Searlet	Bradford
Frier Tuck	W.Tower
Arthur a Bland	D.Miller
Midge the Miller	Shaw



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Cinderella  
First Sister  
Second Sister  
Prince  
Fairy Godmother

H. Heard  
S. Heard  
Hallowell  
Hines  
A.M.R.

#### THE THREE BEARS.

This simple but extremely effective opera was delightfully presented. F.D.A. was very impressive as the Big Bear, Jackson slim and elegant as the Middle-sized Bear, and L. Tower most engaging as the Little Bear. As for Georgie Smødberg, a more attractive Little Silverhair could not be imagined. To be sure a cold (or excessive exercise) had put his voice a bit out of commission, but but even so, no one could wonder that the Bears spared such cunning little girl.

#### PICKWICK.

This was only one scene, as to act Pickwick entire would take more time, and more people, than we could manage. Stackpole was capital as Sam, and Farnsworth such a lifelike Mr. Weller that we shouldn't have known him except for his voice. As for Hubbard he gave to the part of Brother Stiggins such vividness, especially when he talked at "the man of wrath", that no one could wonder at Mr. Weller's sudden attack.

#### THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

When the curtain fell, we were already close in shore, with Joe and Jerry in the bow of the good ship Wobbler, and Jim astern. And there on her throne, in full sight from the landing sat Her Majesty Queen Bertie, as fair as queen as a sailor would want to see in a summer's day. No wonder Jerry got excited; and no wonder Joe was indignant at the idea of anyone cutting in between him and such a lady. How they did call each other names! But meanwhile little Jim saved his



SATURDAY      breath to cool his porridge, and while Jerry and Joe  
(Cont'd.)  
were still arguing, he kissed the lady! And the last we saw, Jerry  
and Joe were shoveling sand, with the Blue Devil and the Red Devil  
standing over them. It was a lovely stunt, and moral besides.

#### PRINCE AGIR.

This ballad, with its sense of haunting incompleteness, always  
stirs and stimulates the mind. Leland was a prince indeed; and his  
gentle spirit, beyond a doubt, rolled in the melody of souls. We  
could almost see it rolling. Haskell and Eliot were sinister figures  
as the Cuaitis; and their music was even more sinister. Even the most  
ultra-modern composer would have shrunk at such sounds. The unwise  
gentleman who listened at the key-hole has a hard part--to listen  
behind a table-top for ten minutes, and then be beaten--but West  
rose to the occasion, and roused our heartfelt sympathy. As for the  
followers, we have never had such an impressive band. We have some-  
times been put to strange shifts to make the number seem right. But  
this time, had it not been for the colds, we should have had "even  
more". And what a company! Ready to execute any command of their  
prince, no matter how rash; to beat a listener, to load stray min-  
strels with hard-boiled eggs; nothing that they would not do. And  
their appearance was as fine as their loyalty.

#### ROBIN HOOD.

We haven't been to Sherwood this year, except for one poem, but  
it is always good to have a glimpse of the beloved outlaws, and  
the adventure with Midge the Miller is one of the pleasantest.  
Johnny Sherburne was a gallant Robin, and W.R.S. was capital as  
Little John. Will Scarlet does not have much to say, but Tom looked  
very fine, and Donald Miller fitted in well as Arthur a Bland. Friar  
Tuck was the very part for which Pirate Bill seems made, and Harry  
Shaw was a first-rate Miller.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

JULIUS CAESAR.

This version of the death of Caesar differs a little from that of Shakespeare, but so much the worse for Shakespeare. We might question the accuracy of dressing Romans in blue, for our whole experience has led us to believe that only Etruscans wear that colour; but the magnificent appearance of Brutus and Cassius in their blue robes would have justified greater inconsistencies. Casca, the Broad-jumper, was a superb figure in white; and the effect when the three lighted their cigarettes was worthy of the best traditions of Merryweather. Caesar was also in white, a laurel wreath shading his lofty brow and "eagle beak"; an imperial figure indeed. The pipe, which linked him to our modern days, only made us feel more keenly that "he was not for an age, but for all time." Alas! jealousy did its fell work. A moment later an atrocious pun ("Caesar, you cease here!") so disgusted Cassius and Casca that they laid Brutus on top of the great Dictator. And then came the startling climax, when all fled, pursued by "Great Caesar's ghost!"

"Cinderella" is one of the prettiest of our operas, and this performance was a beauty. Ham made a charming Cinderella, whether lamenting in the cinders, or dancing with the prince, in all the glory of pink and white frock and "crystal" slippers. (Have you ever tried to cover felt slippers with gold paper?) Frog was as gallant a prince as even Cinderella could ask for; and though he had a cold, his action made up for what his voice occasionally lacked. They were a fine couple. S. Heard and Hallowell were fine as the sisters, especially when they pointed at the lovers, with "So long as he's dancing with her." A.M.F. did the Fairy Godmother, "as she oft has done before, eh."



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT.

For thirteen years the sword of Aklis has rested on the wall, where J.A.C.3rd., our original Shibli Bagarag, nailed it up after he had mastered the event. And now E.F.C. takes it down; so it is all in the family. The first scene was the theft of the Identical. Bill Pibley was a splendid Karaz; yielding to the fascinations of Noorna (E.F.C.) as she danced. Soon he fell asleep with his head in her lap, and she plucked the Identical, and transferred it to the head of Shagpat, otherwise Bob Ladd. Then the twin geni presented the sword to A.D.A., who was none other than Shibli Bagarag, the Master of the Event. Last, with sparklets snapping fire in every direction, the event was mastered; "day was on the baldness of Shagpat."

Then came the reel, which was danced in two sets. No one got hopelessly lost, and it was great fun.

I forgot to say that in the middle of the evening we had some music, from N.S.W., the trio, and our two drummers, Coolidge and Reynolds. It made a pleasant interlude, and gave us all a chance to get our breath.

And so, with lemon sherbet in large quantities, the event of the season ended.



SUNDAY

AUG. 31

T. 66°

P. 28.63

Cloudy

S.W.

This morning our four convalescents were no worse for their dissipation. They came into service, and to dinner, but they are not going full steam ahead yet, by a good deal.

Showers

P.M.

Miss Helen Dunne arrived to-day, to have an eye to them, and see that they do not get into mischief.

*Helen & Jim*

Jim and Jack Hutchinson left this morning just before breakfast. Too bad they had to miss the last scouting game! But it is better than last year, when so many had to leave early.

As we are not breaking up till Wednesday, Skipper is not rushing the photographing. Four stunts were done this morning, and the rest are to wait till tomorrow.

J.F.R. and a select squad put in a good part of the morning bringing round the raft of logs from the lagoon. There are six heavy old logs, all but one entirely water-logged; "a most disgraceful tow."

At afternoon reading we finished "Julius Caesar."

Of course we all hoped for Hemlock Point for our last picnic. We have been there so often for the last Sunday that it seems the natural place. But though the sun broke through the fog, it was in a half-hearted sort of way, and to the west the sky looked persistently thick and heavy. Hemlock Point is far enough to get very wet on the way back if a sudden shower comes up, so the list was posted for the Pine Parlor, and Naval Occasions beforehand, to celebrate the birthday of Noah. As it is not worth while to begin a list at the very bottom of a page, we will ask our readers to turn over.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

NAVAL OCCASIONS.

<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>		<u>CONKER.</u>	<u>EBEN.</u>
C.F.H.Jr.	W.R.S.	J.E.		H.D.	J.A.L.Jr.
S.Heard	L.Tower	J.W.S.	A.M.R.	H.Heard	Hallowell
West	Shaw	W.Ripley	C.Ripley	Hines	Haskell
Jackson	E.R.C.	F.Miller	Hubbard	Bigelow	Leland
		Eliot	H.Woodbridge		
		Elting	W.Tower		
		Matthews			
		W.Shaw			
		J.Shaw			
		R.Shaw			
<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMER-SCHOONER.</u>	<u>EFFRUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>	
N.S.W.	A.D.A.	F.D.A.	Sherburne	Bradford	
Frothingham	Stackpole	Farnsworth	Ladd	Lowell	
Batchelder	D.Miller	Richardson	Welsh	G.Woodbridge	
Reynolds	Smedberg	Coolidge	Phillips		

There was a good southerly wind when we started, so we put for the lee of Oak Island. There we formed in battle front, worked north for a little way, and then took line ahead; turned, and came back to the island. There we formed battle front again and repeated the manoeuvre, except that this time we turned to the left instead of the right. Once in single file, we proceed round the south end of Oak, and there formed battle front again for the paddle home. We ended with a lively go-as-you-please. It was great fun, and it was fine to see how the boats improved with practice.

But Pine Parlor? It was looking pretty black in the northwest, and you can get good and wet coming back from the Pine Parlor. We sojourned to the main room, and we hadn't been eating very long before the rain came down. So we were very glad.

The half-past-niners managed everything beautifully, and we had much food. A little cocoa and milk, to say nothing of an occasional jam, got on the floor, but there are always mops.

Just at the jam stage, the clouds parted, and we had an extraordinary sunset; the sun blazing like a huge red ball with a band of fog across it.

After we had eaten, mopped, and washed our dishes, we had "the



SUNDAY      Merryweather Light", which belongs to the last  
(Cont'd.)  
picnic, no matter where we have it.

We also had a ghost story, and then a wonderful set of hymns. Once in a while a hymn gets in that is too hard, or that most of us don't know, but this time they all were familiar, and went with a will. The half-past niners kept right on after the juniors had gone to bed, till it was time for poem and story.

We ended our Sunday with "There's a whisper down the field", and "The Maltese Cat."

I forgot to say that C.A.S. left by motor-cycle to-day, so Harry Shaw is living more or less at Fourway from now on. John and Bobby are a bit too young to be men of the house.

MONDAY      The weather ought to have everyone cautious; but hope  
Sept. 1,  
T. 66°      springs eternal in the human breast, and a toothbrush raid  
E. 28.92  
Cloudy      caught many napping.  
East.

All our convalescents were in at breakfast, and Stone and Williams had been for a dip in the pond, just like anybody else.

The rest of the fancy dress photographs were run off this morning, and in the course of the day the dormitory groups were taken.

A bonfire squad did wonderful work, and if the weather is right, we ought to have a fire that will "rouse the burghers of Carlisle."

The fence squad has reached the middle path.

The Water-logs sawed logs for the steps, and got them up to the point where they are needed. There are two logs left over, which may perhaps go into the cribbing.

N.S.W. left this noon. It is horrid to have him go early, but he has a connection to make for a trip in Canada.

Donald Miller swam in from the Pie-plant to the float alone. This is by far the best he has done.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ladd dropped in to-day, on their way to Canada for a motor trip. We kept them as long as we could, but they had to leave in the middle of the afternoon.

We hoped for scouting, but as the woods were damp, and the paper promised good weather for Tuesday, we decided to wait, and it was senior ball and bug league.

LAST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
UMBAZOOKI VS. SATELLITES.

This was one of the best games we have had this year. The final score was pretty close; for on our diamond two or three bad bounces may go far toward overcoming a lead of four runs.



MONDAY Two of the brilliant features of the game occurred in the fifth inning, when a veteran on each side was out on a fly caught in right field. Messrs. Farnsworth and H. Woodbridge deserve a laurel wreath apiece.

In the same inning, H.D. knocked a long three-bagger to left field, but was caught at the plate, the ball having traveled from left field to third, thence to pitcher, and finally to catcher. This play cut his average down from a thousand to eight hundred, but that isn't bad.

In the seventh a double put out Sherburne at first, and J.R. on his way to second, retiring the side.

### BATTING AVERAGES.

F.D.A.	1,000
H.D.	.800
J.A.L.	.666
W.R.S.	.500
J.R.	.400
Bradford	.250
Ladd	.250
A.D.A.	.250
Sherburne	.200

the female vs. Satellite of ♂ 1 at

[illegible]



[illegible]

LAST BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
PREWERS. VS. LADY ALICES.

This game was also a thriller, and barely finished in time for supper. The score seesawed back and forth, but finally the Lady Alices won, 26-25.

Batteries, Stackpole and Hallowell. .  
S. Heard and Stone.

vs. \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ vs. \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]



MONDAY After supper it was boats, and almost everyone  
(Cont'd.)

went out. One crew explored the wilds of Otter island, and  
brought back a log that looks like a rhinoceros. It was a  
brute to tow. Next time we go a-towing, we shall take a rope.

Then came Indoor Scouting. The sides were very select,  
and the playing was very keen. The Tuscaroras won two games.  
Then the Ojibways rose in their might, and swamped them, thir-  
teen runs to 2, killing every Tuscarora before time was called.

J.A.L. did brilliant running, with eight runs, five of  
them in one game. In the third, however, he was nipped in the  
bud.

Ojibways					Tuscaroras				
J. R.	X	X	2	A. D. M.	X	X	X	X	X
J. B. D.	X	X	1	3	J. A. L.	X	X	X	X
Ladd	X	X	2	3	W. R. L.	X	X	X	X
Shelburne	X	X	1	X	L. W. M.	X	X	X	X
2, 3) H. L.									
H. R. C.	X	X	2	X	1	X	X	X	X
Farnsworth	X	X	1	X	X	X	X	X	X
W. H. P.	X	X	1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Bradford	X	X	1	X	X	X	X	X	X
2367482011					3257012021				



TUESDAY

Sept. 2,

T. 66°

B. 29.6

Clearing,  
N.W.

reader, did you ever go farther and fare worse? But I anticipate.  
and on  
all day.

Rives Matthews left by the morning train. His trunk was so big that it could not be got into the automobile, and had to go later. It was adorned in chalk with all sorts of inscriptions.

During the morning the bonfire squad kept at it, and the steps rose almost to completion.

And we all tried to think that each mean little drizzling shower was the last.

At dinner Skipper announced that unless it got worse we should scout. It was a warm day, and as an extra precaution, everyone was to wear two shirts and two pairs of trousers, or the equivalent. There was groaning from those who had packed their trunks, and louder groans from those who expected to run relays, but with borrowed clothes, and clothes hastily unpacked, and old bathing-suits from the infirmary, we armed ourselves against the wet.

#### LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

It was raining when we started, and rained fairly hard all through the first two games. Those who were playing in the woods were not so badly off, but those who played in the open had a wet time of it. Rubber coats and pantasotes were brought up to the bone-yard, and so far as possible the deceased were kept under them, not to keep dry, but to keep warm. In the third game the rain stopped, and there were really glimpses of blue sky. The slain of the third game, were sent down to camp as fast as they came in, to put on dry clothes and sit by the fire.



# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
H.D.	X	•	X	•	•	•
J.R.	X	•	•	•	•	•
J.A.L.	•	•	X	•	•	•
A.D.A.	X	•	X	•	•	•
S.B.D.	X	•	X	•	•	•
A.M.R.	X	•	X	•	•	•
Bradford	•	•	•	•	•	•
Coolidge	X	•	X	•	•	•
Eliot	•	•	•	•	•	•
Elling	•	•	•	•	•	•
Fairsworth	•	•	•	•	•	•
Hallowell	•	•	•	•	•	•
Haskell	X	•	X	•	•	•
Hines	•	•	•	•	•	•
Hubbard	X	•	•	•	•	•
Ladd	X	•	X	•	•	•
Leland	•	•	•	•	•	•
Lowell	•	•	•	•	•	•
Richardson	X	•	X	•	•	•
Ripley, C.	X	•	X	•	•	•
Ripley, W.	X	•	•	•	•	•
Stone	X	•	•	•	•	•
Tower, W.	•	•	•	•	•	•
Williams	•	•	•	•	•	•
Woodbridge, H.	13	9	14	8	12	16

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
C.F.B.	X	•	X	•	•	•
F.D.A.	X	•	X	•	•	•
W.R.S.	X	•	X	•	•	•
Batchelder	•	•	•	•	•	•
Bigelow	•	•	•	•	•	•
Frothingham	•	•	•	•	•	•
Heard, H.	X	•	X	•	•	•
Heard, S.	•	•	•	•	•	•
Miller, D.	•	•	•	•	•	•
Miller, F.	•	•	•	•	•	•
Phillips	X	•	•	•	•	•
Reynolds	•	•	•	•	•	•
Shaw	X	•	•	•	•	•
Sherburne	X	•	•	•	•	•
Smedberg	X	•	•	•	•	•
Stackpole	X	•	•	•	•	•
Tower, L.	•	•	•	•	•	•
West	•	•	•	•	•	•
Woodbridge, G.	•	•	•	•	•	•
	9	13	8	14	16	12

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The Algonquins were two games to the bad, which meant that to win the season and the cup they had to make it three games straight. They did it, but whether they would have done it had the Iroquois, not been hampered by the loss of five men, is of course an open question. The Hutchinsons broke even, and the Algonquins had Chapman out; but the Iroquois had lost Matthews, Jackson, Welsh, (the last two were not feeling well) and N.S.W. and A.F.V.

In the first two games the Algonquins were outshot, but won on runs; 9-0, and 6-0. In the third they led in both ways, with 16 shots to 12, and 10 runs to 1.

So the cup goes to the south end, for the first time since 1914, after a splendid season.

We got dry, and warm, and came in to supper in all kinds of clothes. Some had their "store clothes" on, but Jimmy Hallowell, who had doped a pleasant day, and packed all but the shirt he meant to scout in, had to put on the top of his pajamas for a shirt.

And while we were at supper, in walked the first captain of the Iroquois, who has not been with us for several years. It is pretty good to see him again.

*F. MacK. Barto*

We did well at supper, but on the last evening supper is rather incidental, even if we have Roman nose, and thereby get in the last of the desserts voted for. Prizes, cups, speeches, and toasts are the real thing.

The dormitory prizes went as follows:

First Prize, Jim Hutchinson.

Second Prize, John Hines.

Third Prize, John Farnsworth.

Honorable mention for season, Ladd, H. Heard, Welsh.

Honorable mention for August, Leland, Frothingham.



TUESDAY                      TRACK AND FIELD.  
(Cont'd.) Class A, Stackpole.  
                                Class B, Bigelow.  
                                Class C, Williams.

WATERMANSHIP.  
                                Leland.

After giving the cups, Skipper spoke about the experiments that had been tried this year in the way of giving the boys more responsibility, and how well they had all worked. Dormitory inspection has been first-class; squad work has been unusually good all the year (this has been true whether the squads have been run by the boys or the faculty), and the "half-past nine picnics" have been delightful.

C.F.B. began his speech with a review of the development of scouting, from the days "when I was a kid". Then runs were rare, and a man who made a run was a hero. There was not much planning ahead. When runs were desperately needed a party was sent through the water; a thing almost impossible to guard against. Three runs meant practically certain victory. A guard was seldom killed. In fact a guard who was killed felt rather in disgrace till he had done something brilliant to make up for it. Then came the style of massing everyone except the guards in a big party, killing a guard, and piling through at one point, often making twenty to thirty runs. This developed a better system of defence, and the game tightened up. Now there are two styles of play. The Iroquois generally work big fast scoring parties, the Algonquins play a more defensive game, checking and stopping up holes to prevent a hostile advance. The game is a better one than it used to be, for now, instead of being chiefly in the hands of a few big fellows, it is a game where every kid counts; in fact the small ones, if they play well, are the most important part of the team. He congrat-



TUESDAY            ulated H.D. on a season which reversed all the dope,  
(Cont'd.)  
an a victory which beat the best the Iroquois could do.

He then took the cup from the mantel-piece, and presented it to the captain of the Algonquins, amid loud applause.

H.D. began by congratulating the Algonquins on the spirit that they had shown, especially on the fourth and sixth days, when they bucked up and showed what they could really do. As had been said already, every man had counted. He then congratulated the Iroquois on their wonderful sportsmanship, in playing as they did with six men short, including two of their best players. The Algonquin numbers certainly told in the final result. He also reminded us of the famous case when the game that stood as an undoubted Iroquois victory was cancelled, rather at the suggestion of the Iroquois, owing to the mistaken playing of one of their men. Thus it was through the generosity of the Iroquois that the season ended in an Algonquin victory instead of a tie.

While the cup was being filled, Skipper called on F.M.B. for a speech. He went back to "forty years ago", when sometimes everyone would get killed but one, and he would run up and down till he made ten runs. Then a red-headed chief began to use his head, and strategy began. "I never got any sorer than I used to get when I got licked." There was no cup; they played for the fun, and the laurel wreath. He spoke of the historic moment when he and J.B. met face to face over a rock, and were so startled that for some seconds neither could remember the other's name. He has tried the game in various schools, and has always found the same results: there is cheating at first, and then the higher instinct rises over the desire to win.

Then, while the two captains passed the cup, and the "liquor of the aristocracy" flowed freely, we began on toasts.

H.B.            "The hardest worked man in camp. I have had secreta-



TUESDAY      ries and secretaries, but only one Pore."  
(Cont'd.)

J.A.L.      "When all of you grow up and get to work, you will  
find there are employers and employers, but only one  
Skipper."

H.D.      "The two missing members of the faculty, A.F.V. and  
N.S.V."

C.F.B.      "The prefects." (Here Skipper remarked that we  
had had prefects of various kinds, but never such a set  
as this. We hope to see them all next year.)

A.D.A.      "The real loafers; the tutees."

H.R.      "The man who has made the Camp go all summer--Mr.  
Aaron Small." (He was too shy to respond, but came to the  
door and bowed, good man.)

H.R.      "Our three high school boys." (They didn't want to  
come in, but we got them by ringing the bell.)

C.F.B.      "Now right up on your chairs. Skipper and Mrs.  
Richards!" (Yes, and your foot on the table.)

H.R.      "A Skipper is no good without a ship and a crew."

F.D.A. & W.B.S. "The Faculty."

H.R.C.      "Miss Margery Peabody."

J.R.      "The ladies, whose fair fingers are in every pie."

L.F.B.      "No ladies ever had such a happy time as we."

F.D.A.      "For sixteen years I have waited for this chance.

There is only one thing worse than being a younger brother,  
and that is being an older brother."

H.R.      "And now let us drink a toast in silence, standing,  
to the boys who gave everything to save the world."

And so ended a very beautiful time.

There was no question of its being safe to have the  
bonfire. The only question was, whether it would be too wet to

TUESDAY light. But courage and kerosene did wonders, and soon it  
(Cont'd.)  
was roaring up to the sky. We tried not to sit down on the wet grass,  
but we had had a hard afternoon, and the fire was drying things, any-  
how. We had some music from the quartette, and then sang choruses. The  
only sad thing was the departure of Harry Jackson. The automobile  
came for him at nine o'clock, but instead of going down to see him  
off, we had it come right up to the bonfire. We hope he enjoyed his  
night train from Waterville.

Well, it began to sprinkle, and it was growing late, so we joined  
hands and circled round the fire, singing "Auld Lang Syne." And then  
we came down for Taps and bed. So ends a lovely season.

We piled up fires in both stoves, the main room, and the Rest  
House, hung up the wet clothes as best we could, and trusted in  
Providence.



WEDNESDAY      Breakfast was at the usual time, but we were  
Sept. 3,  
Warm,      called at six, to give time for last packing. Horse  
Rainy.  
Easterly.      than the packing was the collecting and sorting

of the dry and half-dry clothes. A more unattractive mess it would be hard to imagine. The kitchen things were dry. Of the others, the best one can say is that they were not so wet as they had been.

The rain was falling steadily when the departure came, and the roads were pretty bad. The good little cars plied back and forth, till all were at the station, and at last the trunks arrived. H.D. was in charge of the party, but he is coming right back. All three prefects went, alas, and all the boys but three. Oh, but it was hard to let them go!

We had a swim, and some of us had naps. It is hard to get adjusted for the first few hours.

Tom Bradford's brother came for him by automobile, and Tom Eliot left by the noon train, with Miss Dunne.

Our excellent Small left while we were at dinner. He has baked mountains of bread, and made up a big lot of pastry for us.

John Dudley left in the afternoon.

Charlie Ripley, the last of the boys, went in the evening.

Well, we did some cleaning up, to get the dormitories ready for the returning graduates, and at four o'clock we had a cup of tea. After that came work, and naps, and finally a swim to get up an appetite for supper.

We are finishing "The Mystery", so that we can begin on a new book when the Old-timers arrive.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

We are not going to have sing-song till Saturday. Then, with so many of us, there will be a big time. But we got F.H.R. to sing us all the songs that he sang to us through the seven delightful years when he was with us: "Up went O'Connor", "Pull me up, O'Reilly", "Belinda", and all the others. It was good to hear them again.

And then the Ashburns dropped into "Pinafore", ending with "For he is an Englishman", which is perhaps the finest thing that Sullivan ever wrote.

And so more "Mystery", and rather early table-setting. It does not take long to set a table for ten.



I dope Track and Field!

"Stacky"



# HEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	HEIGHT.	GAIN SINCE 1918.	
Nash	5'10 7/8"		
C. Leland	5'10 5/8"		
Earle	5'10 1/2"		
W. Ripley	5'10 1/2"		
Bradford	5'10 3/8"		
J. Leland	5'7 1/2"	4 1/4"	
C. Ripley	5'7 1/2"	4"	
Ladd	5'7 3/8"	1 3/8"	
F. Miller	5'7 1/4"		
W. Lowell	5'6 7/8"	3 3/4"	
T. Sturges	5'6 3/4"		
Wilmerding	5'6 1/2"		
Richards	5'6 1/4"		
Sherburne	5'4 5/8"	3 1/8"	
Batchelder	5'4"		
Bigelow	5'3 5/8"	1 3/8"	
Farnsworth	5'3 1/16"	3 13/16"	
D. Miller	5'2 5/8"		
H. Sturges	5'2 5/8"		
Jackson	5'2 1/8"	1 3/8"	
Eliot	5'1 5/8"		
Hubbard	5'1 3/8"		
Matthews	5'1 3/8"		
Shaw	5'1 1/2"	2"	
Frothingham	5'1 1/8"	1 3/4"	
Cushman	5' 5/8"		
Stackpole	5' 5/8"	3 1/2"	
Jim Hutchinson	5' 1/4"	1/2"	
Stone	5' 1/4"		
Elting	4'11 3/4"		
West	4'11 3/4"		
H. Woodbridge	4'11 1/2"	1 1/2"	
Jack Hutchinson	4'11"		
Sturgis	4'10 3/4"		
S. Heard	4'10 3/4"		
Coolidge	4'11 5/8"	1 5/8"	Total length
Degen	4'10 5/8"		112 yds.,
Richardson	4'10 1/2"		5 13/16"
W. Tower	4'10"		
Phillips	4'9 7/8"	1 7/8"	
Haskell	4'9 3/4"	1 3/4"	
Hallowell	4'9 3/8"	1 1/8"	
Williams	4'9 3/8"		
Minns	4'9 1/8"		
Welsh	4'8 3/4"	1 1/8"	
Chapman	4'8 1/2"		
H. Heard	4'8 1/2"	1 3/4"	
Hines	4'8 1/2"		
Reynolds	4'5 3/4"	1 3/4"	
Smedberg	4'5 3/4"		
L. Tower	4'5 1/2"		
G. Woodbridge	4'5 3/8"	2"	
H. R.	5'11"		
J. R.	5'10 1/2"	J. A. L. Jr. 5'10 3/8"	
C. F. B. Jr.	6'	S. B. D. 5'9 5/8"	
H. D.	5'9 1/4"	W. R. S. 5'5"	
N. S. W.	5'8 3/4"	W. L. P. 5'5 3/8"	
A. D. A.	5'8 1/16"	F. D. A. 5'8 3/8"	
A. F. V.	5'7 1/16"	Best gain, J. Leland, 4 1/4"	

# GAINS IN WEIGHT.

Name.	First Weight.	Last Weight.	Gain or loss.
Matthews	83 3/4	92 1/4	8 1/2
C. Leland (J)	112 3/4	120 3/4	8
W. Ripley	123	131	8
Ladd	114 3/4	121 1/4	6 1/2
Hines	68 1/2	74 1/2	6
Elting (A)	70	75 1/2	5 1/2
Sherburne (A)	105	110 1/2	5 1/2
Stone	91 1/2	96 3/4	5 1/4
Coolidge	81	86	5
F. Miller	109 1/2	114 1/2	5
Jackson	91 1/2	96 1/4	4 3/4
Shaw	85 1/2	90 1/4	4 3/4
T. Sturges	125 1/2	130 1/4	4 3/4
Cushman	95 1/2	100	4 1/2
Welsh	74 1/2	79	4 1/2
J. Leland (A)	110	114 1/4	4 1/4
Nash (J)	130 1/2	134 3/4	4 1/4
Wilmerding (J)	114 1/2	118 3/4	4 1/4
Prothingham (A)	83 1/4	87	3 3/4
Chapman	68 3/4	72	3 1/4
Eliot	97 1/2	99 3/4	3 1/4
Bigelow	92 3/4	95 3/4	3
Farnsworth	95 1/2	98 1/2	3
Hubbard	93 3/4	96 3/4	3
Degen (J)	78	80 3/4	2 3/4
Jack Hutchinson	77 1/2	80	2 1/2
Reynolds	67 1/4	69 3/4	2 1/2
H. Heard	73 1/2	75 3/4	2 1/4
Richardson	77	79 1/4	2 1/4
Phillips (A)	71 3/4	73 3/4	2
Jim Hutchinson	80	81 3/4	1 3/4
Smedberg	68 1/4	70	1 3/4
Hallowell (A)	81	82 1/2	1 1/2
S. Heard	76 3/4	78 1/4	1 1/2
Williams	70 1/2	72	1 1/2
L. Tower	67 3/4	69	1 1/4
West (A)	90	91 1/4	1 1/4
Sturgis (J)	79	80	1
Lowell (A)	119	119 3/4	3/4
G. Woodbridge	72 1/4	72 1/2	1/4
Bradford	139 1/2	139 1/2	0
Farle (J)	133 1/4	133 1/4	0
Minns (J)	76 3/4	76 1/4	1/2
Stackpole (A)	102 1/2	102	1/2
Haskell (A)	85 1/4	84 1/2	3/4
H. Sturges (J)	100	99	1
D. Miller	100	98 1/2	1 1/2
C. Ripley (A)	107 1/2	106	1 1/2
H. Woodbridge	86	84 1/2	1 1/2
W. Tower	103	100 1/4	2 3/4
Richards (J)	113 1/4	108 1/2	4 3/4



# MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

NAME.	G.	A.F.	R.	H.	2.	3.	4.	R.F.	S.O.	Ave.
J.A.B.	3	8	10	6	2	0	0	2	2	.675
H.D.	3	10	4	6	2	1	0	1	1	.600
A.D.A.	3	11	4	6	1	2	2	1	1	.511
A.F.V.	2	6	2	3	1	0	0	1	0	.500
N.S.W.	2	7	0	3	1	0	0	0	4	.428
F.D.A.	3	10	1	4	0	0	0	1	1	.400
J.B.	2	8	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	.375
Bradford	3	11	3	4	1	0	0	0	1	.363
S.Heard	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.333
Ladd	2	8	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	.250
Stackpole	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	.250
W.R.S.	3	14	2	3	2	0	0	1	4	.200
Sherburne	3	12	2	2	0	0	0	1	6	.167
S.B.D.	2	9	2	1	0	0	1	0	5	.111
Lowell	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	0	8	.111
C.F.R.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000
Bigelow	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	1	6	.000
Farnsworth	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
H.Heard	3	10	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Hines	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
J.Leland	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000
W.Ripley	3	11	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	.000
H.Woodbridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000
GUESTS.										
F.G.B.	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	.250
B.B.C.	1	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	.250
C.W.	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
FOR THE SEASON.										
J.A.B.	7	17	18	12	7	0	0	6	3	.701
A.D.A.	6	22	12	13	4	2	2	3	2	.590
J.B.	4	15	2	8	2	0	0	1	1	.533
H.D.	7	25	10	13	4	3	1	1	3	.580
Hildreth	2	8	3	3	1	0	0	1	1	.375
A.F.V.	5	15	5	5	1	1	0	3	3	.333
F.D.A.	4	14	1	4	0	0	0	1	2	.286
Bradford	7	25	6	7	1	0	0	1	4	.280
Lash	3	11	1	3	0	1	0	4	0	.273
W.R.S.	7	32	8	9	3	0	0	1	10	.269
S.B.D.	6	23	5	6	1	0	1	1	9	.260
N.S.W.	6	16	1	4	1	0	0	1	6	.250
Stackpole	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	.250
Sherburne	3	12	2	2	0	0	0	1	6	.167
C.Leland	4	12	2	2	0	0	0	6	2	.166
W.Ripley	6	21	2	3	0	0	0	0	9	.143
S.Heard	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	3	1	.111
Lowell	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	0	8	.111
Ladd	6	20	0	2	0	0	0	0	14	.100
Jackson	3	11	0	1	0	0	0	4	0	.091
H.Heard	4	14	2	1	0	0	0	2	1	.077
Hines	4	14	0	1	0	0	0	1	8	.077
C.F.R.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000
Bigelow	6	17	1	0	0	0	0	2	14	.000
Farnsworth	3	10	3	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Jim Hutchinson	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
J.Leland	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
W.L.P.	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Stone	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
T.Sturges	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Wilmerding	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
H.Woodbridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000



# JUNIOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G.	A.P.	T.	H.	2	3	4	P.R.	S.O.	Ave.
W.L.P.	1	7	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	.711
S.B.D.	1	6	4	4	2	0	1	0	0	.666
W.R.S.	2	11	7	5	0	0	0	1	0	.455
S.Heard	2	11	6	5	1	0	0	1	1	.455
Ladd	2	12	3	5	0	0	0	0	2	.417
Hines.	1	5	2	2	0	0	0	2	1	.400
W.Ripley	2	11	4	4	2	0	0	1	1	.364
F.D.A.	2	12	6	4	3	1	0	0	0	.333
Sherburne	2	6	6	2	0	0	0	4	1	.333
Bradford	2	11	6	3	0	0	0	1	0	.265
Bigelow	2	9	6	2	0	0	0	2	4	.229
J.Leland	2	9	6	2	0	0	0	2	1	.222
Stackpole	2	10	2	2	0	0	0	1	2	.200
Lowell	2	11	4	2	0	0	0	0	3	.182
Farnsworth	1	6	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	.167
Hallowell	2	8	3	1	0	0	0	2	1	.125
H.Woodbridge	2	8	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	.125
H.Heard	2	9	3	1	0	0	0	1	1	.111
Frothingham	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Jackson	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Stone.	2	7	3	1	1	1	1	3	1	.000

## GUEST.

S.Bradford	1	5	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
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# JUNIOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

W.L.P.	1	7	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	.711
Nash	3	12	7	6	1	1	0	0	1	.500
S.B.D.	4	19	9	9	3	0	1	1	1	.470
W.R.S.	5	25	15	11	0	0	0	2	2	.444
C.Leland	3	13	3	5	0	0	0	2	2	.385
W.Ripley	5	26	9	8	2	0	0	2	2	.377
F.D.A.	3	18	8	6	3	1	0	0	0	.333
S.Heard	5	24	8	8	0	0	0	0	3	.333
Ladd	5	27	6	9	2	0	0	0	2	.333
Sherburne	2	6	6	2	0	0	0	4	1	.333
T.Sturgis	3	10	2	3	0	0	0	2	1	.300
Bradford	5	27	12	7	1	0	0	3	0	.256
J.Leland	2	9	6	2	0	0	0	2	1	.222
Stackpole	2	10	2	2	0	0	0	1	2	.200
Bigelow	4	16	5	3	0	0	0	3	7	.188
Lowell	2	11	4	2	0	0	0	0	3	.182
Hines.	2	6	1	2	0	0	0	2	4	.167
H.Heard	4	18	5	3	0	0	0	3	3	.167
Jim Hutchinson	3	13	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	.154
Hallowell	2	8	3	1	0	0	0	2	1	.125
H.Woodbridge	4	16	3	2	0	0	0	2	1	.125
Jackson	4	17	5	2	0	0	0	3	1	.118
Stone.	4	13	7	1	0	0	0	6	3	.077
Farnsworth	3	15	6	1	0	0	0	0	2	.066
Cushman	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	.000
Frothingham	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Jack Hutchinson	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000
Sturgis	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000

Compiled by A.M.P.



THURSDAY      A glorious day. We spent the morning clearing up,  
Sept. 4,  
T. 68'      for there is a good deal to do to get tidy for the  
(W. T. 23)  
R. 2910      coming graduates.  
Clear  
N.      Horace left this morning, and Chester Albee

came out to take his place. Francis is going to stay over  
Sunday, like a good boy.

We think dinner was rather a meal:

Roast veal.  
Corn  
Onions  
Macaroni  
Squash  
Cucumbers  
Cherry pie  
Lemon pie  
Chocolate pudding  
Apple sauce  
Blackberries

Nobody ate all of these, but we did pretty well.

The first arrivals in the afternoon were the Fosses. At  
the same time Freddy Lawrence dropped in for a minute, with his  
sister, Mrs. Mills.

Then came a big push; Nevill Bennett, Ty Lynes, Chick Abbot,  
Nick Garter, Marcus Norton, Francis Perkins, Clarence Corning,  
Caroline Stevens, and Nanny Miner.

After supper René Hoguet arrived, with his sister.

We had a wild game of "Going to Jerusalem", won by J. W. S.,  
with Nick second.

We also read about half of "The Young Visitors", a most  
extraordinary work.

Taps was at nine, and we started for bed soon after table  
setting. In fact one or two went to bed before.

A little before ten arrived Reef Parker. The Bar Harbor  
Express had misbehaved, and delayed his train.

THURSDAY

(Cont'd.)

er Chapin turned up.

Most of the crowd are in the South, but Phil and Buster are in the North, with C.F.B., and Beef retired to the Mammoth, where he and H.D. fought it out.

Caroline Stevens

Marguerite Hoguet.

Thomas T. T. T.

Small Chapin.

W. B. B.

Russ E. Hoguet.

Charles H. Comins

Ranlet Miner

Alden S. Fox

George H. H.

Philip Batchelder

Philip W. (nick) Cate

Graville S. Fox.

Philip S. Parker, Jr.

Neville Bennett

Thomas L. L.



FRIDAY  
Sept. 5,  
T. 58'  
B. 28.92  
Fair  
S.W.

Today we began "The Danvers Jewels."

A mid-hole squad is at work filling in the worst places in the road.

Forecast:  
Severe  
frost  
about  
6.30  
a.m.  
Sept. 6

The step squad has almost reached the top of Wapping Stairs, and has turfed a strip along the side.

One  
year  
ago,  
Yard  
squad  
demanded  
right  
to  
unionize.

This morning, for the first time since they ate our garden, Mrs. Cook's cattle came down. At dinner-time they all came ambling down to the shore, but departed shortly, pursued by about half the company. As soon as Mad comes he will have to build a new cow-gate.

There were delightful arrivals all day, which we group here for convenience. Sam Bennett came while we were at dinner, in time to have some food too. Abe Stevens and Arthur Sweeney were in time to get into the last inning of the ball-game, and Peter Wiggins was not long behind them. As for Margery Peabody, she waited till evening.

Margery Peabody  
Samuel Bennett  
Abe Stevens  
Arthur Sweeney  
Charles Wiggins  
OLD-TIME BASEBALL GAME.  
TEAMPS VS. CONSTABLES.

A splendid game, hard fought from start to finish. J.A.L. was in first-rate form, fanning twelve men and giving only one pass. F.D.A. was not quite so steady, and the seventh changed places with A.D.A.

G.T.A. covered a lot of ground at short, but we are used to that.

FRIDAY There various lively put-outs. In the first inning J.A.L. (Cont'd.)

reached first on an error, and got round to third, but was put out before he could score, the ball traveling from left field to catcher, back to short, and finally to third base.

In the eighth he was out at third, the ball being relayed in from center field by way of short.

In the seventh C.F.B. knocked a long three-bagger, but trying to stretch it was out at the plate, left field to third base to catcher.

#### Batting Averages.

C.F.B.	.750
E.N.B.	.750
J.A.L.	.600
A.D.A.	.500
S.C.B.	.500
G.F.A.	.333
F.D.A.	.250
R.B.C.	.250

In figuring the "total bases" average, which I don't quite know how to do, C.F.B. is ahead of E.N.B., as he made a single, a double, and a triple.

*Tramps vs. Constables of Sept. 5*

at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	1		1 R.B.C.	6	8-3		6-5		6-3	2-2							4	1	1	
1	1		2 E.N.B.	5	8-6							K					4	3	3	
0	1		3 J.A.L.	1	7-3							1-3					5	1	3	
16	1		4 H.D.	2						6-3							3	0	0	
5	0		5 J.R.	3		4-3			4-3		4-6						2	0	0	
0	1		6 P.S.P.	4		K	K		2-6								4	0	0	
1	1		7 T.L.	7				6-3			K						3	1	0	
1	0		8 M.M.	9		1-3		2-4			1-3						4	1	0	
1	0		9 A.S.F.	8			K	K									2	0	0	
0	0		10 A.S.S.	8						K		4-3					2	0	0	
			11																	
27	6		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												33	7	7	
			Hours.....	Mins.....		0	0	0	2	2	0	2	1	3	3	6	0	6	1	7
Balks.	Hit by pite. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				1	12	1-b. on errors.												2		
Muffed fly.	Missed fly. gr'd'rs.	Muffed thru.h.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.											Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.



PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos in & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.	
2	3		1 F. D. F.	1	1-3		K			◇		K					4	1	1			
6	3		2 G. S. F.	4	K		38			K							3	0	0			
7	2		3 A. D. A.	2	◇			K		◇		1-3					4	1	2			
4	5		4 G. E. L.	6	◇			27		6 1/2		◇					3	1	1			
8	0		5 S. C. B.	3	K			39		◇		0 1/2					4	0	2			
3	1		6 P. W. C.	5		K			K	16			K				4	0	0			
0	0		7 Union	7		K			4 3/4		1 1/2	◇					4	0	0			
0	2		8 C. F. B.	8		K				7 1/2	1 1/2	◇					4	0	3			
0	0		9 R. E. H.	9			2-3		1 1/2		K		4-3				4	0	0			
0	1		10 A. S.	4								1 1/2					1	0	0			
			11																			
24	17		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	1	3	36	3	9		
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.	
				6	9	1-b. on errors.												2	1			

In the evening we finished "The Young Visitors", and got on well with "The Danvers Jewels".

We also had a good deal of music, though the regular sing-song does not come till tomorrow. The quartette <sup>sang</sup> the "Merryweather House", which we have not had this summer, and had several choruses. And then T.L. played for us; That is always one of the best things that can happen, at any hour of the day.

When the table was set, and people had fed or gone to bed, according to their taste, a gallant four-paddle crew set off to go round the Horn: J.E., C.W., A.S., and A.S.S. Weren't they sports?

I have one more item to add, but as it is fairly long, I am not going to start it here, at the bottom of the page. So turn over. The distinguished author didn't give any title, so I shall have to put one to it myself.

OLD HOME WEEK.

In ones and in couple, in threes and in fours,  
By various routes to the windows and doors,  
With shakings of hands and with smilings and nods  
These people arrived at the home of the gods.  
They were Chickweed and Nick—we'd come up in the train—  
And Granny and Nanny, and Marcus again,  
P. Batch and Foss A., and a feller called Neville,  
And another called Perks, who is quite on the level,  
Pop Corning and Tyrus, and Buster and Nenny,  
His sister, and Caroline Stevens. If any  
Discover themselves to be out of the pome,  
Don't take it to heart, or get mad and go home.  
Lots of others are coming to keep the top humming,  
So it's useless to finish this wonderful thing,  
But we'll find some good fellow to stand up and bellow  
The words we are all so delighted to sing:  
"Et la lune du soir est si claire et brillante,"  
(Of course you recall the quotation from Dante.)

T.L.



SATURDAY

Sept. 6,

T. 58°

R. 28.85

Cloudy

S.W.

At 6-17 the Worramontogus came swinging round

the Point. Her crew had had a wonderful time, but

noticed that most of them did more or less sleep-

ing during the day. 'Twas ever thus.

Rain

p.m.

A tooth-brush raid caught a large number,

including Phil Batch. How are the mighty fallen!

There was a large exodus this morning; the Shaws, the Ashburns, and Nanny Miner.

On the other hand there were two arrivals, making the North Andover contingent a magnificent one.

*S.D. Stevens Jr.*

*John R. Abbot*

But it was only for a few hours that we had them all, for Chickweed left in the afternoon. It looks badly for the Abbot family, that the two cannot stay here together.

We are now reading "The Man without a Shadow", and the Dugleby's haunt our footsteps.

We meant to scout in the afternoon, but it began to rain. And while it all very well to scout in the rain when the cup is to win, rain is not what one would choose. So we had a good deal of ping-pong, and a crew went round Oak to see if they could break the record. They didn't succeed, but they made good time, 21 m. & 2/5 s. And three of them had been round the Horn over night, too.

While they were paddling in the rain, came two more arrivals. Strange that they happened to come together. Shall we say the King and Queen of the Zookums?

*Barbara Bennett*

*Henry Johnson*

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Here is the Ouananiche crew:

H.R.	
C.F.B.	C.W.
J.R.A.	J.R.
H.D.	E.N.B.
P.S.P.	A.S.S.
J.A.L.	S.D.S.
M.P.	
M.H.	

---

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Trio.....P.V.C., R.F.H., S.C.B.
3. Song, "A Pale Young Curate".....J.R.
4. Graduates' Song.....The Graduates.
5. Choruses.....Merry Merryweathers, Camp Chan-  
ty, I'm A-rolling, Camptown Races..
6. Piano Duett.....T.L., A.H.R.
7. Stunt, "Heinrich und Lise".....F.R., C.W.
8. Stunt.....J.R. and Co.

Camp Song.

It was good to have again the chopsticks team that gladdened our ears for four lively years. And they gave us the real thing, in old time style.

Our trio was two combs and a piano. It is a very poignant combination of instruments, especially on the high notes, and rouses "thoughts that do sometimes lie too deep for tears."

How long is it since J.R. has told us that he "was a pale young curate then?" Several years. But it is just as funny as ever.

The graduates' song and the choruses went splendidly, of course.

The duett was the first movement of the Second Symphony; a particularly delightful one. Everyone enjoyed it, but I know who enjoyed it most. (Because it was I, you see.)



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

"Heinrich und Lise" is always fun. C.W. was a terrific and irascible Heinrich, and A.S. made poor Lise a most appealing and bone-headed figure.

The last stunt was a charade, Pottawottamies. Those of us who have been here all summer have seen it before, but it was better than before. First we had C.H.C. as the potter, turning out bowls big and little, to the dazzled wonder of a lovely Eastern damsel (E.W.C.). The scene ended with the scatteration of pots and potter by an ass (J.R.) driven by T.L.

The second scene showed a thirsty crowd on a train, longing for drinks. To them enter J.A.L. with a basket full of bottles, singing "Nobody knows how dry I am." He called it water, but with such an inexpressibly wicked look that no one could believe him. They paid their two dollars apiece, and as soon as they crossed the state line, they all pulled the corks and took a swig. And it really was water!

The "Kiz cantata" was wonderful. We have given the words elsewhere; but the performance of J.R. as conductor beggars description. He danced, he pranced, he waved his arms and leaped, till we fairly cried with laughter.

The whole word was extremely dramatic. Arthur Sweeny was the same impressive figure as Powhatan that some of us remember so well. C.H.C. was Umbezocous, the faithful executioner. A.S. and T.L. were grim figures as braves, and E.W.C. was a bewitching figure as the fair Pocohontas. Against this background of scarlet and savages, J.A.L. as John Smith looked appealingly Anglo-Saxon. He was condemned as an undesirable alien, but the pleading of the lady saved him. He was told to

SATURDAY . . . Set up. "I can't, darn it" was the unexpected reply. It  
(Cont'd.)  
was perhaps the finest dramatic effect of the evening.

And then we went on with the Dugglebys.



SUNDAY            Great scrap in the North this morning, with J.E.A.  
Sept. 7,            at the bottom of it. 'Twas ever thus.  
T. 59'            A toothbrush<sup>raid</sup> was effective, but the raided ones  
B. 28.87            Calm.            got even by throwing all the bathing-suits they could  
Cloudy.            find up in the Miz.

Right after breakfast C.H.C. departed for Bangor.

After service the Hognets left, with all sorts of little testimonials from their friends, ranging from ribbons and old shirts on the back of their car, to a huge monolith on the running board. They returned an assortment by Ernest Cook, but the rock was not included. Perhaps Ernest jibbed at carrying it.

After service, and the departure of the Hognets, we had a meeting to continue what was begun last night; that is, the formation of an association of graduates. A.S. and L.C.Z. both explained the plan; a very informal organization, with a directing committee of five or seven, to keep interested graduates in touch, and so strengthen the camp.

It was moved by C.F.B. that H.B., R.B., and J.B. serve as a nominating committee, to hand in a list of ten names, from which we should elect five.

The matter of a memorial to our nine who died in the war was then discussed. L.C.Z. proposed a rough stone pillar, with a light on it, to stand where the jumbo lamp now stands, with a plate bearing the names, and a suitable inscription. C.F.B. thought that perhaps this could be combined in some way with "the Merryweather Light."

S.C.B. suggested a trophy room.

C.F.B. suggested the purchasing of some piece of land that

SUNDAY we are fond of, say Hemlock Point or Horse Point, and the  
(cont'd.)  
erection of a memorial tablet there.

C.S. suggested a memorial scholarship.

After these suggestions R.R. asked if the graduate committee could take over to a certain extent the preparation of the annual camp bulletin.

The nominating committee reported at dinner, and we voted. The following were elected:

Abbot Stevens (Chosen chairman by the committee.)  
Charles Wiggins 2nd.  
J.R. Abbot  
L.C. Zahner  
J.A. Lowell Jr.

Right after dinner C.W. went in to Gardiner. Eheu fugaces!

#### PICKNICK.

SUNDAY 7 1919., HEMLOCK POINT.

<u>WAHNARNISH.</u>		<u>COMCOMGOMOCK.</u>
H.R.		Lu zu
John	F. Batch	Buster
Sam	Beef	Perk
Alden	Hal	Barba zu
Caroline	P. Batch	
Tie	A.M.R.	<u>EBENEZER.</u>
	L.E.R.	Nevl
	Nora	Marc
		Granny
		Dale
<u>YAMMERSKOONER.</u>		<u>WILLIWAR.</u>
	Rad	Sween
	Abe	Nick
	R.R.	Marj

This handsome list is the work of Abe Stevens. We give it "ver-  
batim, literatin, et punctuatin."

We made quick time to Hemlock Point, for the flag-ship was feeling gay.

The ladies were butlers, and kept the fire going too. There was plenty of food, and so many bananas that Rad was almost buried in the peelings.

After supper we had a four-part story, begun by T.L. with horse-



SUNDAY            thirfeves, and ended by L.F.B. with a dinosaur.J.F.  
(Cont'd.)  
supplied a lady in green, with spectacles, and A.W.B. put in a  
cave.

Then came much singing, in pies and out of pies. We ended  
with "the Merryweather Light" and Aulg Lang Syne", and thought  
of many things.

The trip home was a lively run before the wind, and from  
the Point in we went as we pleased, at a great rate.

Then came hymns, many and lovely.

And then, alas, more departures. J.R.A. and S.D.S. left by  
automobile, and half an hour later S.C.B. and T.I. started  
for Waterville and the night train. So the circle narrows.

Once more the Dugglebys were on the war-path, and we were  
rather late to bed in consequence.

And where was Dome on the picnic list? Why, Dome was work-  
ing all the afternoon. For suitable comment, look back at what  
Skipper said last Tuesday night. "So say we all of us."

MONDAY  
Sept. 8,  
T. 65°  
R. 28.67  
cloudy  
S.W.

Rain  
p.m.

This morning Skipper read us a very interesting article by Professor Jacks, on "The Degradation of Policy!"

The steps were finished this morning, and officially named The Thirty-nine Steps. There are twenty-four of them, but what of that? How many men make a quartette?

In the afternoon our number was sadly diminished by the departure of Abe and Caroline, and Arthur Sweeny. We did our best to keep them, but they had to go.

INCOMPLETE RUMPLEPUPPY GAME.  
MOTTONS VS. DUGGLERYS.

This game began brilliantly, but alas! The rain came down hard and drove us to cover before the five innings required by statute could be played. However, we have kept the score, to show how good a game it was.

Mottons vs. Duggerys of										Duggerys vs. Mottons of									
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4		PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	
			1 R.B.C.	1		5-3							1 P.P.P.	2					
			2 C.F.B.	2		5-4							2 P.C.B.	3		26			
			3 H.D.	3			03						3 P.W.C.	4		K			
			4 F.D.P.	4		03		K					4 C.W.P.	5	23	03		1-2	
			5 J.A.S.	6				23					5 A.S.F.	6			K		
			6 M.M.	5									6 B.B.P.	8	2-2	0-3	03		
			7 P.B.	9		0-3		K	1-3				7 C.F.F.	1	2		0-1		
			8 E.V.C.	8		0-3		21					8						
			9										9						
			10										10						
			11										11						
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.		1	0	4	6	0	TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.		0	3	0	2	5
Hours..... Mins.....					Hours..... Mins.....					Hours..... Mins.....									

Once indoors, we toasted marshmallows from the wonderful box that the Fosses brought, and had more or less music, and some dancing.

After supper we had a good sing round the pinao, and then set to work on Blackboard Relay. No half-past eighthers to wake this time, worse luck. We give some of the results on the next page.



MONDAY

BLACKBOARD VERVINGS.

(Cont'd.)

Why can't John kill that rat?  
Do ask Dons how to smile.  
My owl has awful big ears.  
The cheese was old and tough.  
Few can open the dirty can.  
Don't give the dogs cake for supper.  
Zu has lost his old clothes.  
Dirty cats ain't no trouble.  
Please dream now if you will.  
How Reef does smile so cute.  
All pigs are not young cows.

(Speaking of cows, R.R. went up to look at the moon the other night, and seeing dark crouching things, tried to drive them away. But all automobiles are not young cows either.)

We finished the evening and the Mon without a Shadow more or less simultaneously.

TUESDAY,  
T. 50'

R. 28.98

Cloudy

Calm.

Rain.

Early this morning poor Marcus was taken ill. We got

Dr. Hardy over early in the day, and then, as he didn't

seen to improve at all, again in the evening. He took him

right over to Waterville, so that he could have better

appliances to work with, also so that he could keep him right  
under his eye. We hope for good news tomorrow.

The Fosses and Nick left this morning. Perhaps it is lamenting  
these departures that makes the weather so tearful.

For morning reading we have begun "Famous adventures of the  
Civil War", and for the rest of the time, "The Cardinal's Rose."

We had an adventure this morning. Phil Batch and Nora went  
over to the post-office to telephone, and stuck in the lane. All  
hands went up to rescue them, with block and tackle and various other  
things, but it was not such a very big job after all. (Don't stand  
behind a car that is stuck in the mud. When it starts things happen.)

Swim was a small and select affair, but A.M.B. and M.P. swam  
to the Point.

A telegram from George Abbot reads as follows:

Lid off engagement announced to family and friends.

Best to all.

Chick.

We send our best in return, with cheers.

We had three rounds of Robinson Crusoe, two in the afternoon  
and one in the evening. We give the dope-sheets in order. All three  
rounds were confined to the big room.

#### First Round.

I

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.

This sent the party to the big hawk on the fire-place; not Brill-  
ig, of course, but a relative. There we found the following:



THURSDAY

(Cont'd.)

II

Why is an icy sidewalk like a piece of music? (There was the sign of the treble clef, but we can't typewrite that).

Answer, If you can't sharp you will B flat.

And sure enough, tucked in beside C sharp on the piano, there was

III

Cleanliness is a virtue, and virtue will be rewarded.

Jim Hutch's dormitory cup was in sight, and in it was

IV

SKATE.

This was a puzzle, but the clue was finally found in the dictionary, opposite the word "skate".

V

The weather prophet was obviously and painfully mistaken.

The nearest prophet was the barometer, and there we found

VI

The harp that once in Tara's halls;

He rent its strings asunder.

Not a harp exactly, but the banjo revealed

VII

We are seven.

We weren't, but the green gods in the picture were.

VIII

Jouifchypouif  
nboumfgjfdafbsf  
nbstinbmshxt  
Fbuboeefibqqz.

This fine piece of cipher finally guided the seekers to the box of marshmallows.

At this point we refreshed ourselves with tea and toast, to say nothing of chocolate cake, and then went at it again.

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

I  
St. George for Merry England!

An investigation of the dragon revealed the next clue:

II  
The isles of Greece,  
The isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho  
Loved and sung.

Greece puzzled us for a good while, but after we had tried every  
man in the place, someone hit on the Mexican. (Greaser; get it?) And  
sure enough, there was

III  
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs.  
The Dutches trousers sign gave us

IV  
When a band of pilgrims moored their bark  
On a wild New England shore.

"Bark" failed to reveal anything, but "Shaw", in a faculty group,  
gave us

V  
I canvas orders for collapsible bath-tubs among the  
country-folk.

We think this a bit far-fetched, for a pedlar (pedaller) does  
not generally canvas, but has the goods with him. Still, the next clue  
was on the pedal.

VI  
Oh Brillig was an eagle!  
The eagle soared, and the next clue was on the sword of Aklis.

VII  
Play up, play up, and play the game!

This was a puzzle, but the title of the poem from which it is  
taken gave it to us; the clue was on one of the lamps.

VIII  
This is the cow!

At least it was a horn, and it can moo nicely if properly



TUESDAY      handled.  
(Cont'd.)

IX

The battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England.

Our piano is a Wellington, and after much anguish we got the clue there.

X

I went to the animals' fair,

And something good was there.

And sure enough, we found it in Zu's candy-box.

The third round was played after supper.

I

Dust unto dust, to dust returneth.

We tried every kind of implement for removing dust, and finally got the clue in the waste-basket.

II

Louder!

The little megaphone disclosed the next:

III

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly.

"Fly" set us after the Flying Dustman, and there it was:

IV

Red Cross (It was drawn, not printed.)

This could only mean Margery's work-bag.

V

The shades of night were falling fast.

After much cogibundity of cogitation, someone thought of the meaning of "excelsior", and the clue was found in the peak of the roof.

VI

Now the 4 way lodge is open;

Now the smokes of council rise.

Those of us who had seen the treasure-hunts this summer were not surprised when the clue turned up in an empty pine.

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

VII

On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!

This stuck everyone for a while. But a dance is a ball, and the clue was on one of the baseballs.

VIII

$6 \times 9 \pm 13 - 9 \div 19 = ?$

Well, if you take the numbers as letters, they spell finis; and there wasn't another.

Then came a great and glorious game of Boston, in which there was some wild shooting.

H.D. was called C.F.B.

P.B. was called F.D.P.

J.F., after careful investigation, was called P.B.

P.B. was called H.D.

It looks as if Phil was a man without a shadow, or something of the sort, to feel like so many different people.

C.F.B. identified L.C.Z. by finding his own tobacco-pouch in the latter's pocket.

C.F.B. was called R.B.C., by someone who was going by numbers.

So, having exercised mind and body, we settled down to pillows and "The Cardinal's Rose."



WEDNESDAY Wet weather and departures still continue. This  
Sept. 10, morning Francis Perkins and Beef left; the latter to  
T. 51' report for duty in Boston, where the police strike  
B. 28.54 has developed dreadful conditions.  
Calm.  
Main

Skipper went over to the store, and telephoned to see  
how Marcu was coming on. All seemed to be going well, but a  
later telephone was not quite so encouraging, and an operation  
will be necessary. I might as well say here that his father  
and mother came down to Waterville by the evening train, and  
Skipper went over to meet them. We hope for good news in the  
morning.

#### Squad Notes.

This morning all unoccupied tents were cleared of furni-  
ture.

The food account of stock is now finished.

C.F.B. has begun a sea-wall up at Fourway Lodge.

In the afternoon the rain held up, and the Guananche  
went out, round Oak and Pine.

#### P.B.

A.M.B.	K.D..
L.C.Z.	B.B.
H.P.	E.B.C.
B.B.C.	E.N.B.
J.B.	C.F.B.

After the paddle there was tea for most of the party.  
C.F.B., however, put in another hour or so on his wall, and A.M.B.  
explored the coast-line from Pine Beach to Fourway. It is a  
nice walk, with occasional places where you have to wade.

After supper we cleared the decks, and settled down to  
sing-song. It must be the eleventh of the season.



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

SING-SONG PROGRAM.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duett"...J. B., A. M. R.
2. Charade.....P. B., L. E. B., P. B. C.
3. Stunt, "My Man John".....B. B., L. C. Z., J. B.
4. Piano Solo, "Fra Diavolo".....A. M. R.
5. Choruses.....John Peel, Scouting Song, My Heart's  
in the Highlands, Lilliburlero.
6. Scenes from Mother Goose.....M. P., P. B., C. F. B.
7. Circus Song.....C. F. B.
8. Dance.....B. B. C.
9. Song.....J. B.
10. Charade.....B. B. and Co.

Camp Song.

You see we are pretty talented, though our numbers are reduced.

The Cockadoodle Duett, the invention of Mr. Kimball years ago, is a close second to Chopsticks in the opinion of those who are familiar with it.

The first charade was Filibuster. First Phil Batchelder came in and picked up a cigarette. Then L. E. B. appeared, explaining that she was just herself. (That's just what we want her to be.) Then Buster enquired, and picked up a match. For the whole word Buster gave us the conclusion of a fourteen-hour speech in opposition to the Daylight Saving Bill, in which he gathered quotations from the poets to prove the superiority of night to day:

1. She walks in beauty like the night.
2. There was a sound of revelry by night.
3. A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain.

Having cited these authorities, he left the floor to Senator Oodge.

A. M. R. played "Fra Diavolo", as she has done every summer since we had a piano. (In 1900 we didn't have one.) If ever you have a chance to hear the opera, it is worth hearing.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

"My Man John" was full of appeal. L.C.Z. was so dashing as the hero that we wonder the lady didn't accept his offers at once, even though the little grey hound was of a peculiar breed. B.B. was a charming lady, and finally yielded with a grace which should have satisfied anyone. J.R. was devoted and emphatic as the faithful advisor and servitor.

L.F.R. sang us two songs which her family have known and delighted in for many a long year; "Miss Julia", and "Am a dat you, Sam?"

The scenes from Mother Goose were three. First M.P. appeared as Little Miss Muffet, frightened, and no wonder, by C.F.B. as the spider.

Then came Jack and Jill, ably represented by P. Batch and M.P. Their hill was not very high, but they fell down it in great style.

Last came Mary and her lamb. M.P. was Mary, and C.F.B., suddenly transformed from a spider, followed her about in a ~~no~~ most lamb-like manner.

C.F.B. then gave us the Circus Song, of which he knows more than even L.T.S. It is a wonderful stunt for developing the lungs, as there is not a real pause to breathe all the way through.

E.R.C. gave us a charming dance, but I couldn't see much but her shadow, as I was playing the piano for her. There are some disadvantages in the position of accompanist.

J.R. had a new song for us, which he accompanied himself on the banjo, playing it like a drum. We give the words below.

The last charade was "Borgia." First A.M.R. and M.P. received a call from E.R., as a boring lady who talked all the time. For the second scene, we had E.N.B. and E.B.C. as G.A.R.



WEDNESDAY      veterans, arguing over details of the past.  
(Cont'd.)

The whole word was a scene from the home life of the Borgia family. R.R. as Lucretia got rid of a page, an inconvenient lady who knew too much, and "poor dear papa." (These victims were J.A.L., L.R.R., and P.B.) Then appeared Brother Caesar (H.D.) and they compared achievements and methods for some time. Finally each poisoned the other.

So we ended with the Camp Song. And then the Cardinal's Rose, and in due course of time we went to bed.

The only reason that Skipper didn't perform at sing-song was that he was meeting Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and didn't get home till after ten o'clock.

#### SONG.

##### I

I'm a poor old man with a very bad cold,

Stuffed with cotton, feeling old.

No one with me has consoled;

Instead I must sing a solo.

What can I do when I'm feeling stewed,

With nasal twang and a cough ensued?

Nothing much but just be rude,

Like a wild man with a bolo.

##### II

Lots of fun to hug the fire,

While wee Arnold does perspire,

Lists and letters by the quire,

Bananas over-ripe, O!

Wearing out the store-room lock,

Fighting Charles and taking stock,

Writing checks on Pickerel Rock,

While the Skipper he smokes his pipe, O!



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

III

Batchy steered the Ouananiche;  
Guess he thought he'd hooked a fish;  
Tack and jibe and lurch and swish  
Before we came to dry land.  
North, east, west behold him poke,  
Dodging U-boats for a joke,  
Terrified the ghost on Oak,

Who thought he'd ram the island.

IV

Wish there was time enough to do  
An Iliad on this whole darned crew,  
The Bean-faced Boy and Buster too,

It sure would be a hummer;  
Zu and Barbara, always late, Nora's trying to put  
Nora's trying to put on weight,  
But all such joyful gibes must wait  
For another joyful summer.

J.R.

THURSDAY  
Sept. 11,  
T. 57'  
B. 28.60  
Rain  
S.E.

Not a very heavy rain, but steady. The dust is likely to be laid soon, at this rate.

Five more departures to-day. Margery, Nora, and Buster took the morning train, and a little later Phil and Nevill started off in Phil's car. They went off in a cloud of smoke, and we hear that they went into the ditch four times between here and the post-office. Moral: a country road is a poor place without chains in wet weather.

Good news from Marcus this morning; operation entirely successful. But it will be two weeks before they can take him home. And the whole thing was caused by an adhesion from an operation for appendicitis, ten years ago!

Account of stock goes on steadily. It is strange how many things there are in a camp! Wouldn't it be better to return to the methods of the cave men?

C.F.B. put in most of the day on his sea-wall up at Fourway. L.C.Z. and B.B. were up at Fourway a good deal too, but they were not building sea-walls.

After supper we had a great game of Mythology. The last for the season, probably, as it isn't so good a game with a small number.

We are getting good letters every day from boys and faculty. It is pretty nice to get them.



FRIDAY We played a new game at breakfast; quotations about  
Sept. 12,  
T. 59' rain. Skipper made a big hit with "Arise, get thee  
B. 28.40  
Rain up, Ahab, for there is a sound of abundance of rain."  
S. E.

And he had waked C. F. B. up with the announcement that  
he was to get busy on a gopher wood squad.

As for Dome, he didn't get waked very thoroughly, and Hal  
had to do him again.

Good little Hattie, our Black Diamond, left this morning.

So, alas, did Zu and Barbara. No more little tea-parties  
at Fourway.

Most of us were busy with the account of stock during  
the morning, but "Balbus, which is to say C. F. B., murem aedifi-  
cabat."

The news from Marcus was not so good this morning. Skipper  
and L. E. R. went over to Waterville in the afternoon, to see  
him and his family. There will probably have to be another  
operation, and conditions are very serious, but we hope for  
the best.

In the afternoon H. D. joined the wall squad, and the two  
did great things. It will be some wall when it is done.

In the evening it rained harder than ever; in fact it  
poured. The Lago del Infirmario rose to freshet point, and  
Dome was almost cut off in his tent from the rest of us.

Alas! At nine o'clock Anderson came for him, and away he  
went in the rain. As for the hole he leaves, it is no use try-  
ing to measure it, for it is a bottomless pit. "There have been  
secretaries and secretaries, but only one Dome."

Then, to cheer our drooping spirits, we finished "The  
Cardinal's Rose."



SATURDAY  
Sept. 13,  
T. 56'  
B. rising.  
N.W.  
Clear!!

In one of Scott's novels it says,

"Merrily swim we,

The moon shines bright."

And so it did when I got up. Pretty chilly in the pond, but I swam, breakfasted, and got the Log done before going in to Gardiner by a 6 a.m. automobile. Examinations, teachers' meeting, and many chores to do before school begins, which it does on Monday.

The boats were emptied at last. Poor things, they have had a damp time of it.

To-day's news from Marcus is good, and it looks as if he had turned the corner.

The three tents on the hill came down to-day. It is good to know that the Mammoth is safe in its bag, before more rain comes.

A fine arrival of Wigginses about noon. We will ask such as can to sign their names, but the Misses Wiggins do not as yet do that kind of thing.

Now here are the adventures of P. Batch and Nevill:

1. Ditched at North Belgrade, and towed out by a team of horses.
2. Blow-out at Belgrade; didn't get away till noon.
3. Engine trouble; repaired in Gardiner.
4. More engine trouble after leaving Newburyport. Motor finally died at 3 a.m., two miles out of Danvers. They curled up in the car and slept till morning, when they got a tow in to Danvers.
5. Arrived at eleven a.m.

Question: does sleeping curled up in a car count as going to bed? Even if it does, I fear they didn't fulfil Scipio's direction,



SATURDAY "Go to bed the same day you get up." For it was  
(Cont'd.)  
next day when they curled up.

We have begun a new book, "Mr. Standfast", by the author of  
"The Thirty-nine Steps." It is a rouser.

A.M. came home about half-past nine; would have been  
here sooner, but the train was late, and the station people  
were very slow about baggage. And then the roads, though they  
have dried wonderfully, are still rather queer in spots.



E.N.B. and P. Batch negotiate the road



SUNDAY  
Sept. 14,  
T. 59'  
B. 28.80

It didn't look promising, and all the morning we took a rather gloomy view of the weather. But slowly there came a blue place in the north, that spread and widened, and by W. the middle of the afternoon it was heavenly.

We had our usual service, with lovely hymns, and then came the joy of continued good news from Marcus. They won't say that he is out of danger yet, but every good day is a gain.

In the afternoon we got out on the water, in canoe or rangeley, and it was wonderful, after being storm-bound so long.

And now it is after supper, and time for me strike my tent and go. I know I shall like it when I get going, but at present I feel as if nothing in the world were so beautiful as the long line of the hills against the sunset; no place so happy as this place. Goodbye to a wonderful summer, and may the next bring us together again!

"The little stars are over the hill,

And it's time for us to go."

*So the Editor, the "Valiant," departs,  
and his mother, in much humility of mind,  
will try so far as may be to take her place.*



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
Monday, Sept. 15th.

Fair and warmer; light north wind..

A perfect day! H.D. left us in the morning; also, a little later, J.R., per Chas. R.R. accompanying him to Gardiner, and returning in the afternoon. Most of us who were left spent the morning on the south beach in the sun, the children playing about. Meantime C.F.B. toiled at his Fourway Mole, which promises to be the Eighth Wonder of the World. After dinner, likewise after supper, we pursued the adventures of Richard Hannay, ("Mr Standfast"), with zeal almost equalling his own. A thoroughly delightful day, marred only by our "heavy miss", (ahem! Shakspeare!) of Alice and John and Hal..

Tuesday, Sept. 16th..

Thick, fog; light south wind..

Good Roger Bousfield, kitchen helper and friend in need, departed, and Perley Alexander came in his place. Alice Gleason is ~~also~~ helping us, and with L.E.W.'s two maids we get on famously. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, came the dear Gardiners; Cousin Alice, "Ecila", (Mrs Livingston Davis), Hallowell and Elizabeth. They brought a fine roast chicken to add to the dinner, the soup was hot and good, the corn superlative; we feasted and were merry. Then there was much good talk round the fire, and a short O. Henry story. At three o'clock they departed, as rain was threatening. Their visit was a great pleasure. In the evening the rain came, a good solid one. R. Hannay in desperate straits, but finally emerges triumphant, as a hero should.

~~Finished "Mr Standfast" in 1220 of 1220 words~~

~~Finished "Mr Standfast" in 1220 of 1220 words~~

~~Finished "Mr Standfast" in 1220 of 1220 words~~



Wed. Sept. 17th.

Clearing; light northwest wind. Warmer..

Finished "Mr Standfast" in a blaze of glory. Also, amid even brighter coruscations, C.F.B. finished the Fourway Mole. May it stand to all time, a monument of faithful and loving work, of strength and skill.!!

Thursday Sept. 18th.

Clear; wind westerly and variable, tending to south in afternoon.

C.F.B. left by the 9.40 a.m. train, and we are left lamenting; or rather, thanking our kindly stars for having had him so long, the beloved and ever-helpful! He gave us all but three days of his vacation, and we must not be too grasping!

He being gone, and R.R. and L.E.W. off for a walk, L.E.R. set about shampooing her hair, the day being warm and sunny. She might have known what would happen, what always does happen when she ~~indulges in that~~ performs that simple and necessary rite on the float. When absolutely in the suds, her hair whiter even than nature has made it, her person swathed in wrappers and bath-towels, up swept a motor-boat, containing Mr. and Mrs. Monks, Mrs. Hallowell, her daughter and a friend, and two Monastic retainers. The boat was the Roma, well known to us, a staunch vessel and a goodly. The ladies came ashore, and L.E.R. dried her hair and joined them as soon as might be, on the porch. So far so good; they were very pleasant and friendly, and we were very glad to see them. But wait! what was to happen?

While still in mediis delectis rebus, (the Latin is the Skipper's!) Commodore Monks, apprehending an on-coming north-wester, said; "Fanny, my dear, we must be off!" little suspecting the consequences of his precipitancy. Without waiting for Tim



(retainer and handy man) to take the small boat and tow the Roma to an offing, he had her bow swung out, started the engine, put the helm over to clear an egg, disregarding the contrariwise swing of the stern, when---biff! r-r-r-rip! BANG! 'T he screw <sup>grubbed</sup> a running rope, and --x x x x x x !! !! "Very ill that !" said the old man. Well, Skipper went out and towed them to an offing--  
~~xxxxxx~~ towed them all round the Point, a huge elephant of a boat and seven large and full-grown persons !! there they rode at anchor Skipper, Tim and John (other retainer) performed antics with a ~~xxxxxx~~ boat-hook (heels in air, heads under the Roma's counter), in vain.. Nothing doing! Skipper then proposed towing the Roma to quiet and shoal water round the Point, where disentanglement could be quickly achieved by hand, Proposal accepted, and Skipper went to it, --rather morose because they would keep their helm hard to port, so that he had to tow them across the course they were steering. Arrived round the Point and anchored safely, the Commodore's genius for mechanics arose to defeat the well-laid plan. He would see what he could do with boat-hook; and did--nothing;. Tim and Skipper maintaining an eloquent silence. But at last the evident facts of the case prevailed. The Commodore yielded. Skipper rowed Tim ashore, to provide him with a decent covering for his ~~xxxxxx~~ nether limbs while performing in the water; said covering being Skipper's own khaki trousers. Return! triumph! Tim unwound the snarl inside a minute. The Roma was towed back to anchorage near the float (by John this time!) Tim retired to the shop to resume his own attire; ~~at~~ the Skipper rowed him out to the battle-ship, and off they went, while our long-suffering Skipper returned to his savory stew and his blueberry pie.. "Very well that !" said the Old Man.



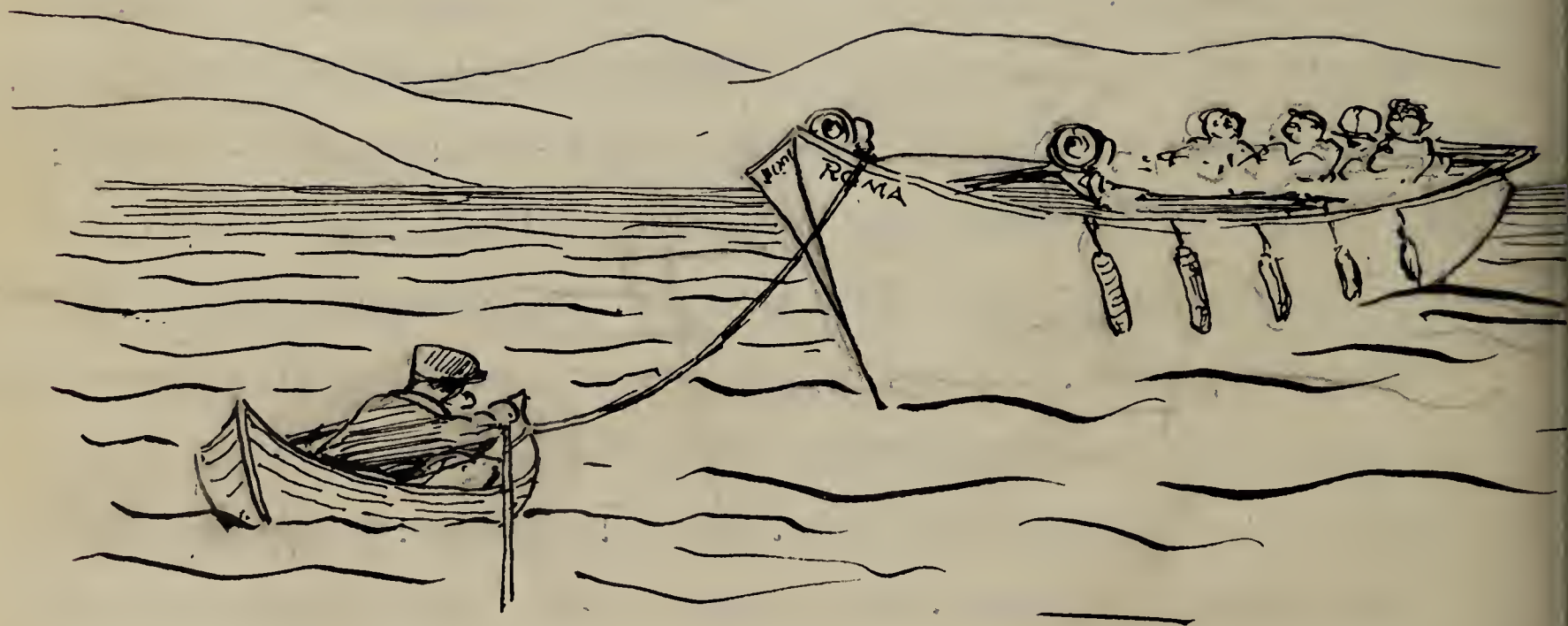
Thursday Sept. 18th, cont..

In the afternoon of this eventful day, R.R. and L.E.R. went to make calls in the neighborhood, visiting Mrs Wallace, Mrs Alexander and Miss Taylor of the Stone House.. In the evening we began "Sir Charles Danvers,"

Friday, Sept. 19th.

Clear; wind south.. Clouding in the afternoon.. Warm..

R.R. and L.E.W. to Waterville, ~~thence~~ also Johnny and Charley. L L.E.W. went thence to Gardiner for the day, the others returning before dinner. R.R. visited the hospital ~~and~~, and saw Marcus Morton for a moment, and made a good call on his parents. He is making slow but steady progress; is much emaciated, and can still take only the slightest nourishment, but all is going as well as may be..











The Ingoldsby Penance



Sat. Sept. 20th.

Cloudy, threatening rain. Wind south. Warm.

In short, a smoky south-easter ! a few drops have fallen, but nothing to count. L.E.W. returned last evening, and with her, to our great joy, A.M.R., to spend Sunday. The latter has packed one of the big chests with music, etc; I had already packed the book trunk, so there is proof that we are not to spend the winter here. We might almost be content to do so, if we could all be here together, and if--several other large "ifs" !

A letter from Mrs Morton, telling of Marcus's steady improvement, whereat we rejoice most heartily.

Sunday, Sept. 21st.

Thick fog; light south wind; very warm.

A quiet, pleasant day, with nothing special to chronicle.

Monday Sept. 22d.

Thick fog light south wind; very warm.

A replica of Monday, in short, with the addition of heavy rain a great part of the day. The baby was practically marooned in the Infirmary, though a practicable bridge (the spring board) across Infirmary Lake enabled persons of larger growth to pass to and fro. All the children as good as possible, playing happily all day, wet or dry. Mighty bathings in Moab for all of them, the pond being considered too cold, with good reason !

Tuesday Sept. 23d.

Clearing; light northwest wind. Still warm.

Everything drying up rapidly; Infirmary Lake subsided, Baby at liberty. General rejoicing. First freight box and book trunk got off.

Wednesday, Sept. 24th.

Clear; calm, light westerly ~~airs~~ air; very warm.

A day too beautiful for words. We spent much of it on the pebble



Wed. Sept. 24th.

Clear; wind northwest; cooler.

Perfect autumn glory, lovely beyond words. We have sat in the sun all day, the children playing about; they have been swimming, amid shrieks of glee. Walter and Perley work; Mrs Cook makes soap; the two Maries and Alice Gleason disport themselves after their manner. A golden and happy day.

But in the evening Dame Nature said; "Oh, come! I am spoiling these people!" and she whisked up a tidy little shower, and gave us a good wetting before bed-time. In fact, it rained a good part of the night.

Thursda, Sept. 25th.

Clearing; south wind, heavy sea fog; cleared at noon to golden warmth.

So our Wiggii departed in sunshine and glory; but oh! they departed, and the world is empty without them. Skipper took many photographs in the morning, so we hope for mementoes; of this heavenly time of their visit, never to be forgotten.

They had not been gone an hour, when a ~~very~~ most welcome guest appeared, to cheer us in our loneliness; to wit;

*Madeline Henson*

Showers again in evening and night.

Friday, Sept. 26th.

Clear, cool, wind north west.

Another delightful day, with little to record, save that R.R. and M.H. spent a good part of scouring the country with Chas., in search of a domestic for Gardiner.

Sat. Sept. 27th.

Clear, cool, light north east wind, changing to north.

*Frost in early morning.*

We hear the good news that Marcus Morton returns home today with his mother. We are thankful indeed, and trust that once at home, he will quickly regain health and strength.



Sunday, Sept. 28th..

Clear; light south wind; warm..

Madeleine Henson left us this morning, per Chas; R; R ; going in to Gardiner with her, and coming directly out again. Her visit has been a very great pleasure. She expects to sail for England this week..

Yesterday H.R. paddled us all over to Gleason's Cove, to pay our respects to Madam Gleason and "May Millard". We had a delightful paddle, but found them all gone to the Sidney Fair ..

On the way we saw a big herring gull and an eagle. R.R. and M.H. walked back..

Monday, Sept. 29th..

Thick fog, clearing after breakfast..

Light southerly airs; warm..

These days are so beautiful, there are no adjectives worthy of them, so I just don't try to describe them..

Myrtle warblers all about, in fall plumage..

After the morning stint of packing, listing, etc, H.R. took us (R.R. and L.E.R., all that are left !) in the Worry round Oak Island; a most enchanting trip. The coloring is not so vivid as usual, but soft and rich, and altogether lovely..

Tuesday, Sept. 30th..

Clear; light south-southwest wind; warm..

Well, we have done it at last ! we have weathered the mid-September storms, and have had what we have always longed for, the gold-  
autumn peace and beauty; have taken things quietly, worked a little, rested a great deal; are now going home, full of joy and thank-  
ness for a most wonderful and delightful season. May the next one be as good; it could not be better..

Put out the lights !

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